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CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

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THE ultimate glimpse I had of Saint-Saëns was on November 5, 1921, at one of the five o'clock musicales given by the "Master" Widor, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, in the *pavillon Decaen*, at the Institute of France. There Widor had installed his organ, and it was upon this organ that Camille Saint-Saëns played—if not in public, at any rate before a numerous assemblage of academicians, artists and music-lovers, accompanying several instrumental numbers of his own composition; with the exception of the Beethoven C major Quartet, the little concert was entirely devoted to his works.

The Master, who had just celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday, left one month later for Algiers, with the intention of there taking up his winter quarters, as had been his custom in preceding years, at the Hôtel de l'Oasis. There was not a sign, either in his playing, as vivid and precise as ever, or in his personal bearing, that might have led one to anticipate that death, which so long had spared him, was soon to carry off, almost furtively, the composer of the *Danse macabre* on an Algerian night.

Charles-Camille Saint-Saëns was born October 9, 1835, not far from the dome of the Institute—which as a Parisian child he soon came to regard as a landmark—in a little street in the quarter of the École de médecine, one which, despite a century of modernization, still preserves an air of the Paris of former days, the rue du Jardinot. By a strange coincidence, his teacher and friend, Charles Gounod, was a child of the same quarter, coming into the world some seventeen years before Saint-Saëns, a few hundred feet away, in the square of Saint-André-des-Arcs.

An absurd fable, of unknown origin, and one which has been spread about especially during the past few years, pretends that the name Saint-Saëns (a name borne by a village in the Department of the Seine-Inférieure) was a pseudonym adopted by the composer in order to conceal a Hebrew patronymic, Kohn. Nothing could depart further from the truth: Saint-Saëns' father, Joseph-Victor Saint-Saëns, was a native of Dieppe, an assistant chief of bureau in the Ministry of the Interior, and his mother, Clémence Collin, came from Champagne. One of his uncles, who died in 1835, the Abbé Camille Saint-Saëns, was officiating priest at Pollet, near Dieppe. A poet on occasion, Victor Saint-Saëns died on the thirtieth of December, some three months after the birth of his son, who was first brought up in Corbeil, and later, when about two years old, taken to Paris. His aunt, whom he called grandmother, and his mother soon set him to work at the piano. "When no more than thirty months of age," he himself has written, "I was introduced to a miniature piano. Instead of striking the keys at random, as is the habit of children at that age. I struck them one after another, not removing my fingers until the sound had died away. . . ." At the end of a month the Le Carpentier Method, much in vogue at that period, no longer held any mysteries for him, and in a short time little Camille had become a veritable infant prodigy, like a Mozart or a Beethoven. Entrusted at the age of seven to famous teachers of that day, Stamaty, a good pupil of Kalkbrenner, and then to Maelden, he was thirteen when he entered the Conservatoire where Benoist was his instructor in piano and Halévy in composition. Yet he had already been heard, before the Revolution of February, 1848, at the court of the Citizen-King; and before the Parisian public, in the Salle-Pleyel, on May 6, 1846. Fifty years later, in the same hall, he was to repeat the identical programme of his first public concert. In 1849 he appeared in the concerts of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire.

Saint-Saëns was one among the great French musicians whose road to fame did not lead through the Villa Medici: twice, during an interval of twelve years, he competed unsuccessfully for the Roman Prize; but Lucien Cohen and Victor Sieg were preferred to him. In the meantime he had become titular organist of the church of Saint-Merry, a position he relinquished in 1858; the organ at the Madeleine was then entrusted to him, and this post he did not resign until 1877.

Professor at the Niedermeyer School of Religious Music from 1861 to 1864—among his pupils were Gabriel Fauré, Messager,

and the organist Gigout—he now possessed a serious reputation as a virtuoso and improvisator; yet as a composer he was appreciated only in certain rather limited artistic circles. Fame, and eventually glory, were a long time coming to him, and the fact is easily explained. When we recall the French musical mentality toward the middle of the nineteenth century, it is scarcely surprising that a musician who by education and predilection cultivated and played classic music; who knew the works of Bach, Handel, Mozart and Beethoven as did none among his contemporaries; and who, above all, was a partisan of Berlioz, of Liszt and of Gounod (then much discussed), and later of Wagner, the unknown; it is scarcely surprising that such a musician must have appeared strangely eccentric to the public of that day, for whom chamber music and symphonic music were, so to say, a dead letter. His reputation as an organist and a pianist was established; yet it is common knowledge that nothing is more difficult for a virtuoso than to win recognition as a composer from the great general public, especially if he does not cultivate the dramatic stage (and such was the case with Saint-Saëns, until 1872). Fortunately, where he was concerned, a kindly fate endowed him with a longevity beyond the ordinary and, after some forty years had gone by, made it possible for him to enjoy a glory which had not been usurped, but rather slowly conquered, thus enabling him, so to speak, to survive himself.

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His output spreads over a period of some eighty years, and the complete catalogue of his works, once it has been set up, will in all probability comprise more than three hundred and fifty numbers. The oldest composition he wrote, in fact, bears the date of March 21, 1839 (it was written when the composer was no more than three years and six months old), his first romance, *Le Soir*, dates from May, 1841, and he published *Six Preludes* as late as 1920.¹

Esteemed and honored from his youth on by masters such as Berlioz, Gounod and Liszt—the latter encouraged him to write his symphonic poems—it was not until after he had reached the age of thirty-five that Saint-Saëns essayed the musical drama. Yet even before, this original genius had presented, either in concert or in church, various outstanding works.

¹TRANS. NOTE: A *Feuille d'album* for piano, dedicated to the Baronne Edmond de Rothschild, and three sonatas for flute and piano, clarinet and piano, and bassoon and piano respectively, appeared in 1921, the year of his death.

Gaining the second prize for organ in 1851, and the first prize the year following, he composed his First Symphony at this time (it was performed by the Société Sainte-Cécile, conducted by Seghers, on December 18, 1853). His Second Symphony (not published until 1877) was written in 1859. He also wrote songs (*Rêverie, l'Attente, Lever de la lune, Plainte, la Cloche*), a Mass (1856), a First Concerto for piano, and a "Christmas Oratorio" (1858). His First Trio dates from 1860; his Second Concerto for piano, in G minor, from 1854. "What originality, what vitality, what force, movement, color abide in this work, which deservedly has become the composition of its kind most played in these days," Professor Isidor Philipp wrote of it. "Fifty years have passed since it was written, and it is as full of youth and vitality as in the first day it was set down."

A little later, for the Exposition of 1867, Saint-Saëns composed a cantata, *Les Noces de Prométhée*, which bore off the competitive prize instituted for this occasion. There were four hundred competitors, and Berlioz, who was a member of the jury of award, wrote, after the verdict had been rendered: "I hastened to him the good news. Saint-Saëns is a master pianist, of fulminating power, and one of the greatest musicians of our epoch." Berlioz also said of him: "He is a great pianist, a great musician, who knows his Gluck almost as well as I do," when he had Saint-Saëns rehearse Madame Charton-Demeur in the rôle of *Armide*, for a revival of Gluck's masterpiece at the Opéra, in 1866.

Wagner, for his part, with whom Saint-Saëns was acquainted at the time when *Tannhäuser* was being rehearsed in Paris (1860-61), said of him: "With an extraordinary velocity and a stupefying facility he unites a memory no less admirable. He played all my scores by heart, including the *Tristan*, without forgetting a single detail, and with such exactness that one might have sworn he had the music before his eyes." And the great Hans von Bülow paid him the same compliment.



The first idea of an opera, or, rather, an oratorio, *Samson* (a subject on which Voltaire had versified a libretto which Rameau never set completely to music), harked back to the year 1868, and fragments of it, known to a few artists and friends, were sung by Augusta Holmès and the painter Henri Regnault before 1870; then by Mme. Viardot, on a little private stage at Bougival. It was not until March 26, 1875, however, the year

of *Carmen's* quasi-failure, that Colonne presented the first act to the auditors at his Concerts du Châtelet and we might quote what a critic (Henri Cohen) wrote of this performance a few days later in the *Chronique musicale*:

Before offering my personal opinion with regard to *Samson*, I must state that the opinion of the public was not favorable. Never has a more complete absence of melody made itself felt as in this drama. And when to this lack of melodic motives there is added a harmony at times extremely daring and an instrumentation which nowhere rises above the level of the ordinary, you will have some idea of what *Samson* is like.

The everlasting reproaches addressed to the innovator! One can understand that after having read verdicts as arbitrary as this, no dramatic manager, let alone the director of the Opéra—who, owing to the curiosity aroused by the new opera-house on the Boulevard des Capucines (the Opéra was formerly situated on the rue Le Peletier) was nevertheless certain of satisfactory box-office receipts, no matter what works he presented—felt tempted to stage this biblical drama.

It was not until two years later that Franz Liszt, great-hearted and generous, rescued *Samson* from oblivion once and for all by having it performed at the Weimar Opera (December 2, 1877). After that, coming by way of the Brussels' La Monnaie, the Théâtre des Arts of Rouen, and the stage of the *Château d'Eau* in Paris (1890), *Samson* was finally adopted by the Paris Opéra on November 23, 1892, with what success is generally known.

Up to that time neither *La Princesse jaune* (1872), nor *Le Timbre d'argent* (1877), composed before the preceding; nor *Etienne Marcel*, that episode of Parisian history which had been given in Lyons in 1879; nor *Henri VIII*, often but vainly recast and revived, even in later years (Paris Opéra, 1885); nor *Proserpine* (1887); nor *Ascanio* (Opéra, 1890, where it was revived in November, 1921); had been able to break the ice between Saint-Saëns and the operatic public. In the end, however, beginning with *Samson et Dalila*, this public made up its mind to recognize its composer as a dramatic musician. Nevertheless, despite the relative success of *Phryné* and, in a lesser degree, of the charming ballet *Javotte*, the composer of *Déjanire*, of *Hélène*, *Les Barbares*, and *l'Ancêtre*, never gained the popularity enjoyed by his fortunate rival Massenet as a composer for the operatic stage, and as a result honored the other with an ill-concealed enmity.

His own special public—one far more to be envied—was that of the concert-goers; and it is for this reason that all musicians, whether friends or enemies of the man or the artist, whether

Frenchmen or foreigners, have acclaimed Saint-Saëns as a great master, one of the greatest of the nineteenth century.

Hence he was known, like Berlioz, as a "symphonist," after having been no more than a pianist and organist, and this, in the eyes of the amateurs, amounted to a redhibitory vice. Yet there was still another reason, or there were other reasons, for these dramatic set-backs or semi-set-backs. Quite voluntarily and in all good faith, no doubt, Saint-Saëns, not alone as regards the stage, but elsewhere as well, did not sense the need of trying out new formulas: the historic subject, or the anecdotal subject, à la Scribe answered his purposes. Exceedingly well read and no wise ignorant of what was being done in his day, the day of militant and triumphant Wagnerism, he himself collaborated with his librettists. Hence, if he sinned, it was not through ignorance; he took the stand that a drama which had been lived, at any rate one within the historic probabilities, bears within itself a power of emotion quite as intense as a medieval or a Scandinavian theogony. Nevertheless, contrary to the practice of Meyerbeer and his emulators, Saint-Saëns was not given to those *hors d'œuvres* which have no connection with the dramatic action. The "Synode" in *Henri VIII*, the ballet and religious ceremony in *Samson et Dalila*, the mythological festival in *Ascanio*, for example, are episodes perfectly connected with the dramatic action of which they form an integral part, and not mere *divertissements de style*. Therefore it has been possible to approach Saint-Saëns to the great masters of former times, Mozart and Gluck, and to affirm, without undue exaggeration, that he did not allow himself to be influenced by the Titan and the tyrant of Baireuth.

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The foundation—on the morrow of the War of 1870-71—of the Société Nationale de Musique, almost exclusively dedicated to chamber music—in the beginning as it is to-day, for the organization of orchestral concerts was relatively quite as expensive in 1871 as in 1921—the foundation of the Société Nationale by the singer Romain Bussine and Saint-Saëns, who were joined by the composers Alexis de Castillon, Édouard Lalo and Ernest Guiraud, afforded younger French composers an opportunity of gaining a hearing for their works. The Société Nationale, whose motto *Ars gallica* indicated its trends and tendencies, offered them a species of laboratory for practical experiment. Nearly all of them, during the past half-century, have braved the public, some, alas!

to appear no more, others to begin a more or less brilliant career. Though Saint-Saëns had long ago resigned the presidency of the Société Nationale his memory was always kept green, and it, was at the Nationale that he gave the first auditions of the majority of his compositions for chamber music, among others the famous Septuor with piano and trumpet (1881); while at the Concerts Padeloup—Padeloup had played a Saint-Saëns' Scherzo for orchestra at one of his first concerts in the Cirque d'hiver—at the Colonne and the Lamoureux, as well as those of the Conservatoire, he presented the symphonic poems which established his reputation as a composer.

These were the *Rouet d'Omphale* (Padeloup, April 14, 1872); *Phaëton* (1873), *la Jeunesse de Hercule* (1877), and that *Danse macabre* (1875) which Colonne played, so the story runs, against the protests of his orchestra, but which was encored at the first hearing. Then came the symphonies, of which the most celebrated at the present time, as well as the most monumental, the Symphony in C minor, with organ and piano, originally played in London in 1885, was given in Paris by the Société des Concerts no more than two years afterward. Among other important symphonic compositions by Saint-Saëns more or less often played in concert, mention should be made of *La Marche Héroïque* (in memory of his friend, Henri Regnault, the painter, killed at Buzenval in 1870) first heard in 1871; the *Hymne à Victor Hugo* (1884); the "Christmas Oratorio," *Le Déluge* (1876), from which one violin solo in particular is played; *La Lyre et la Harpe*, cantata (1879), etc.

It is in absolute music, whether chamber music or symphonic, so Louis Vuillemin wrote not long ago that there should be found the best witness to a mastery beyond all discussion:

The Saint-Saëns' symphonies, notably the one in C minor with organ, are stylistic models. True to classic form, they extend it without doing much of renovation until the *finale* makes its appearance. His symphonic poems, on the other hand, better affirm the musician's personality. They instantly establish a genus: the 'poem for orchestra' has a legendary cast. As to the concertos for piano and orchestra, it seems to me that even more than anything which we have already mentioned, they characterize the composer's 'manner.' Radiantly wrought, ingenious in their instrumental disposition, often rich in the picturesque, they dominate the ensemble of the composer's works and, I believe, constitute their most original feature.¹

It might well chance that this may be the case, that it may sum up the judgment of posterity, to which the Master's works

¹*La Lanterne*, December 1, 1921.

now address themselves. As another of the "younger group," M. Roland-Manuel, has said:

Absolute music is much better suited to this somewhat rigid architect than is dramatic music. Terror and compassion are not his domain, rather a somewhat cold and decorative majesty. . . It is the absence of this thrill, this something which Goethe terms *das Schaudern* (the shudder), which often prevents the immense talent of a Saint-Saëns from touching actual genius. Yet we must refuse to see in *Phaëton*, in the *Danse macabre*, in the Trio in A, or in the Symphony with organ, no more than the academic play of a polished, conventional and chilly art. No! Saint-Saëns is truly worthy of his mundane glory. The young composers, naturally inclined to disdain a member of the Institute who has not spared them his sarcasms, might at least listen to the fine lesson in conciseness and clarity afforded at every moment by the style of a musician who is anything but a pedant, but rather the most subtly ingenious of purists, the best advised of orchestrators, the most sagacious of tonal architects and, to best express it, the man of the world (as Claude Debussy testifies) who had the greatest knowledge of music.¹

Often, it is true, Saint-Saëns has been reproached by some with being too faithful to classic form, with sacrificing too much to its requirements, with being "too cold," or not sufficiently a "theatrical man"; while others, on the contrary, have praised him for the same reasons. He did not fail to explain himself a number of times on the subject. For him music, art, did not exist without form, the form evolved out of centuries of experience, in every branch of human activity. He did not refuse to recognize that form is, beyond all doubt, subject to variation according to its epoch; but that which he preferred was the classic form handed down to us from Greco-Roman antiquity, for it corresponded to his temperament, his education, his esthetic sense, that is to say, his feelings and sensibilities.

Saint-Saëns, too, contrary to the case of many French musicians of his own generation—and following ones as well—had benefitted by an advanced classical culture, a literary and scientific culture which his inquiring spirit, avid of knowledge, did not cease to maintain. This did not prevent him—quite the contrary—from sampling, on occasion, the art which was flowering all about him. It is only just to add, however, that he made a very moderate use of this privilege.

In a charming little book of *Souvenirs* which appeared recently, M. Camille Bellaigue quotes the following letter addressed to him by Saint-Saëns, in 1892:

Yes, I am a classicist, nourished on Mozart and Haydn from my tenderest infancy. I wished that it might be impossible for me to speak

¹L'Éclair, December 1, 1921.

any but a clear and well-balanced language. I do not blame those who do otherwise. Like Victor Hugo, speaking of certain poetic innovations, I find certain procedures good—for others.

The whole criticism, the auto-criticism of Saint-Saëns' work, is contained in these few lines. A classicist from infancy—a classicist, nevertheless, full of feeling for the great romanticists—his ponderate spirit, rather cold and reflective, steely and caustic, as quick in attack as in repartee, never lost itself in the vague mists of philosophy or metaphysics. His choice of subject in his symphonic poems and in his dramas sufficiently indicates the fact.

For the concert-hall as for the stage, the classic forms, or to be more exact, the traditional forms, the academic forms, augmented by the symphonic poem—which he has defined as “an ensemble of movements dependent one upon another, flowing forth from the original idea. . . which they enchain. . . forming a single composition”—sufficed him. At any rate, he conforms to their economy of means, their exterior arrangement, their “cut”; for, from the point of view of tonality, as a rule respected by the classic composers, Saint-Saëns permits himself great liberties, profits by an independence altogether modern. Aside from this—and this was a great deal in his day—he makes definite choice of simplicity for his guide, not blindly but consciously. His mind is made up to respect the established forms, because he does not think it expedient to do otherwise, because in them he sees a means which suffices for the expression of his thought. This thought is invariably clear, limpid, exempt from any too powerful outbreaks of feeling, without pretensions to forcing music outside the limits assigned to it by the ancients. He expressed himself with ponderation, often not without a certain “four-squareness,” yet with a distinction, an elegance which might be called haughty, and which does not exclude the use of means of expression of the most modern turn, or of original “finds”—always employed, however, with restraint. No musician was ever less the plebeian, that is certain, none less disdainful of cheap triumphs. And this is why, no doubt, for all that one can say his music is “very French”—which really amounts to saying nothing at all—Saint-Saëns' “success,” if success it were, was so long deferred. He was too purely, too exclusively a musician to obtain in a country like France the popularity awarded a Gounod or a Massenet.



Having essayed first, like the great masters of former times, all the musical forms, from the song (or the romance, as it was called in his childhood) to the symphony and the opera—it might be remarked, however, that although a pianist, he never composed a sonata for his instrument—he may be compared to them as regards his fecundity, the creative facility of which he showed himself possessed throughout his long career. To quote Pierre Lalo:

Like the composer of the *Noces*, and like the composer of "The Creation," he knew all without having learned it; from his youth on he enjoyed the possession of all his skill, all his sureness, all the resources of his technique. His first suite for orchestra, which he wrote at the age of sixteen, is set down with the same adroitness and the same infallible elegance which he had not lost seventy years later. Like his great protagonists, the faculty of production was inexhaustible in him. Like them, too, his musical gift was a universal one: there is no style nor form which he did not essay. . . . Like Haydn and Mozart, finally, he was almost altogether a musician; music was the focus and the all in all of his life. . . . He was not deeply stirred by any of the great mental or emotional movements of our time; no more than Haydn or Mozart in their day were stirred by the revolution which Goethe and his disciples wrought in German literature. Music, the profession and the art of music, occupied him altogether.¹

And the following line from the Preface of Saint-Saëns' *Harmonie et Mélodie*, which alludes to his changing opinions with regard to Wagner, might serve as the epigraph of all his own works: "In reality it is not I myself who have changed, it is the situation."

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This man, so profoundly, so completely the musician, was nevertheless not exclusively a musician—and this in itself is by no means the last original phase in his character. He, too, had his *violin d'Ingrès*² (he even had several) and he never failed to improve the opportunity of playing it, when the fancy took him. He was a poet, a librettist, a dramatic writer, philosopher, archeologist, astronomer, critic, journalist, humorist, tourist—and heaven knows what else!

A scholarly musician, it had been quite natural for him to write about his art, and he wrote about it largely. He had been, in former times, a contributor to the *Estafette*, the *l'Événement*, the

¹*Le Temps*, December 18, 1921.

²*Violon d'Ingrès*—a hobby.

Voltaire, the *Nouvelle Revue* and, occasionally, to other papers and periodicals, and his articles for some ten years or so appeared quite frequently in the *Écho de Paris*. He collected a portion of this journalistic output in his *Harmonie et Mélodie, Portraits et Souvenirs, Charles Gounod et le "Don Juan" de Mozart*, in the *École buissonnière* (1913), in the *Germanophilie* (1916), and in a pamphlet on the theories of Vincent d'Indy, in connection with the latter's *Traité de Composition*.

Here and there he has expressed thoughts and ideas which, at first glance, often seem contradictory or paradoxical; yet which, nevertheless, do not depart from the logic of his own impulsive spirit. His eclecticism, says Jean Chantavoine, is

polemic eclecticism, a martial eclecticism, an aggressive eclecticism. He elects to praise a work and an artist at the moment when the work and the artist in question are unknown, unappreciated or disdained, Liszt or Wagner at the moment of Meyerbeer's triumph—Meyerbeer at the moment of Wagner's ascendancy. It is not vanity on his part, but generosity.

His enemies have not failed to attribute his anti-Wagnerian violences—the most recent of these were expressed in the *Germanophilie*, a pamphlet which appeared while the War was at its height—to his jealousy as a composer. It is possible, in fact, that there may have been a touch of egoistic feeling in the old musician's anti-Wagnerism; yet first and foremost it represents a patriotic exasperation, born of the events and which, carried to the pitch of purest chauvinism, leads him to rave.

Be this as it may, Saint-Saëns' printed works will long be read with profit; they have a place assigned them in every musical library, no less than have his engraved works, side by side with those of his friend Berlioz, whose stimulant and pleasure-giving quality they share; and they are no less characteristic of an epoch than are the Berlioz *feuilletons*, for their author might well claim, to use his own words, that he "had a certain right to the pretension of knowing something of the hidden springs and motive forces of an art in which he had had his being, from infancy on, like a fish in water."

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An amateur scientist, Saint-Saëns interested himself in philosophy, in natural history, in astronomy, in physics. His philosophy does not indicate that he possessed well-established convictions or a very coherent system: flexible and diversified,

like the composer's own character, it is no more than an honest man's pastime. Nevertheless, Saint-Saëns could not resist the desire to impart it to his contemporaries, and he tried to formulate it in his *Problèmes et Mystères* (1894), and in the Preface he wrote for a work by Dr. Regnault, *Hypnotism et Religion* (1897).

An uninterrupted chain, so he declares, exists between what we term matter and what we call spirit. To this confession of faith, which we might regard as the avowal of a materialist, our philosopher, however, opposes his belief in God, since "atheism is in very poor taste, owing to the rabble which denies God in order to free itself from all rules, and to have no other law than the satisfaction of its lowest appetites." Thus he professes deism. He confirms this confession elsewhere when he writes: "The proofs of God's existence are irrefutable. Opposed to them is no more than the fact that they lie without the domain of science and belong to that of metaphysics."

Now science has forced God backward: "At present He is in the depths of the infinite, intangible and inaccessible." Saint-Saëns, as a philosopher, therefore seeks to reconcile—after so many others have essayed the task—science and God. He actually—for a moment—believes it possible, for the tempest will end in "calm and harmony," though he forgets to tell us how this will be done.

In his Preface to *Hypnotisme et Religion*, where he thus struggles to find a conciliatory solution, he qualifies the Gospel, in passing, as "anarchistic," since its teachings tend toward "a suppression of labor, the weakening of character, and the division of property on pain of death." At once, however, he reassures those who might be alarmed by so unorthodox an audacity by telling them that the Gospel is only a "symbol."

Finally, he remains uncertain, while endeavoring to evade incertitude and—like the good Norman he has once more become—takes sides neither for science nor for religion, since "faith engenders intolerance and fanaticism, and finally mysticism, that renouncement of all which is not revealed religion." Nevertheless, as he is set upon having a *credo* of some sort, he wishes to replace faith arbitrarily by an "artistic faith"; on one condition, however, that this "artistic faith" be not of a certain school (the school in question is the Wagnerian one) which brings in its train "intolerance, fanaticism and mysticism." The artistic faith, hence, must be an eclectic one, not appealing to "any supernatural revelation, and not venturing to assert the affirmation of absolute verities. It is no more than a set conviction due in part to the

author's own studies, in part a result of his instinctive fashion of understanding the art which constitutes his personality, and which, therefore, he is compelled to respect. It has the right to persuade and conquer souls, but not that of violating them."

As may be seen by the few citations adduced, Saint-Saëns' philosophic *violon d'Ingrès* was pretty much out of tune. It calls for mention, however, since it reveals a little-known side of this investigating spirit which, even in speculations of this sort, was not deserted by the artistic idea.

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The physical and the natural sciences supplied another passion, another pastime, for Saint-Saëns. "A scholar" and a musician, he wrote at least once on the subject of acoustics and advanced some interesting observations. He published an article in the *Nouvelle Revue* in 1881, in which he expressed his surprise at the apparent lack of harmony between the vibrations of bells and the admitted laws of acoustics. Struck by the analogy existing between the phenomena of the various sources of light revealed by the spectroscope, and the phenomenon of the resonance of bells, he concluded that the apparent or seeming sound of a bell might be nothing else than a harmonic and not a fundamental, a harmonic tone attached to an actual fundamental one, the latter remaining inaudible because of its excessive gravity. This gravid observation, taken up again by the scientific acoustician Gabriel Sizes, has allowed the latter, after exhaustive researches, to formulate a law of vibration which may be applied to all known sonorous bodies.

Nevertheless, after philosophy it is not acoustics, but rather astronomy, which is the fairest flower in Saint-Saëns' scientific crown. A member of the Astronomical Society of France, he did not hesitate a moment to make a journey to Spain to observe the eclipse of the sun at Burgos, in 1905, as later that of 1911 in St.-Germain-en-Laye; he left several pamphlets and memoirs, one of which, entitled *La Vie dans l'univers*, in the shape of a letter addressed to Camille Flammarion, was published in 1902 in a bulletin of the Society. In 1906, Saint-Saëns published a study on the relationship between plants and animals in the *Nouvelle Revue*, in which he endeavored to prove an ingenious theory which was dear to him, the one, namely, that "the prototype of the vital evolution was the vegetal evolution," a theory calculated to appeal to his spirit of order and method. At the bottom of the

ladder of animated life he saw the plant, in the middle the animal, and on the topmost degree man, "an animal of more elevated order than the rest." He endeavored to discover a scientific basis for this construction, ordered along the lines of a classic symphony.

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Saint-Saëns' poetry does not scale these heights. As a versifier the musician contents himself with being an honest librettist—or a humorist. The author of two dramatic-musical parodies, *Gabriella di Vergy*, a satire on Italian music, he also wrote *La Crampe des écrivains*, *le Roi d'Apépi*, and a collection of *Rimes familières*, to say nothing of many little bits of verse scattered through his correspondence.

An indefatigable letter-writer, replying with good grace to the innumerable letters which reached him every day from all parts, writing to the newspapers when an article or some happening or other had aroused his interest, to give his opinions on questions altogether foreign to music, this correspondence, once it is published, will show how eager was the interest of his spirit, never dormant, in matters far removed from his art.¹

Saint-Saëns, in the capacity of an amateur archeologist, had been a member of the Academy of Fine Arts since 1881. On one occasion he read a paper before this body on "The Lyres and Citharas of Antiquity"; on another he communicated to his colleagues at the Institute a "Note on the Decoration of the Antique Theatre." And, in the course of numerous voyages, notably in French Africa and in Egypt, he took a genuine *connaisseur's* interest in the discoveries made by our scholars.

It was, no doubt, in order to recognize these various merits, no less than to honor the musician himself, that the University of Cambridge, in 1893, solemnly awarded Saint-Saëns the degree of *Doctor honoris causa*, at the same time conferring it

¹Saint-Saëns' hand-writing has been analyzed by a graphologist who has specialized in the study of the graphology of musicians, M. Vauzanges, and is no less characteristic of the man than of the artist. It indicates an intelligence of the first order, one very lucid, very open, animated and embellished by an imagination at once noble and meticulous; a clean-cut, vivid and impulsive spirit, remarkably active (the writing clear, rapid and, in part, juxtaposed), one which enjoys going to the bottom of things, and which assimilates with ease, at once creative and practical (the writing more connected than juxtaposed, and with abnormal connections between words, punctuation marks and letters). This hand-writing also discloses indications of a refined culture not habitually found save in the writing of literary men of great talent (numerous simplifications, typographical forms, etc.). The writer's taste is very fine, very delicate; his character good, his soul upright; his will power is gentle, regular, doubled by tenacity. The man, incidentally, is exempt from pride, yet conscious of his real value.

on Tschaikovsky, Boito, Max Bruch and a number of other notabilities. "At the head of the group of doctors," the author of *Souvenirs et Portraits* tells us, "marched the King of Babonagar, wearing a turban sparkling with fabulous gems, and with a collar of diamonds around his neck. . . . May I dare to avow that, an enemy of the drab and commonplace tones of our modern dress, I was enchanted by the adventure?"

The University of Oxford, in 1907, imitated the example of her younger sister, and Saint-Saëns on this occasion could number among his new colleagues the Duke of Connaught, Sir Edward Grey, Campbell-Bannermann, Glazounoff, Rudyard Kipling and Rodin.

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Very distant, owing, perhaps, more to timidity and through dread of the importunate than to haughtiness, legend has made the composer of *Samson et Dalila* a singular, fantastic eccentric, and as regards the "great public," which cares but little for music, Saint-Saëns was for a long time better known because of his long voyages than for his musical masterpieces. In reality his absences from France, which were renewed with every year for more than half a century, were necessary, as much because of his health, as by reason of his love for wandering. There was another reason, too, which induced him to flee from Paris—the world!

In 1878, amid circumstances peculiarly sad, he lost a little son, a boy of three, who accidentally fell from the balcony of the apartment in which his father lived, in the rue Monsieur-le-prince, into the street and was killed. The father, mad with grief, attributed this death to the negligence of his wife, whom (it is said) he refused to see again. That same evening he wrote her a single laconic word: "Farewell," which, on its face, was a definitive leave-taking. In reality, he lived with her several years longer before their separation.

Ten years later, toward the end of 1888, Saint-Saëns lost his aged mother, who had been the great love of his entire life. This time he left Paris as though with the intention of never returning. Giving up his old home in the rue Monsieur-le-prince, he offered all his beautiful furniture, all his artistic souvenirs, to his father's natal town of Dieppe, which has since created the Saint-Saëns Museum, whose treasures were continually added to by the gifts of its founder.

He visited Spain, and without the knowledge of any of his friends, even his librettist Louis Gallet, embarked for the Canary

Islands, while his *Ascanio* was being rehearsed at the Opéra; and the first performance was given during his absence. This runaway journey of the composer has remained celebrated in the annals of Parisian musical life. From that time on the legend gained ground that Saint-Saëns was never to be found in France. Having visited Egypt, to which he returned with predilection, Ceylon, Indo-China—not without returning several times to the Canary Islands, until 1900—Saint-Saëns at that time decided once more to try to take up his abode in Paris. He established himself in the rue de Courcelles, and there he remained until the end of his days. Thenceforth this man, who had for so long a time avoided the world, especially the musical world, reappeared in the concert halls, in the theatres, and no longer travelled as a mere tourist, but as a musician, an orchestral conductor and a virtuoso. He revisited London, where he was always fêted, went to Berlin, where the honors paid him are a matter of common knowledge, travelled in Italy, Spain, Monaco, and even in France itself.

After having celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his first concert in the Salle Pleyel (1846–1896), he did not disdain from time to time to appear on the concert stage, rousing the enthusiasm of his audience as soon as he made his appearance. In 1913 he gave his “last” concert in the Salle Gaveau: he would no longer be heard in public, at least so all thought. . . Then came the War, and he was once more in evidence, lending the support of his glorious name and his great authority to many a charitable or patriotic manifestation, both in France and abroad. He gave concerts as far away as the Argentine, and did not fear to cross the ocean when past the age of eighty. He brought back with him more than 100,000 francs for a highly interesting War charity, the *Fraternelle des Artistes*.

Under a somewhat dry exterior (says Ch.-M. Widor) he concealed an ardent soul and great warm-heartedness. How many widows, daughters and sisters of his old orchestral comrades did he not succor and pension! When a moment of ill-temper—and such occurred quite frequently—provoked a word on his part which he himself felt was too strong, he would immediately endeavor to undo whatever harm he might have done. He had a ‘temper,’ as he was wont to say himself, but this does not signify that he was evil-tempered.

In his writings (Widor continues) he was never guilty of attacks on his colleagues. If he had a little quarrel with Debussy, he was not the one who was to blame; and he was careful, incidentally, to refrain from divulging it to the public. . . As to the pride with which he has been reproached, it is certain that, gifted with the critical instinct, he could not ignore his own value, if only as a matter of comparison, and

that he was entitled to pride himself upon it. Nevertheless, is there not a singular modesty shown in his own judgment of his own works:

'Certain ones among my works will disappear. In our art they may be said to mark a time of pausation, like the repose which comes after a day of toil. Others will come who will profit by this labor, and will do better than I have done.'¹

His works, numerous and diverse, reflect the mobility, the eclecticism of his nature, "not so say the versatility which drove him to devote himself completely to certain great masters, and then turn away from them without any valid reason; although a number of times, and always in vain, he has endeavored to explain away these violent contradictions, notably with regard to Wagner, Schumann and Brahms," says Adolphe Jullien in the *Journal des Débats* (December 18, 1921), not without a touch of sharpness.

This output, which we have done no more than trace in broadest outline—for in these pages we have been particularly interested in speaking of the man rather than of the universally known and appreciated musician—this "enormous and formidable" output of work, as Alfred Bruneau expressed himself at the tomb of Saint-Saëns:

harks back directly to the great classicists whose last descendant he was. Like them, he handled every kind of music with equal superiority. Was he not, he too, the Mozart of his epoch, the infant prodigy and the prodigious man? And he traversed all the roads of his art with equal sureness, whether exploring the immense and marvelous forest of sonority, whether lingering, stopping now and again, to cull a thousand delightful flowers of song. Tradition captivated him, allured him more than innovation. In defence of tradition, when he felt it menaced, he fought with vivacity, with courage, with extraordinary violence. Belligerent by temperament, as soon as a subject of discussion tempted him he seized the polemic pen and used it vigorously, furiously, daringly, handling it like some redoubtable and vengeful sword. If he would not consent, in his compositions, to change the customs established by his predecessors, if he refused to overturn the harmonic and melodic system which had been in use before his time, his creative rôle is nevertheless one of exceptional magnificence, his ardent leonine claw leaves an imprint comparable to none other on each of the scores which he wrote. *Samson et Dalila*, *le Déluge*, the Symphony in C minor, these three splendid peaks, and innumerable lyric and instrumental pages, have conquered a place in the admiration of the universe which they will retain as long as beauty endures, so long as orchestras and choruses assemble to move and charm us."²

¹*Le Gaulois*, December 23, 1921.

²Oration delivered at Saint-Saëns' funeral, December 24, 1921.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

A thematic catalogue of Saint-Saëns' compositions was published a few years ago, by the house which has put forth the majority of his works. A catalogue of his musical compositions as well as of his literary works may also be found in the *Musiciens français d'aujourd'hui*, by O. Séré, recently reprinted. Biographies of the Master have been written by G. Servièrès, in *La Musique française moderne*, by Bonnerot, Augé de Lassus, Montargis, Baumann and, in German, there is one by Dr. Neitzel. In addition, the studies and articles published by Ad. Jullien, Willy, Camille Bellaigue, E. Marnold, R. Rolland, Ad. Boschot, J. D. Parker (THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY, 1919) may be consulted.

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens)

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE PEDAGOGY OF COMPOSITION

By ROSARIO SCALERO

JOHANNES BRAHMS, arrived at the zenith of his renown, once told Cossel—one of the few friends who could boast of knowing the master's intimate thought—that after the appearance of Schumann's famous letter in the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," which directed the attention of the musical world to his artistic personality, he had undergone one of the gravest crises ever encountered by an artist at the inception of his career.

Notwithstanding the affection that bound Brahms to his old teacher, Eduard Marxsen, he confessed to Cossel that his instruction in counterpoint had proved inadequate and insufficient for the attainment of the lofty purposes which he cherished. "Even from the bulky volumes of theory by Marx [so added Brahms], which, in my eagerness to learn, I had devoured in hopes of benefitting myself, I extracted scant profit. I clearly saw what an advantage Mendelssohn had over me by virtue of the admirable school to which he belonged, and could see no other way out of my difficulty than recommencing my musical education *ab imis fundamentis*." As we know, Mendelssohn was a pupil of Zelter, an excellent composer, a great friend of Goethe's, a man of superior culture, and, as a musician, an offshoot of an illustrious school whose unbroken tradition may be traced back through Kuhnau, the reformer of instrumental music in Germany, to Vincenzo Albricci, educated in the school of Palestrina, of whom he was a contemporary.

The great violinist Joachim, the friend of both Schumann and Brahms, and himself a pupil of Mendelssohn in composition, helped Brahms in his new course of education with the intuition of an artist prescient of the high destiny awaiting his friend. All are familiar with the splendid reality in which Brahms's striving found material manifestation.

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We have mentioned this episode in the artistic career of Johannes Brahms because it is an eminently significant and apt illustration of the point aimed at in this brief essay. The crisis which Brahms passed through during youth in order to supply the deficiencies in his musical education, and the perils then confronting his artistic individuality, are crises, deficiencies and perils which fall to the lot of every youth, at the present time, who is

obtaining his musical education in our institutes of art. The pedagogy of composition must be considered, from a general point of view, as a problem as yet unsolved in convincing fashion.

In fact, the theory, the science, the system employed by Eduard Marxsen in teaching Brahms (with the best of good will, beyond all question, conscious as he was of the unusual talent of his pupil and of the grave responsibility resting upon himself) do not differ, along their principal lines, from those which are to-day the basis of the pedagogy of musical composition and which took shape after the death of Beethoven.

Beethoven, as we now view him in the complex of his works and his individuality, the initiator of an art of an eminently subjective character—for the vicissitudes, tragic or sentimental, of his own life became, as later and in still more evident wise, with Chopin and Wagner, coefficients of specific value in his art—and dying without leaving disciples to continue his work directly, represents in the cycle of his Three Styles an indivisible unity, its own beginning and ending, whose like we encounter in the grand universal art of a Dante, a Michelangelo, a Goethe. He did not form, as part of a chain, a link whose place might have been taken by the first comer, supposing that his successor possessed an heroic heart fit for such emprise. In other words, the continuator of Beethoven would have to build on another foundation. In this greatest of masters terminated the tradition of the glorious schools in which entire generations of artists devoted every faculty to the continually more perfect expression of the same restricted complex of problems. When it happened that the progress made by one was slight, this served as a guide for another, and the acquisitions of the master became the property of the disciple, who added to them his own.

Beethoven, building up forms that had no prototypes in the physical world, creating an idiom that carries the liberation of his spiritual nature so far as to recast it in accord with formulas and esthetic norms whose equivalent one would vainly seek in all things that are not music—this art which, as a metaphysician has asserted, expresses definitely a truth superior to any material reality, the "*universalia ante rem*," the primitive things, drawing sustenance from the most obscure, profound, mysterious recesses of the human psyche—Beethoven went slowly on his way, living his life day by day, well knowing that the conquest of to-day would be but the experience of to-morrow. Such rules as the practice of the art had established in any given epoch as fundamentals, could be accepted only as points of departure, for the

genius of an artist might, at any future time, render their postulates debatable.

The theory of music is, in fact, nothing but a ceaseless conflict between theory and art. The theorists of the middle ages, thinking to interpret the spirit of the ancients, and supported by the theory of Boetius, defined the art as a science—a false point of view from the outset, and one from which the musicians of the period had great trouble to free themselves. To be sure, the fourteenth century records the grandest achievement of the musical middle ages, namely, Counterpoint, the original source of modern art, in which they gave proof of the patience of scientists, and exhibited an unequalled tenacity of will and inventive genius. But their theory, as set forth by Johannes de Garlandia, Philippe de Vitry, and Johannes de Muris, constrained the artists to express themselves in a purely formal manner, limiting them to the application of a technique wanting in expressiveness, requiring them to operate in a sort of Pythagorean and abstract idealism, depriving them of all possibility of representing, by means of tones, images of the exterior world and emotions truly expressed. Similarly, some time before this, the frigid scholasticism and formalism of the Troubadours had threatened the very life of poetry! But on the threshold of the sixteenth century, in so far as music was still the prisoner of theory, instinct rebelled against scholastic intellectuality, inaugurating that liberation from the fetters of conventionalism, that triumph of truth which, after a relentless contest continuing through more than two centuries, are even now not fully attained.



Following the death of Beethoven, with the rapid and universal diffusion of music which brought in its train the founding of conservatories and musical institutes, there arose the necessity for the creation and systematization of a musical pedagogy, by means of the theoretical literature then existing, with the precise intention of replacing those methods which had founded their tendencies and principles on the art of those great men whose names were epochal in the history of music—Okegem, Josquin des Prés, Willaert, Orlando di Lasso, Giovanni Gabrieli, Palestrina, Monteverdi, Frescobaldi, Cazzati, Alessandro Scarlatti, Corelli, Kuhnau, Schütz, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. Programs were formulated and courses of study laid down which are still generally accepted to-day. It was agreed that the student who

devoted himself to composition should learn harmony, counterpoint, and the musical forms—with egregious fallacies at the very start. To the practice of counterpoint, which, under the guidance of the earlier masters, led the student step by step to a clear insight into the constituent elements of music, was now opposed the study of harmony.

Hence it is evident that, under such a system, the homophonic style was substituted for the polyphonic. For the fundamental conception that ought to govern the musical idiom, that is, horizontal writing, there was substituted vertical writing, which, no longer conceived in the spirit of the Flemings by whom it was practised at first, to be perfected later in the schools of Gabrieli and Palestrina (who, recognizing the existence of a homophonic style, admitted it as a logical consequence of a movement of the parts), no longer possessed—pedagogically speaking—any value but a purely analytical one, in no wise constructive in case of deviations from the cut-and-dried rules of practical procedure.

The precedence given to the study of harmony accustomed the pupil to a false conception of the fundamental elements of music, i.e., of the musical design, whose lines in reality are developed according to esthetic principles which the eye gradually learns to recognize and differentiate;—of musical invention, which is developed and stimulated by contrapuntal practice;—of the elements of a free form that is not imprisoned in a geometrical construction—later discovered to be a mere simplification of the form;—of the gradual solution of harmonic problems considered as parts which move according to esthetic laws, not confined in the strait-jacket of ironclad rules and principles which the instructor is obliged to disavow sooner or later.

In brief, all that grand experimentation under the guidance of a creative artist for the acquisition of a “technique”—of what the artists of the Renaissance called, in their incisive and significant phraseology, the “craft” (*mestiere*)—was preceded by a musical conception anti-artistic *par excellence*, which accustomed the pupil to mere analysis. In reality, this placing of the study of harmony before the practice of counterpoint—a method of procedure which taught the pupil to recognize the sound of given chords provided ready-made by the theory of harmony, which he wrote down without having learned their origin—had its beginnings in purely practical motives.

After the invention of the *basso continuo*, which reduces to set formulas the results of harmony, it became necessary to employ the so-called *maestri al cembalo*, who neatly and nicely demonstrated

upon their instrument those harmonies which the *basso continuo* called for and which instructors and conservatories were so intensely interested in supplying to the churches, theatres, and concerts. It was at this juncture, when the decadence of the polyphonic style had set in, that the homophonic style was miraculously resuscitated to accompany the melody and gradually fascinated and won over the artists. In place of the objective expression with which the art-work had hitherto been conceived, the tendency veered to subjective expression; the constituent elements of the homophonic style (i.e., the harmonic elements) tended to overpower the melodic; in other words, harmony assumed capital importance and sought in every way to establish its fundamental laws from a scientific viewpoint. And in fact, from Zarlino, who based harmony on the conception of the superposition of intervals of a third, to Tartini, who discovered the combinational tones, to Monsigny, who attempted the formulation of an harmonic syntax, to Rameau, who definitively established the value of the dominant in tonality, and finally to Hauptmann and Riemann, who set forth in a positive manner the tonal functions of the several degrees of the modern scale—all pressed on toward a victory for harmonic theory. But this theory, like any other, can be only a mere verification of facts, and we know that no present-day treatise on harmony can teach practically what is taught by an analysis of a chorale by Bach, a master who, working as he did, only followed the dictates of his artistic instinct as an admirable artist. Besides, with the vertical conception of the sonorous combinations, the individualization of the chords as positive realities, proper for use as esthetic means in any given case, led the artist to an abuse of one or another formula. Indeed, we can readily demonstrate how, after the nineteenth century, each musical period had its characteristic chord. Toward the end of the nineteenth century it was the diminished seventh-chord that was usually employed to express terror; then it was the turn of the chord of the augmented fifth with its poignant effect; thereafter the "Tristanakkord" with its depressing tone; and finally the harmonic deformations of the hexachordal scale perpetrated by Debussy and the French and Russian schools. And so counterpoint, when ushered in later, could not succeed in extricating the student from the net of established formulas, of *a priori* characterization. Hence, his style had a tendency toward imitation, the effect of being "borrowed," while, on the contrary, he should have struck out for originality of style informed with the spirit of discovery—should, in short, have aimed at art of a broad scope,

not that sensationalism and musical impressionism which is the characteristic tendency of a certain modern school.

Having finished the study of harmony and become at that time, or even at this very day, what the French term with euphemistic elegance "*un harmoniste consommé*," the student began with counterpoint. After having dwelt long in the enchanted realm of Modulation, of enharmonic combinations, behold him reverted to a simplicity of resources which, to his mind, means nothing more nor less than poverty, to a restriction having every characteristic of that sordid foe of art—Pedantry! The text-books used for his instruction were, according to the teacher's preference, the treatise on counterpoint by Fuchs, that of Padre Martini or of Cherubini, Bellermann, or some modern handbook, any of which latter, in their general lines, differ but little from the earlier ones. And what sort of counterpoint does one learn from these books? Is it the counterpoint of Orlando di Lasso, of Palestrina, of Bach, of Beethoven in his latest quartets, of the prelude to "*Tristan und Isolde*"? Neither the one nor the other—but a species of counterpoint whose connections with the past are of the frailest, and with the present, null; a code of arbitrary rules wherein the most important characteristics of the method do not represent the technics of any period whatever in musical art. In point of fact, the student wrote and was instructed according to the methods of a discipline which was false, inasmuch as it is illogical and useless to employ it as a medium for correct writing, whether from a relative or an absolute point of view.

It is true that great artists have formed themselves in spite of such a system. Let us bear in mind how Beethoven himself continually struggled against this system which, at his time, was beginning to extend its influence; and the crisis undergone by Brahms should likewise be recalled to all those who for years have labored to acquire a technic beyond their powers until they had thrown off the heavy burden of scholastic discipline—which ought to have been an artistic discipline—with the instinct of the artist who will not resign himself to extinguishment, and turned to explore the works of great musicians to discover how they had pursued their course and gained the victory.

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What reform, then, in pedagogic methods might be proposed at the present time? A return to early times (*ritornare all'antico*) as Giuseppe Verdi sagaciously observed; a return with all the

conquests wherewith science and experience have enriched us. Instead of commencing our studies with harmony, we should go back to the earlier practice of counterpoint.

The important, the essential matter is, to give the student clear and accurate guidance through his studies in counterpoint. We must not attribute to the ancient and modern treatises on counterpoint a disciplinary value excepting with regard to the series of exercises which they propose, and which, running through the various "schools" proposing them, serve admirably to train "the hand" of the artist. But the point of departure for the technic of counterpoint, like that of the simple exercise, should be strictly defined; in actual fact, it cannot be better represented, in its fundamental lines, than by the counterpoint of Palestrina as we find it in his works, which present the most vital and palpitant phase of the art there finding expression through the simplest and most fundamental means.

The student, now conducted by his analysis and imitation of the most important forms of counterpoint through the grand period of polyphonic art, will learn from living examples how the counterpoint of Orlando di Lasso differentiates itself from that of Palestrina or Giovanni Gabrieli; he will learn what conquests Monteverdi added thereto with his venturesome harmonies that are still astounding to us moderns; what a plunge into chromaticism the Principe di Venosa had already taken, and what distinguishes him from Alessandro Scarlatti; and to what potency of expression Sebastian Bach attained. Moreover, the student will learn, following the example of Caldara, of Bach, of Haydn, of Mozart, of Beethoven, of Cherubini, of Brahms, what are not only the artistic, but also the disciplinary values of certain contrapuntal forms, such as the canon, when one wishes to mould the musical material to fit some artistic exigency; or to what mastership one may attain through much writing of fugues, as they were conceived by Bach in his architectonic treatment of musical form—such being the spirit of the fugue, a form constructed with a maximum economy of means. Only then will he be in a position to comprehend what the achievements of modern harmony signify (it is hardly necessary to note that the rudiments of harmony are nowadays included in the preliminary theory of music, such as the functions of degrees I, IV and V, together with their relations to the other degrees!), and to pass in review the achievements of instrumental music in the eighteenth century down to the masterworks of modern music. Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven will teach the student what is meant by "musical form."

With reference to instrumentation, we recall another Brahms anecdote. Gustav Jenner having presented himself one day to ask advice concerning his musical education, the great master inquired what practical matters he had in hand just then. "I am studying instrumentation," was the reply. In the brusque and trenchant style peculiar to him Brahms responded: "I never knew that one had to study instrumentation so long as one had possession of his five senses!" And in reality, however needful an instructor may be for teaching the technics of the instruments constituting the modern orchestra, the art of orchestration cannot be taught except through the eye first of all, and then through the ear.

"Return to early times" for the teaching material, too. Whoever teaches the art, or intends to become a teacher, should be by nature and above all an artist. But he should strive with all his might to raise the pupil to a mastery of himself and his resources, and whatever restraint he enforces on the pupil should be only as a means for attaining the goal of liberty. For, as the author of the "Critique of Pure Reason" observes, one of the most serious problems of education is to see how one can cultivate liberty in the presence of authority and by means of the latter. And the pupil should be taught to love his art beyond all else, for to love is to understand, and to understand is to possess.

(Translated by Theodore Baker)

WAGNER AND SHAKESPEARE

By EDGAR ISTEL

Shakespeare remained unequalled until German genius produced in Beethoven a being which could be analogically explained only by comparison with him.

RICHARD WAGNER

IN a letter to his friend Mrs. Eliza Wille, dated September 9, 1864, Wagner wrote: "I remember a dream of my early youth, when I dreamt that Shakespeare was alive, and that I met him and spoke to him, actually, in the flesh; the impression this dream left on me was indelible, and eventually grew into a longing to see Beethoven, too (who also had died long before)." This longing of Wagner's for Beethoven (who died when Wagner was about 14 years old) crystallized into the fantastic novelette "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven," written in 1840, when Wagner was twenty-seven years old. In this novelette the youthful musical dramatist attributes to his musical ideal, artistic aims not very greatly differing from those which Wagner himself strove to attain in his future artistic work. How intimately, however, these aims were attached to the names of Shakespeare and Beethoven, is evident from the answer Wagner let his imaginary Beethoven give the art disciple: "If anyone did write a truly musical drama, he would be looked upon as a fool, and he would indeed be a fool for not keeping it to himself, but setting it before the world."

"And what would one have to do," I¹ asked excitedly, "to create such a musical drama?"

"Do as Shakespeare did, when he wrote his plays," was the almost sharp reply.

Thus, even in early youth, the name of the greatest dramatic genius of all ages was coupled, in Wagner's mind, with that of the magnificent symphonist. The influence this had on Wagner's mental development was so great, that it will be interesting to follow its various stages through his life-history.

Apparently at the suggestion of his uncle, Adolf Wagner,² young Wagner had very early been interested in the great Briton.

¹This "I" of course means Wagner himself.

²Adolf Wagner had published a German translation of Augustine Scottowe's *Shakespeare Biography*, 1825, and Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristic of the Women in Shakespeare's Plays*, 1834.

It is a characteristic feature, that he immediately wished to read his works in the original. He himself relates how he studied English, "only to read Shakespeare and thoroughly master him." He made an attempt at a metrical translation of Romeo's monologue; unfortunately, the manuscript has been lost. "I soon dropped English again, but Shakespeare ever remained my model." The offspring of this youthful enthusiasm for Shakespeare was indeed of a very grotesque nature; the "subject of the crime" then perpetrated (as Wagner himself calls it, in his autobiography "My Life"), was a long tragedy, "Leubald," the manuscript of which has recently been rediscovered.¹ According to this latter, the statements which Wagner made from memory touching this piece, in his autobiographical papers, are frequently erroneous. Wagner's recollection, however, that this drama was completely based on Shakespeare, is correct: Hamlet, Macbeth and Lear were, as Wagner says, its spiritual godfathers. "The story is practically a mere variation of *Hamlet*, with this difference, that my hero is driven by the apparition of the spirit of his father, murdered under similar circumstances, and by his call for revenge, to such violent deeds, that he finally goes mad after a series of murders. In temperament a mixture of Hamlet and Percy Hotspur, Leubald has vowed to his father's spirit to "wipe the whole clan of the Roderichs from the face of the earth," etc.² But not only *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *King Lear*, but other of Shakespeare's plays (Wagner himself mentions *Richard III*), in particular *Romeo and Juliet* and *Coriolanus*, had influenced young Wagner. Besides the outline of the story, the description given by the spirit of his death, and a great "To be or not to be" monologue by Leubald, point at *Hamlet*; the Lorenzo-like character of a hermit, at *Romeo and Juliet*; a scene of witches, at *Macbeth*; the description of battles, at *Coriolanus*; in short, as Wagner himself testifies, he left no means unemployed to fit out his drama with the richest effects.

A chief ingredient, however, for my poetical work I borrowed from the pathos and humor of Shakespeare's forceful speech. The daring of my bombastic and high-flown language naturally startled and surprised my uncle To me there remained a curious inner solace for the want of appreciation I met with; I knew, what no one else could know, that my work could be properly judged only after it had been set to music, which I decided to write, and which I intend to produce very soon.

¹In the possession of the heirs of Mrs. Burrell, London. (Cf. Burrell's *R. Wagner*. London, 1905, and Kapp's edition of Wagner's writings by Hesse, Vol. 6, where detailed extracts are given.)

²Cf. the full details of contents in "MY LIFE," p. 35 et seq.

In this connection certain points are of peculiar importance; here the drama *à la* Shakespeare is already blended with a reminiscence of Beethoven; the name Adelaide ("whose fond refrain appeared to me the symbol of all love-cries"), and his fondness for alliteration ("Woher um mich dies wonnigliche Wehen" is the most remarkable example), this latter obviously born of musical reasons. In describing the awakening of his sense for music, Wagner then tells of his first acquaintance with the masterpieces of musical art (above all Beethoven, Weber and Mozart). Beethoven's "Egmont," this play set to music, which may well have served him as a model for his "Leubald" (as regards the musical part), had chiefly influenced him. The death of Beethoven, which made a deep impression on him, produced an "image of most exalted, superhuman originality, with which nothing else could bear comparison. This image blended in me with that of Shakespeare; I met, saw and spoke to both in ecstatic dreams; when I awoke, I was bathed in tears"—in a word, a renewed confirmation of the vision already mentioned. Eventually, Beethoven's Egmont music so enraptured him that, as he relates,

I could not think of launching my finished drama without a similar music. I was quite confident of being able to write this music by myself, but nevertheless deemed it advisable first to inform myself on some principal rules of thorough-bass . . . This study, however, did not bear as early fruit as I had expected; the difficulties encountered allured and fascinated me; I determined to become a musician.

Thus the 15-year-old boy became a musician in emulation of Beethoven only from a desire to write the music to a play formed on a Shakespearean model, and this development is so characteristic for Wagner, that the writer of "Parsifal" could say of himself:

I prudently intend to adventure into music only so far as I may hope to realize poetical intentions by its aid.

We thus have the following facts: Shakespeare taught Wagner, the dramatist, and Beethoven's music was absorbed by him only in so far as he felt it adequate for the musical expression of Shakespearean situations. Immature as these dramatico-musical endeavors may appear, we may discern therein the germ from which sprang the towering growth of Wagner's later art. At first, however, Wagner shared the same fate as Schiller, who, in later years, could say of the youthful author of the "Robbers" that one could see from the extravagances rather than the beauties of the piece, how the author doted on his Shakespeare.

Wagner entered into still closer relations to Shakespeare than by this monstrous attempt of his youth with his opera "Das Liebesverbot" (or, as it was called at its production, by order of the censor, "The Novice of Palermo"), written in 1834 and completed with music early in 1836. This opera, which, under Wagner's own direction, was produced only once in Magdeburg (on March 29, 1836), has never been printed, and can be studied only in the manuscript score, which is carefully guarded under lock and key in the National Museum at Munich. I am indebted to the kindness of the late Director, Dr. Stegmann, for opportunity to report on this work.¹

Undoubtedly, in later years the mature master felt deeply that this "curious work of his youth," which Wagner himself calls a "wildly-revolutionary, voluptuously frivolous reconstruction of Shakespeare's first drama *Measure for Measure*," is also at the same time a sin against Shakespeare. The 24-year-old opera writer had sacked, plundered Shakespeare more than he had studied him, but, in doing so, had shown so eminent a staging sense, that we cannot regard his daring enterprise without a certain amount of sympathy.²

When Wagner made "Das Liebesverbot" out of "Measure for Measure," he had almost entirely lost his former respect for Shakespeare and Beethoven.

I took the idea for "Das Liebesverbot" from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," only with the difference that I discarded the serious vein, and remodeled it after neo-European taste; free, open voluptuousness won, by its own force, the victory over Puritan hypocrisy. The music had a formative influence on matter and arrangement, and this music was the reflection of the influence of modern French and (as regards the melody) of Italian opera on my sensuously excited sensibility. If the composition were to be compared with that of "Die Feen,"³ one would hardly understand how, within so brief a period, so surprising a change of tendencies could occur; the reconciliation of these two was to be the task of my artistic development.

From this last sentence it is evident, how very important this transitional work was for Wagner's further artistic course—a link which it would be as impossible to omit from his development

¹Cf. my extensive study on this work, with numerous extracts from the music, published in "Die Musik," VIII, 192. Space allows me to discuss only the dramatic side of the matter.

²A unique copy of the libretto, revised by Wagner, is to be found in the Library of Congress in Washington. B. Hirzel wrote on this in "Sammelbände der I. M. G.," XIII, 2.

³Wagner's first opera, never produced during his lifetime, written in the style of the German romanticists Weber and Marschner, words after Gozzi's "La donna serpente."

as (say) the "Robbers" from that of Schiller, or "Werther" from Goethe's life.

In wise recognition of one demand of the operatic stage which is, unfortunately, not always sufficiently considered,—namely, to employ as few characters as possible and mould the play in the simplest form possible—Wagner reduced the number of persons (22) in the play of the English writer to exactly one-half (11), whereby he gained greatly for the musical setting. Luzio and Claudio, Isabella and Matiana, correspond to the like-named personages of Shakespeare, Antonio and Angelo to the two unnamed noblemen of Shakespeare; Angelo, the name of the governor, has been changed to the German Friedrich; the English constable "Elbow" is transformed into an Italian "Brighello." (This name indicates in Italian melodrama, to which Gozzi's fairy-tale "La donna serpente"—used by Wagner as a model—partly belongs, the rôle of a sly servant, whose costume was white with green ribbons.) The procuress, Mrs. Overdone, has become a less obtrusive wine-shop owner Danieli, whose man-servant no longer bears the proud name of Pompey, but that of "Pontius Pilate," which, under the circumstances, sounds equally funny. A wholly new creation is the maid-servant Dorella, who—in herself a subordinate personage only—becomes, in consequence of her relations to the constable Brighello, a very important factor in the play. Besides the change of locality from Vienna to Palermo, the most important alteration in the piece is the omission of the sovereign, Duke Vincentio, who, in Shakespeare a chief, if not *the* chief, personage, was discarded by Wagner; the "King" mentioned in the opera does not appear as an acting person. Here Wagner expunged a peculiar beauty of the Shakespeare play, but, at the same time, he showed an instinct for opera work which already suggests the "lion's claw" which is more distinctly discernible in "Rienzi." His object Wagner states in his "Mittheilungen an meine Freunde":

It was Isabella who inspired me, emerging as a novice from the nunnery to pray the hard-hearted governor for mercy towards her brother, who was condemned by a Draconic law to death for the crime of a love-alliance with a girl that, though forbidden, was blessed by nature. Isabella's chaste soul finds such powerful arguments before the callous judge for excusing the crime in question, and her love enables her to present these arguments with such overpowering passion, that the severe censor of morals himself is seized with a passion for this admirable woman. This swiftly kindled flame is revealed by his promise to pardon the brother in return for the sister's love. Indignant at such a suggestion, Isabella takes refuge in a scheme to expose the hypocrite and save

her brother. The governor, to whom she feigns a willingness to yield to his desire, nevertheless deems it proper not to keep his promise of pardon, so as not to sacrifice his judicial conscience to an unlawful love. Shakespeare settles the resultant conflicts by making the prince (who has until then been a hidden observer) return into public life; his decision is of a serious character, based on the "measure for measure" of the judge. I, on the contrary, untie the knot without the prince, by the aid of a revolution. I shifted the scene of the play to the capital of Sicily, that I might avail myself of the inflammable southern blood; I let the governor, a puritanical German, forbid the impending carnival; a desperate young man, who has fallen in love with Isabella, incites the mob to put on their masks and get their knives ready: "Who in our revel takes no part, for him the steel to cleave his heart!" The governor, induced by Isabella to come, himself masked, to the rendez-vous, is recognized and mocked; the brother is rescued at the last moment before his execution; Isabella resigns as a novice and gives her hand to the wild carnival friend: in a fully masked procession all march off to meet the returning prince, assuming that he will not be so irrational as the governor.

A few passages from the "Mittheilungen" are added in explanation:

The ideas at that time infesting Young Europe, together with the perusal of 'Ardinghello,' aggravated by the strange mood of opposition to German opera into which I had fallen, furnished the fundamental tone for my conception, which, being aimed especially against Puritanical hypocrisy, led to a defiant glorification of 'free love.' I sought to realize the serious Shakespearean subject from this aspect alone; I saw only the gloomy, austere Governor, himself inflamed by a terribly passionate love for the beautiful novice, who, while beseeching him to pardon a brother condemned to death for a love-fault, kindles the most baleful passion in the stern Puritan through infection by the winning warmth of her human emotion. It in no way fell in with my plan to consider that these powerful motives were so amply developed in Shakespeare's play only to be thrown with all the greater weight into the scales of justice; my sole aim was to lay bare the sinfulness of hypocrisy and the unnaturalness of ruthless moral censoriousness. So I quite discarded the 'measure for measure,' and left the punishment of the hypocrite to avenging love alone. I removed the scene of the play from a mythical Vienna to the capital of fervent Sicily, where a German Governor, scandalized by the—to him—incomprehensible freedom of morals in the populace, attempts to carry out a Puritanical reform, whereby he meets with sore defeat. Probably *La Muette de Portici* contributed something to this end; memories of *I Vespri Siciliani* may have done their part; when I consider that even the gentle Sicilian Bellini figures among the factors in this composition, I really have to smile over the strange *quid pro quo* into which the most singular misunderstandings lead.

Despite all weakness in the lines, it is marvellous in how skillful a manner Wagner simplified Shakespeare's complicated plot with respect to the stage presentation, as well; the five acts of the

English comedy are reduced to two, and these are limited to a minimum of changes of scene. Act I plays, to begin with, in a suburb, then in the convent courtyard, and finally in the court-room. Act II—the symmetry is noteworthy—likewise displays three scenes; the prison garden, a room in Friedrich's palace, and the "End of the Corso."

In the score is found the customary old lay-out in numbers. As No. 1, we have the Overture, an extremely stirring and fiery piece. The orchestral factors which Wagner already utilizes here, are quite abundant—two flutes, a piccolo, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons (later a third bassoon is used occasionally, or, in its stead, a double-bassoon), four horns, two trumpets, two kettle-drums, castanets, tambourine, triangle, bass drum and cymbals, three trombones, an ophicleide, and strings. Besides these there appear on the stage, in the course of the opera, a bell, and (at the close) a formidable "banda militare" of two piccolos, one clarinet in E, two clarinets in D, two clarinets in C, two valve-trumpets in D, four trumpets in D, four horns in D, four bassoons, three trombones (alto, tenor, bass), an ophicleide, triangle, side-drum, bass drum, and cymbals. Wagner relates that, as "characteristic for the treatment of his tone-coloring, the conductor of a military band, who, be it said, was greatly pleased with the job, thought it necessary to give me some well-meant advice for the handling of the Turkish drum in future works."

After a four-measure trill by castanets, tambourine and triangle, the overture begins directly with the lively theme taken from the introduction to the Carnival Song:



All at once there emerges, as if from another world, a new, unbending motive—that of the *Liebesverbot* (prohibition of love):

(All strings, clarinets, bassoon, trombones and ophicleide, in unison.)



It was assuredly a stroke of genius to contrast this sinister theme in its inflexible severity with the wanton gayety of the southern Carnival Song reëntering immediately after. In these

two themes the dramatic concept of the work is, so to speak, exhausted; in the one, sensuous delight, in the other, sombre zealotism. The essence of the drama, antagonism, was instinctively grasped by the young master in a truly surprising manner. This antagonism penetrates not only the exposition, but the entire overture, whose singular development-section is devoted to the conflict between the two principles, and is peculiarly fascinating in its contrapuntal evolution of the love-prohibition theme, which in most cases appears in abbreviated form.

As the third principal theme of the overture, which now goes over from *Allegro vivace* to *Allegro con fuoco*, we find the following leading-motive:



The signification of this theme is first revealed in the great scene between Friedrich and Isabella in Act I. It is the theme of Friedrich's love-frenzy, which enters frequently in the further course of the opera; here, however, it indicates the conflict between sensuality and puritanism, as decided in favor of the former.

But the miscreant is now fearsomely confronted by his own "love-prohibition," and his frenzy of passion dies down to a whine. The Carnival Song again enters alluringly, but has a hard struggle to maintain its ground against the prohibition theme (development).

Such combinations show, at all events, that the frivolous levity which Wagner himself always held to be characteristic of this score, was materially toned down by his thorough training. —Now follows the repetition of the principal section, succeeded by a Presto (a fanfare by the brass) announcing the King's arrival. At the close the Carnival Song once more appears, and victoriously holds the field. This overture gives a good idea of the musical style of the work.

For Wagner, however, still another change of style is impending; he writes: "I now almost wholly renounced my *Liebesverbot*; I felt that I could no longer respect myself as its composer. All the more independently did I follow my true artistic belief while continuing the composition of *Rienzi*."

This *Rienzi* (based upon Bulwer-Lytton's novel, "Cola Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," and begun by Wagner in the summer of 1837), while musically still wholly under the influence of the French grand opera of Spontini, Auber, Meyerbeer and Halévy, nevertheless shows, dramatically, the power, the glowing inspiration of genius, that could have been revived in Wagner only by a renewed study of Shakespeare. The very first scene of the opera is suggestive of Shakespeare. The rivalry between the clans of Colonna and Orsini must have reminded Wagner of the hostile Veronese families in "Romeo and Juliet," and so he needed only to take over the masterly exposition of the Shakespearean drama in order to obtain an effective opening for his opera. Assuredly, however, Wagner was already no slavish imitator, but a worthy disciple of his great dramatic teacher. Indeed, the subject-matter itself is a direct challenge to similar treatment; in both cases, headstrong noblemen, and also a prominent personage who exhorts them to keep the peace and at first allays the partisan conflict.

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
 Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,
 Will they not hear?—What, ho! you men, you beasts!

So says Escalus in Shakespeare, and Wagner's *Rienzi* quite similarly exclaims:

This is your handiwork! Thereby I know you!
 As tender youths ye immolate our brethren,
 And ye would rob our sisters of their honour!
 What crimes are left for ye to perpetrate?

In more than one other passage of Wagner's *Rienzi* one may note a trace of Shakespeare's historical drama. And it is precisely when we compare the two operas of the revolution, Auber's *La Muette de Portici* and *Rienzi*, that Wagner's tremendous dramatic superiority, nurtured on Shakespeare, is borne in upon us. There is no particular sense in seeking after disconnected reminiscences. This has already been attempted with more or less success in the case of Wagner's later works, in tracing parallelisms with Shakespeare. Whoever cares to delve into such minutiae, should peruse a laborious little essay on "Shakespeare und Wagner, Zusammenhänge, Vergleichen, Parallelen" by Meinck (Liegnitz) in the 39th annual issue of the "Bayreuther Blätter" (p. 120 *et seq.*). I regret my inability, by reason of artistic scruples, to join in this sort of research-work; the decisive factor is not the *words*, which

are often a mere fugitive echo, but the *spirit*, and therefore, speaking in general terms, we may say that nowhere else did Wagner lean so heavily on Shakespeare as in the *Liebesverbot* and *Rienzi*. Thereafter he only "studied," no longer "plundered" him; he enjoyed the great Briton's feast of reason and flow of soul without pilfering from him; let us rejoice thereat, without hypercritical intrusion. I really fail to see where *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Die Meistersinger* or *Parsifal*, in their details, reminds one of Shakespeare. Only in two of the later works, *Tristan und Isolde* and *The Ring of the Nibelung*, can parallels with Shakespeare be traced unconstrainedly. To be sure, one should not proceed as Meinck has done, in contrasting such passages as

KING LEAR (IV, 7), *awaking from slumber*:

Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight? . . . Am I in France?

with

TRISTAN (Act III), *awaking as from the stupor of death*:

Where was I? Where am I? Am I in Cornwall?

KURWENAL: No, no! in Kareol!

Despite the almost literal agreement, this can hardly be taken for an instance of Shakespeare's influence. Shakespeare himself, in a not at all unusual situation, merely puts the most natural words into the mouths of his characters, such as any poet before or after him would have used with scarcely a change.

It is also my opinion that similarities in the stories treated by the two dramatists cannot well be conceived as "influence." Neither is any relation between them shown by the circumstance that the tragic material of *Götterdämmerung* is partly to be found in that same tale by Boccaccio which was used by Shakespeare as a comedy entitled "All's Well that Ends Well." And other chance similarities in legendary and mythical features are really of the slightest importance.

Of course, the parallel in the presentation of the Witches in "Macbeth," and of the three Nornen, in *Götterdämmerung*, and likewise the three Rhine Daughters, obtrudes itself almost inevitably on every adept; hence there is hardly room for doubt that Wagner first won through Shakespeare his power for delineating such primitive types. But how prove anything of the kind by detailed instances? "Where feeling fails, you'll never find by questing." ("Wenn ihr's nicht fühlt, ihr werdet's nie erjagen.") The main question is, did Shakespeare help Wagner to grasp the

meaning of the fable, to create characters of ultimate type set wholly apart from the "blended types" of reality—imaginary beings of forceful consistency, like those presented by Shakespeare in "Macbeth"? As regards *The Ring of the Nibelung* we can answer this question, to a certain extent, confidently in the affirmative. True, I cannot point out a single character in Wagner's lifework that can be compared in the remotest degree to the primitive might of Macbeth or the Lady. Indeed, the profoundest secret of Shakespeare—the way in which, despite all reduction to type, he keeps his characters on the firm ground of *inner* reality, making them *purely typical*, but not, like Wagner and Schiller, *idealizing* them at the same time—this secret even a Wagner was impotent to fathom. In order to understand what I mean, first of all contrast the classic pairs of lovers in Shakespeare and Wagner—Romeo and Juliet, Tristan and Isolde. Both must wrest the union of their loves from a hostile world; both must suffer death for their love. But how natural, how touchingly human, how wholly artless, is the love of Shakespeare's pair; per contra, what a (one is tempted to say) hysterical, unnatural tension prevails throughout three acts in the relation between Tristan and Isolde. Wagner doubtless learned much for the treatment of his love-tragedy from the great Briton. But what he could not learn, because in later years it was withheld from his morbidly sur-excited temperament, was wise moderation even in moments of overmastering emotion. Characteristic of Wagner is a self-delineation found in his letter to Röckel of Jan. 25, 1854, (that is, from the Tristan period): "I see only, that the normal state of my temperament—in the light of its actual development—is one of *exaltation*, whereas ordinary tranquillity is its abnormal condition. In truth, I feel quite right only when I am 'beside myself'; then I am entirely self-possessed.—If Goethe was otherwise, I do not envy him for it, neither would I care to exchange with anybody."

On the other hand, Wagner and Shakespeare have something in common which closely unites them—their attachment to the actualities of the stage. Shakespeare was first of all an actor and stage manager, and the fact that his most powerful dramas were evolved in response to the practical requirements of the stage was not at all disadvantageous for these works themselves *sub specie æternitatis*—nay, it rather imparted to them a breath of robust life which in itself, after the lapse of centuries, still suffices to elevate them over all the book-dramas written meanwhile. Wagner himself was at first a child of the living stage, and if thereafter, owing to his unhappy political activities, he was forced to live

for many years quite out of touch with the theatre, this artistic paralysis caused him the keenest suffering; indeed, it was unquestionably most unfortunate for his later overgrown works. Thus he writes Liszt from Zurich, Dec. 5, 1849: "All the productivity of our poets and composers shows only the Will, not the Power; power, living art, is realized in scenic presentation alone. Believe me, I should be far happier if I were an actor of dramas instead of a dramatic poet and composer." In a similar, but still more positive, strain he writes to Franziska Wagner on July 4, 1850: "No one knows better than I, that the actor is the real artist; what would I not give, could I myself enact the parts of my heroes."

So keen a thinker as Friedrich Nietzsche, who was also for years one of Wagner's intimates, called him the greatest of German scenic artists. Wagner (he says) was predestined by nature for an histrionic career; being hindered from fulfilling this destiny, he cultivated—driven thereto, as it were, by unsatisfied longing—his genius for the drama.—I shall not attempt to decide whether this bold hypothesis is correct or the reverse. However, another remark of Nietzsche's (in "Der Fall Wagner," Chap. II) strikes me as more felicitous: "What does Wagner signify in the history of music? The exaltation of the actor in music—an event of capital importance, which furnishes food for reflection, and possibly for apprehension as well."—And again (*ibidem*): "In Wagner's case, his illusion takes its rise not from tones, but from gestures. For these latter he seeks the fitting tone-speech."

Now, if we raise the question whether Wagner gained anything through study of Shakespeare for his power of musical expression, we find it already answered by Nietzsche's last-quoted assertion. Granting that Wagner's histrionic imagination was fired by Shakespeare (a fact admitting of no doubt, in view of his youthful development), it would appear that, after Beethoven, Shakespeare exercised the most powerful influence on Wagner's musico-dramatical growth. This, to be sure, is quite impossible of proof in detail. We have only a single finished musical work of Wagner's, *Das Liebesverbot*, which is directly derived from Shakespeare, and in this instance, as Wagner himself pointed out, the Franco-Italian opera-style made itself felt from the very outset in shaping the dramatic text. So Shakespeare was not the loadstar even for the poem, not to speak of the music. None the less, the musical comedy-scenes in *Das Liebesverbot*, conceived in the romantic style, seem to me much more intimately related to Shakespeare's genuine comedies (among which the decidedly serious "Measure for Measure" can scarcely be reckoned) than

the somewhat baroque humor of *Die Meistersinger*. Whether the heroic character of the *Rienzi* music was influenced more by the subject or by the study of Shakespeare, is hard to decide. Probably the French operatic prototypes were the chief modifying agency. And if even the *scenic* influence of Shakespeare is highly problematical in the later works, we surely need take no thought what impression he may have made on Wagner's music.

During Wagner's entire career, however, the study of Shakespeare was of the greatest importance for the totality of his artistic view of life, as we may gather from numerous passages in his writings and letters.

Wagner's enthusiastic devotion to Shakespeare is shown in Ferdinand Präger's anecdote (in "Wagner wie ich ihn kannte"), according to which Wagner, standing before the Shakespeare monument in Westminster Abbey, sank into a silent ecstasy so long protracted that his wife, growing uneasy, aroused him from his disquieting trance by gently plucking his sleeve; whereupon he burst out in impassioned praises of the poet. In conversation Wagner was fond of expatiating on Shakespeare, especially after reading the dramas aloud, as was his wont while dwelling in Bayreuth. In this connection, Hans von Wolzogen (in "Erinnerungen an Wagner") recorded a significant observation. Wagner, after reading aloud the entire series of the royal dramas, "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," remarked on Hamlet: "That is the crown of the Renaissance; here the inexorable gaze from the stage sinks deep into that whole wretched, morally decadent world which all the arts of the Renaissance could only gloss over with an artificial sheen of beauty—a world in which heroes could no longer exist, but which was merely the predestined prey of the brutal soldier, Fortinbras." Is it not possible that Wagner mistook the character of Fortinbras and the true inwardness of this personage?

How zealously and intimately Wagner studied Shakespeare is also evidenced by a passage in a letter to Mathilde Wesendonk (Letter 97): "Over Shakespeare . . . I again had to laugh long, and this brought me round to my favorite theme, our intercourse with the great, which is, after all, our best way of getting even with the world. That marvelous waggish smile of Shakespeare's! That divine cynicism! In very truth, man can no higher strive out of his wretchedness; no Genius can do more—only a Saint."

Concerning Wagner's Shakespeare readings we possess the further testimony of Malvida von Meysenbug ("Lebensabend einer Idealistin") and of Kietz, the sculptor ("Erinnerungen"). The latter writes: "After supper he fetched 'Hamlet' and read the

first half; I shall never forget that evening. It was the first time that I had heard him read a poem by Shakespeare; he read quite without pathos, but most effectively and in good taste. In certain places he interrupted the reading in order to make comments." And, in like vein, Miss von Meysenbug: "His Shakespeare readings were delightful beyond description; one felt as if one fully comprehended the great dramatist for the first time, and I once told him jestingly that he had mistaken his profession—that he ought to have become an actor, in order to enact Shakespeare and make people realize to the full the imposing grandeur of his genius."

Indeed, Wagner held Shakespeare to be the "greatest poet of all times";¹ that he, alongside of the Attic tragedians, had, "as a second creator, revealed to us the boundless treasures of human nature."²

Wagner speaks of Shakespeare at greatest length in his Beethoven sketch, where he mentions the poet as the only man who, in his totality, can be considered an analogue to Beethoven:

This tremendous dramatist was really not to be understood by analogy with any poet whatsoever, and for this reason any æsthetic judgment passed on him lacks a solid foundation. His dramas stand out as such an immediate likeness of the world, that the creative artist's agency in the presentation of the idea wholly escapes observation and, *a fortiori*, cannot be demonstrated; wherefore this presentation, admired as the product of superhuman genius, has been studied by our great poets, much as if it were a natural phenomenon, in order to discover the laws of its creation.

Shakespeare was, according to Wagner, "a Beethoven who, awake, still dreams on"—a strange simile, explicable only from Wagner's childhood experiences (as detailed at the outset of this essay).

Between Shakespeare and Beethoven, Wagner perceives a "primitive affinity" whose correct characterization can be found only when sought for, not as between the musician and the poet, but as between the former and the poetic actor. That is, the secret lies in the immediacy of the presentation—for the musician, through living tones, for the actor, through mien and gesture:

As the drama does not describe human personages, but lets them present themselves directly, music in its motives similarly brings before us the character of world-phenomena in their most intimate seity. The movement, configuration and variation of these motives are, to pursue the

¹"Über Schauspieler und Sänger," Writings, Vol. IX, p. 169 (I always quote from the Third Edition).

²"Kunst und Revolution," Vol. III, p. 22 *et seq.*

analogy, not simply related to the drama, but the drama presenting the idea can, in reality, be fully and clearly comprehended only through the movements, shapes and changes of these motives of the music. . . . Hence, if we gather together the complex of Shakespeare's cosmos of human shapes, with the uncommon significance of the contrasted characters therein contained, into a total impression upon our inmost sense, and compare it with the similar complex of Beethoven's cosmos of motives, with their imperatively penetrating and positive quality, one must become aware that the one microcosm is the full equivalent of the other, each being contained in the other, although they apparently move in wholly different sphères.

In proof of the above, Wagner incorrectly cites Beethoven's *Coriolanus Overture*, which he thinks was written to *Shakespeare's* tragedy, whereas, in reality, it was composed for a feeble drama by the Vienna writer Heinrich von Collin. To be sure, it is possible that Wagner was acquainted with this fact, but assumed, nevertheless, that Beethoven had allowed himself to be influenced by Shakespeare's drama, which, in view of his predilection for the British poet, he had very likely read at one time or another.

Finally, Wagner very boldly proclaims his own work in the realm of art to be a kind of synthesis of the Shakespeare dramas with the symphonic art of Beethoven—as the “most complete art-form” and “most complete drama,” which “must be something far beyond the scope of poetry properly so-called.” “This would be, at the same time, the sole art-form thoroughly responsive to the German spirit—a new art-form created by that spirit, at once purely human and its very own, which hitherto has been wanting in the modern world as contrasted with the ancient.”

Can it be that Wagner, with this pet idea of his, placed too high an estimate on his “Art-work of the Future”? I raise this question at the close, without caring to answer it. For we do not yet know positively whether Ben Johnson's prophecy concerning Shakespeare is equally applicable to Wagner: He was not of an age, but for all time.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

SHAKESPEARE—MUSICIAN

By R. D. WELCH¹

THE abundance of musical reference in Shakespeare is misleading. Its very bulk—some five hundred passages, according to Naylor (Edward M. Naylor, "Shakespeare and Music")—imposes upon the credulity both of those who have no historical perspective on the English music of Shakespeare's time, and those who are predisposed to find that the great poet was a great musician as well. The amount of material for musical study, the elaborate elucidation much of it requires before its sense is plain to the modern reader, the insight of the poet into the musician's temperament and technic, his knowledge of instruments and of singing and of all the special terminology that goes with music making—all this may mislead students into believing Shakespeare at heart a musician and a very learned one.

I recall hearing, as a boy, a lecture on "Shakespeare; a Great Moral Teacher." The speaker drew for his audience of High School students a picture of Shakespeare that, if I correctly remember it, was something of a cross between a Hebrew prophet and a Presbyterian elder. Quotation came to him trippingly on the tongue; such plays as were chosen for illustration were shown as focusing upon moral sentiments. All this missed none of its effect with the impressionable; Shakespeare, in our libraries and in our hearts, should have place next the Bible; "To thine own self be true" was but the counterpart of "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you." And then I began to read Shakespeare for myself. (I have been grateful to that lecturer on many accounts.) But the destiny that shapes our ends determined that I was not to have a one-sided view of Shakespeare. The first play I read was *Antony and Cleopatra* ("So different from the home life of our own dear queen"!).

Nothing could be farther from the truth than to consider Shakespeare one of the great musicians of his time, or even to impute to him a preoccupation with music in any sense more special than his interest in law or medicine or horticulture. All was grist that came to his mill: music served him to turn a pun, to provide an apt figure, to grace a pretty scene, or to fill an

¹Read at the Shakespeare Celebration, Smith College, April, 1922.

interlude. And in every instance of Shakespeare's use of musical allusion it is squarely rooted in the popular musical practices of his time. He takes here, as with other subjects, what the current, popular practice and superstition of his age provided him. That he took more liberally, that he used more accurately than his fellows is only saying that Shakespeare was Shakespeare, here as elsewhere (or Bacon, if you prefer). But of musical professionalism there is not a trace.

The spirit that was moving upon the mind of the learned musician of his day seems not to have shadowed Shakespeare with its wing. The distinctions between the popular and the learned musician of Shakespeare's England are not difficult to trace. The one, then as now, was bent on pleasing his fellows with what was easy of understanding and what was wanted, who could play a "merry dump" if need were, "sounding" generally for very little silver. The learned musician, on the other hand, was schooled in a technic and imbued with a purpose that made his art intelligible only to those trained to follow him. The highest form of learned music was the madrigal, an unaccompanied vocal piece for several voices, each singing an elaborate, independent part. This form was a child of The Renaissance. English and Italian composers turned it to either sacred or secular uses. In 1603 twenty-six of the most important English composers published "The Triumphs of Oriana," a collection of madrigals. Originally planned for publication in 1601, its appearance was deferred until 1603, probably because the Queen to whom the work was dedicated was displeased at the name "Oriana" by which she is called in the work. The important point for us here is that the musical form in which the most famous composers of the period wrote for the glory of their queen and the immortalization of themselves was the madrigal. The English madrigal is one of the most distinguished achievements of pure vocal music, and certain of the English madrigalists, notably Weelkes, Byrd, Orlando Gibbons, Thomas Morley, John Bull, Wilbye, though their works are rarely heard now outside England, are among the greatest composers England has produced, all contemporaries of Shakespeare.

Yet Shakespeare seems to have been either unaware of or uninterested in the work of these men. In all the thirty-two plays in which musical reference is made in the text, the word "madrigal" occurs but once, and in that instance it may and probably does refer, not to the madrigal, technically speaking, but to the madrigal as a love ditty or a pastoral song. It is Sir Hugh

Evans who uses the word ("Merry Wives," III) in his nervous paraphrase of what was undoubtedly a well-known song:

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

It seems unlikely that the reference here is to the unconscious part-singing of the melodious birds; more probably it confirms the out-of-doors atmosphere of the poem.

Nor did the instrumental music of Shakespeare's contemporary masters of music seem to interest him more. The chief instrumental form of the serious musician, the "fancy" as it was called, made, in a way, after the model of the madrigal, is, like the madrigal, mentioned but once in Shakespeare's text.

With Dr. Naylor's suggestion, therefore, in the introduction to his "Shakespeare and Music," that Shakespeare's use of music shows "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure," we must take a certain grain of issue. Shakespeare was not concerned with music "begot of thought." His "abstracts and brief chronicles" fail to record the pressure toward a conscious art of music.

II

Of the popular music of his time, however, the instruments, the kinds of songs sung familiarly at fireside, in tavern, or by serenading swain, of the temperament and the vanity of the musically minded, Shakespeare had a detailed and exact knowledge. No other literary artist has used musical allusion so much as he; none has fallen into so few of the pitfalls that music seems to dig for the unwary poet. One whole volume has been compiled—and, no doubt, others might be—of the treachery of music with the poet. Browning is Shakespeare's only fellow poet whose frequent reference to musical technicalities will bear scrutiny. Imagination, in the poet's mind, it would seem, declines to be yoked to a sense of fact when it deals with music.

The musical antiquarian, tracing Shakesperean references to their sources in contemporary practice, is able to find hardly half a dozen slips in accuracy, and the fault may lie in some cases with the inadequacy of research, not with Shakespeare. The most apparent misuse of musical technicalities is that in the 128th sonnet, in which the poet sighs to change place with the virginal upon which his lady plays.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, and thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy these jacks that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which would that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

Here, in the fifth and sixth lines, and the last two, there is a plain mistake in the use of terms. The jack is not a key, as the context of the poem would imply. The jack was at the opposite end of the lever from the exposed portion, or key. It corresponds, though differing totally from it in mechanical structure, to the hammers of the modern pianoforte. Not only would the lady have been forced into a most uncomfortable position, but it would have been shockingly bad for the instrument to have allowed the jacks to "kiss the tender inward" of her hand. Clearly, Shakespeare meant "key" when he wrote "jack," and his contemporaries, using the virginal for metaphor and simile, refer to "key" and "jack" more accurately than he. But this is innocuous, and, incidentally, adds a bit of evidence to my thesis that Shakespeare was not informed about, nor apparently interested in, any other than the wholly popular music of his time. The virginal, though in common use among gentlewomen, was in no sense a popular instrument, in no such general use as is the modern pianoforte, its descendant. Shakespeare makes but one other reference to it. Leontes ("Winter's Tale," I, 2), seeing his queen touch the hand of Polixenes, jealously mutters: "Still virginaling upon his palm?"

III

This accurate first-hand knowledge of the contemporary popular music and the easy, familiar playing with musical technicalities, especially in the comedies, suggest that both Shakespeare and his audiences knew their music intimately. No modern playwright would risk this building of metaphor and characterization, or turning a whole scene, upon musical allusion, even

were he, himself, sufficiently conversant with music to do so. His modern audience would not follow; his fine turns would be lost. The Elizabethan had not, as have generations subsequent to the eighteenth century, given over his music making to a special class. Without established institutions for the promulgation of musical culture, with no conservatories, no opera houses, no supervision of public school music, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries produced a musical majority. Every man's education embraced a certain musical proficiency in singing and playing, learned casually and informally, as every man now knows (or conceals his ignorance if he does not know) the technicalities of base ball.

High or low, rich or poor, in palace or in pot-house, the Elizabethan, had he any voice at all, delighted in singing "catches." The "catch" is a kind of round ("canon," musicians call it); "Scotland's Burning" and "Three Blind Mice" are the last popular flickers of a once jolly, heart-warming flame. One voice started a tune. Another, at the proper moment began it again, the first one continuing. A third joined, when his turn came, a fourth, a fifth, all singing the same tune, no two of them in the same measure at once. Someone was always beginning, someone always ending, a third shouting the highest notes, a fourth growling the lowest, round and round, faster, gayer. . . . "Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?" ("Twelfth-Night," II, 3).

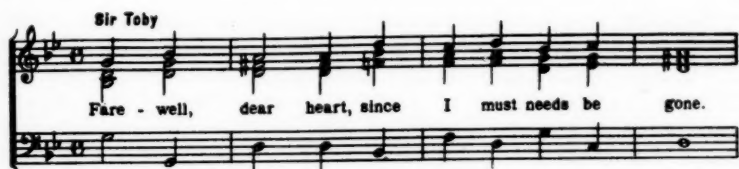
A catch is the way to let off the bibulous merriment of Sir Toby and his tipsy friends; the catch, a vulgar, ale-house amusement. Malvolio's rebuke reproves the company for forgetting the proprieties: "My masters, are you mad, or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cozier's catches without mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?" ("Twelfth-Night," II, 3). The withering sting in that reproof is in the reference to "cozier's catches," for a cozier was not only a common sort of artizan, a tailor or a cobbler, but a poor one, one who botched his work.

This one scene ("Twelfth-Night," II, 3) has in it enough of musical reference to warrant a volume of explanation. The lovely lyric "Oh, Mistress Mine," the snatches of popular songs such as "Peg a Ramsey," "Farewell, Dear Love," the play on "catch," have sent the commentators and the antiquarians on long researches, the results of which may be read in a number of books

(though in this branch of scholarship as in others one must be on guard against the emphatic repetition, from generation to generation, of flagrant errors). Without, however, laboring each reference, it is clear that here is evidence of a familiar, intimate knowledge of music on the part both of the poet and audience, else the scene could not have been so written nor could it have been enjoyed.

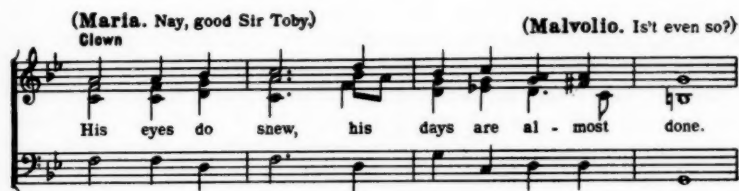
Take one part of it, just after Malvolio has told the roisterers that his lady would, in case they mend not their manners, be glad to bid them farewell. What follows for ten lines is taken from Robert Jones' "First Booke of Ayres" (printed 1601). The scene and its music run as follows:

Sir Toby



Fare - well, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

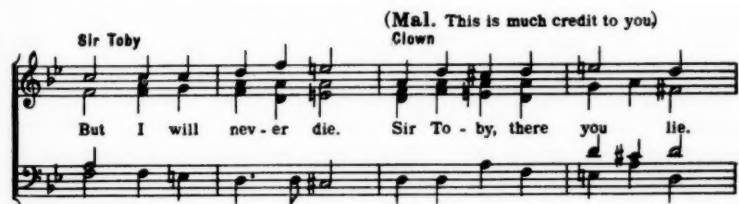
(Maria. Nay, good Sir Toby)
Clown



His eyes do snew, his days are al - most done.

(Malvolio. Is't even so?)

Sir Toby

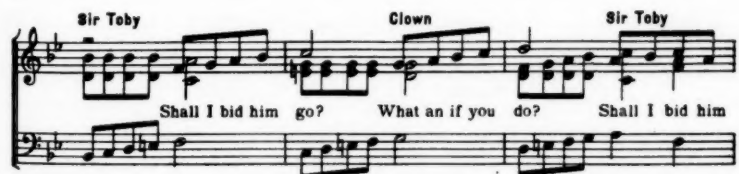


But I will nev - er die.

(Mal. This is much credit to you)
Clown

Sir To - by, there you lie.

Sir Toby



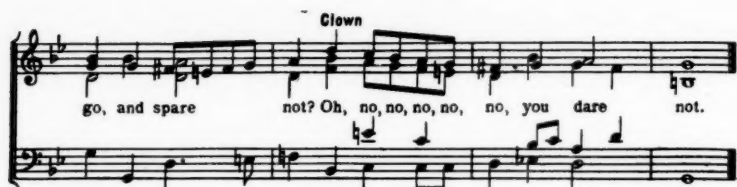
Shall I bid him go?

Clown

What an if you do?

Sir Toby

Shall I bid him



"The absolute fidelity to nature of this entire scene is remarkable; it is the half-drunken man, exactly as one may find him to-day, whose readiest vent of high spirits is in song; nothing can stop him, nothing can check his torrent of fragmentary harmony." (Elson, page 215.)

Another pastime for those who sat in company over their work or their ale was adding improvised melodies while a well-known tune was being sung. Undergraduates are moved in much the same way when they add "close harmony" to an otherwise innocent ditty. Only, the Elizabethan made separate, distinct melodies to accompany his given song. This practice was known as "adding a descant to a ground," the descant being the improvised song, the "ground" the given tune. To do this adequately presupposed practice and instruction, and no gentleman could hold up his head among his fellows and not come off fairly well at a descant. Sometimes the descant was written out and parts handed around at a gathering. These written descants were called "prick-songs," the song being printed or "pricked" (as the term went). Each man or woman was assumed able to read off his or her part fluently. Not even in the company of professed musicians to-day would such a game be proposed; its chances of success would be too lugubrious. "He fights as you sing, prick-song, keeps time, distance and proportion," explains Mercutio, telling Benvolio of Tybalt's skill with the sword ("Romeo and Juliet," II, IV). Tybalt is a ready, accurate fighter, as Benvolio, being a gentleman, was singer of prick-song. It is a description of Tybalt's skill delivered in terms that Benvolio understands, and in terms that the audience understands. Likewise, Lucetta's impudence is not lost on her hearers when she tells Julia ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," I, 2):

Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant,

meaning that Julia is pushing her anger, under which she conceals her impatience, a bit too far. 'Tis a pretty enough tune,

"melodious, would you sing it," Lucetta observes, but Julia's added melody of irritation is a descant too harsh.

This scene, like that from "Twelfth-Night" which we have looked at, is compact of musical allusion, references whose meaning we must laboriously search out, but which must, if the humor reached its mark, have been familiarly known to Shakespeare's auditors. Shakespeare makes so frequent and so pointed use of the technical language of singing that conjecture easily runs to the conclusion that he was a trained singer. The music lesson scene from the "Taming of the Shrew" (Act III, 1), so abounding in the technicalities of singing and of lute playing as to be practically meaningless unless the sense of the terms be cleared up,—this scene, with the others we have quoted from "Twelfth-Night," and the 3rd scene of the IVth Act of "The Winter's Tale," is enough to introduce a modern reader to a quite intimate picture of Elizabethan popular music.

It is with instruments as we have seen it to be with songs and singing. The lute, unwieldy and difficult to keep in tune; the viol, either singly or in "consort" with others; the pipes (chiefly the recorder)—these were popular instruments on which every man in his leisure might try his hand. Barber shops and taverns were supplied with lute, cittern or viol or other instrument for the amusement of the waiting customer, as now barber and dentist and physician enliven the tedium of the waiting client by dingy, coverless magazines of 1895. Morose, in Ben Johnson's "Silent Woman," complains of the wife he has taken at Cutbeard, the barber's, recommendation: "That cursed barber, I have married his cittern that is common to all men." And an eighteenth-century poem runs:

In former times 't hath been upbraided thus
That barber's music was most barbarous.

Out of this popular knowledge of instruments Shakespeare has made many lines, some of them very beautiful. Take, for instance, the whole scathing rebuke which Hamlet delivers to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern ("Hamlet," III, 2). Its point lies in the comparison of himself with recorders. "'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played upon than a pipe?" Immediately, in the next line, he changes the figure from pipe to lute when he concludes: "Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me." He puns on the word "fret," technically a little mark on the neck of a lute or viol to show the player where his fingers should be placed.

In Hortensio's account of the stormy music lesson ("Shrew," II, 1) there is punning on the word "fret" and other humor turned on musical words:

"What," asks Baptista, "will my daughter prove a good musician?"
 "I think," replies the abused Hortensio, "she'll sooner prove a soldier; Iron may hold with her, but never lutes."
 "Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?"
 "Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
 I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
 And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
 When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
 'Frets, call you these?' quoth she: 'I'll fume with them':
 And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made way;
 And there I stood amazed for awhile,
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
 While she did call me rascal fiddler,
 And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
 As she had studied to misuse me so."

Full of evil portent and aptly drawn is the metaphor in which Iago mutters his dark purposes. Othello and Desdemona are at the summit of their happy trust in one another.

Desdemona: The heavens forbid
 But that our loves and comforts should increase,
 Even as our days do grow!

Othello: Amen to that, sweet powers!—
 I cannot speak enough of this content,
 It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
 And this, and this, the greatest discords be (*kissing her*)
 That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago: O, you are well tuned now!
 But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
 As honest as I am."

To anyone who has touched a stringed instrument, the discord that results from setting down the pegs by which the strings are tuned will be so evident that Iago could hardly have chosen a figure more painful to suggest his dark designs.

IV

We must not stop over many of these references to musical instruments. More important matters await us. But we should be neglecting some of the most striking passages in the plays were we to pass over a few scenes in which the turning-point of the

action is expressed in musical terms. The most important of such scenes occurs in "Romeo and Juliet." The immediate cause of the street quarrel between Romeo and Tybalt is the accusation by Tybalt that Mercutio "consorts" with Romeo: "Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo" ("Romeo and Juliet," III, 1). The testy Mercutio, punning on the word 'consort,' twists it to mean "play together upon instruments" as did musicians. He at once associates this idea with musicians of a despised sort, to be found in taverns and pot-houses. "Consort!" he cries, "What, dost thou make us minstrels?"—insulted by his own construction of the word as we might be were we called, contemptuously, "circus clowns." "An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick" (drawing his sword). Mercutio, looking for trouble, finds it in a musical pun.

We need but remark, in passing, that Shakespeare is as care-free about musical as other anachronisms. Playing in consort, or concerted playing, was not a familiar pastime of Mercutio's fourteenth-century fellow citizens as it was of Shakespeare's sixteenth-century friends. In none of the plays does Shakespeare have a qualm about transplanting Elizabethan popular music into whatever land or time pleased him. He who could give Bohemia a seacoast and Venice confiscatory law against the Jews, could not be troubled about musical anachronisms.

Another cogent set of musical allusions is that in the speech of Richard II in the last of his scenes. Hearing music, Richard thus bewails his feebleness in statecraft:

Ha! ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.

The pertinence of this illusion needs no commentary.

Before leaving these evidences of a familiar knowledge of popular music on the part of both Shakespeare and his audiences we may look for a moment at some of these lines in which the poet reckons a skill in music among details indicative of culture and education. We should not, however, be deceived by that oft-repeated rhapsody of Lorenzo's: "The man that hath no music in himself. . . . is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." This may or may not have been Shakespeare's opinion. Remember, Lorenzo was in a particularly romantic frame of mind

that moonlit night, and moreover, his lady had just said that she was never merry when she heard sweet music ("Merchant of Venice," V, 1). Lesser poets than Shakespeare have successfully thought themselves into the minds of their creations. Recall how Byron, in "Manfred" (III, IV, 1), declared his love of solitude and night:

For the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man.

And Byron's nights are not traditionally thought of as spent in lonely watching on the mountain top!

On the other hand, Shakespeare does elsewhere, in characterizing the crafty and the cruel, account the lack of music a bit of evidence:

He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays
As thou dost, Antony, he hears no music. . . .
("Julius Cæsar," I, 2.)

We may possibly have here evidences of a good character as Shakespeare appraised them—but, be it remarked, good character in an Elizabethan, not a Roman!

Elsewhere are numerous mentionings of music as a part of good breeding.

. . . trained
In music, letters; who hath gained
Of education all her grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder.

Such is Gower's enumeration of lovely Marina's charms ("Pericles," IV, Gower). And Othello, in jealous torment, remembers the graces of Desdemona: "I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle; an admirable musician: O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear. ("Othello," IV, 2.)

While we hurry over these references to the need of music in the well-bred mind, we may give a passing glance at what may be designated as Shakespeare's philosophy of music.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that surfeiting
The appetite may sicken and so die.
("Twelfth-Night," I, 1.)

Lines that grow threadbare with much quoting, the hint in them is not yet exhausted by playwright and producer. The love scene

is, to our own day, not commonly without its accompaniment of soft and distant music.

"Give me some music," demands the impatient Cleopatra, "moody food of us that trade in love." ("Antony and Cleopatra," II, 5.) There is an indubitable mystery in the effect of music on the spirit of man, whether or not he be in love. Primitive peoples have recognized this power in their use of music with religious rites.

Music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
("Measure for Measure," IV, 1.)

And the cultivated man, likewise, liberated from superstition, has his philosophy of the place of music in human affairs.

Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
("Taming of the Shrew," III, 1.)

A text there, let me observe: "Music was ordained to refresh the mind of man after his studies," pertinent to the argument about the place of music in academic curricula!

V

While we are busy with the elucidation of obscurities in musical allusion in Shakespeare's plays or are trying to read out of and in to his several texts philosophies which he may or may not have put there, we come upon at least two speeches, directed at that unstable mixture of pride and humility known as the musical temperament, which need no explanation. These two speeches alone advise us that the poet had been tried in patience and wearied in spirit, even as you and I, by the apologetic vanity of singer and player when asked to perform. Somewhere in the bright lexicon of counsels to amateur musicians these speeches might well be written down as mottos for behavior. It is Jaques, he who claimed he had not "the musician's melancholy, which is fantastical" ("As You Like It," IV, 1), who provides us with a cold observation that might, with salutary effect, be repeated often in the company of musicians. Amiens, requested to continue his song, apologizes: "My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you." To which Jaques pithily observes: "I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing." And the first Page,

in the last act of the same play (V, 3), gives hearty advice, which is useful to us: "Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying 'we are hoarse'; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?"

VI

There is but one aspect of the study of Shakespeare's lyrics that I wish to touch on. The study of the lyrics is, moreover, chiefly a literary, not a musical subject. Many of them, perhaps all of them, were written to fit tunes well known to Shakespeare's public; popular songs, the originals of which have, in part, been unearthed. Some lyrics, to be sure, were given settings by contemporary composers. But the popular musical idiom is evident in the structure of them all.

There emerges, however, from a study of the whole body of the lyrics and of their uses in the plays, a question bearing on the most part important musical development in modern times. It may be briefly stated thus: Did Shakespeare have any of the feeling for the close union of music and drama, so strongly felt by his great Italian contemporary, Tasso, that led to the origin of opera?

Modern music owes its initial impulse to the poet. It was the poet and the amateur of Italy in the late sixteenth century, who, half consciously, half unwittingly, released music from the impasse of ecclesiastical tradition. The crucial event was the search by the Florentine dilettanti, gathered about Giovanni Bardi, for a dramatic speech. Primarily, the concern of this group of scholars and poets was the reconstruction of what they imagined to have been the method of delivery of Greek drama. They sought to revive the past: their success lay in sending a new stream of life into the future which still flows with strong current. Instrumental music, solo singing, modern harmony, and the concert attitude, have drawn their nourishment from that stream.

That the source of this new current should have been in Italy, rather than in France, Germany, or even England, is the more surprising since in no country was tradition in musical usage stronger than in Italy. Palestrina, the musical head of the church, had but recently rebuked those who sought to employ music for other purposes than "the service of the most high God." The ecclesiastical tradition, powerfully constrained by Flemish teachings, prevailed wherever music was seriously cultivated, whether in the church or out of it.

In Italy, as in other European countries, music had, from earliest Christian times, been loosely associated with drama. The Mystery and Miracle plays included popular songs. In the 16th century, in order to effect a closer union of music and drama, the Italians had invented the madrigal play. These plays, proceeding in a series of madrigals, were, of course, dramatically absurd. When, for instance, one character appeared alone, three or four others stood at the sides and sang with him in order that the necessary voice-parts might be present.

The complete rupture with all existing conventions governing musical speech was brought about by the poet, not by the musician.

It was fortunate for the cause that the count (Bardi) and his friends had at heart that among their coterie of artists and amateurs they numbered only two, or at most three, professional musicians. The remainder of this Art and Historical society consisted of nobles, patricians, savants, improvisatori and actors. If the professed musician had predominated, we have not much doubt that the laity would never have had the courage to override the acknowledged masters in the art, and set at naught all grammar and tradition as they were compelled to do and did do. (Naumann: *Hist. of Music*, Vol. I.)

This new dramatic speech—the supposed revival of Greek cantillation—was effected in the “stile recitativo,” or reciting style, which permitted the solo voice to follow the sense and the intonation suggested by the text. Out of this “stile recitativo” opera quickly developed. And opera had in it the seeds of modern music.

Is there any evidence that Shakespeare, the most obviously musical of dramatic poets living at this moment, so critical in the subsequent development of music—is there reason for believing that he sensed or employed any means for bringing the two arts closely together? Here is a question to be discussed on the grounds of internal evidence alone. Shakespeare makes no direct statements on the subject, though the sonnet in “The Passionate Pilgrim,” “If Music and Sweet Poetry agree,” is often cited “even in Germany,” says Elson (“Shakespeare in Music,” page 93), “as a proof of Shakespeare’s appreciation of the intimate relations of poetry and music.” This sonnet, however, is, I believe, generally considered the work of Richard Barnsfield. Moreover, were this sonnet genuine Shakespeare we should not have a very definite hint from him as to his view of the agreement of the two arts:

If Music and Sweet Poetry agree
 As they must needs, the Sister and the Brother,
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one and I the other,

One God is God of both, as poets feign.

This brother and sisterly agreement was not enough for the musical dramatist. One God might be God of fairly disparate offspring—witness the progeny of Jove!

If the musical reference in the plays be studied as a whole, with a view to its relation to the text, it will be found to fall into three fairly well defined classes. First, there are the stage directions. These are, commonly, such indications as "Flourish" or "Flourish of Trumpets or of Cornets." "Alarum" and "Alarum with Excursions" (excursions meaning parties of men running about) are frequently used, and there are numerous indications of instruments, such as, "Trumpets," "Trumpets sounded within." These directions are almost without exception indications of the entries of royal or other important persons, or accompaniments to fighting (for detailed, statistical account of these matters, see Naylor: "Shakespeare and Music"). "Music" or "Music within," or "Singing," are also used.

These references to music, however, do not help us in our present enquiry. Music of the sort indicated by these directions would be pertinent to the text simply on account of association in the minds of the hearers. Fanfares, horns, alarums, all suggest military operations or regal pageantry. In a sense they constitute a kind of audible stage setting.

The second classification of musical references is one which we have already examined in brief detail. The allusions to musical instruments or musical technicalities in the text as a basis for metaphor, simile or punning constitute a kind of musical atmosphere without being necessarily very closely allied to the meaning of the scene in question.

Lastly, there are the lyrics and the directions for songs. This class of references implies a far greater body of actual music than the others. As I have suggested, the bulk of this music was simply adaptations of popular music or songs written in the popular idiom. This is essentially no more intimate an association of music and drama than had been effected centuries before in the popular plays, or than was in current practice in the German *Singspiel* or in the use of Vaudeville in French popular plays or in the *Sacre Rappresentazioni* in Italy. Of music

designed especially to fit the particular spirit of a text, or of a true musical declamation approaching the "stile recitativo," we have no traces in Shakespeare.

We, have, however, strong evidence that Shakespeare grew into an increasingly exact appreciation of the unity of his lyrics with the spirit of the scenes in which they appear. Had he been so sensitive a musician as has in divers places been alleged, it seems reasonable to suppose he would have demanded a more appropriate music for his plays.

Examine a few lyrics and their settings chosen from the early and the late plays, and this growing sense of the unity of song and scene becomes apparent. In "Love's Labours Lost" the references to ballads and dances indicate pieces well known to Shakespeare. Dr. Johnson thinks that a song is apparently lost from the third act where a stage direction indicates singing. But lyrics in the present form of the play come at the end, and have little other connection with the text than to give it a jolly conclusion. One of them:

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for then sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

does, to be sure, have slight reference to the celibate vows of Ferdinand and his friends, vows sworn to and broken within the action of the play. And the second lyric, following the first immediately, sings the joys of domesticity:

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail.

The lyric in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Who is Sylvia," so well known to us in Schubert's setting, has, indeed, a slightly closer connection with its scene than the two just quoted with the play in which they occur. Sylvia—a character in the piece—is serenaded in terms flatteringly personal to her. This loose connection with plot and characters is also found in "Under the Greenwood Tree" ("As You Like It," II, 5), in "Will you buy any tape" ("Winter's Tale," IV, 3), "Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more" ("Much Ado," II, 2), "Tell me, where is fancy bred" ("Merchant of Venice," III, 2), and "Take, O take those lips away" ("Measure for Measure," IV, 1).

There is, however, no small number of lyrics that have not even this loose connection with their scenes. "Hark, hark,

the lark" ("Cymbeline," II, 3), "O, Mistress Mine" ("Twelfth-Night," II, 3), and "It was a lover and his lass" ("As You Like It," IV, 2), these lyrics, and others that might be listed, are decoration—pleasant diversions in their scenes.

But when we come to a play which is among the last, namely, "The Tempest," we find a unity of plot and lyric and musical allusion far greater than in any other play. "The Tempest" almost induces us to believe that its author sensed the possibilities of a play in music—*Opera in musica*, as the Italians called it. Certainly it is a very striking example of the use of music in a play. Rarely, if ever, has music been used incidentally in a play with greater cogency or more apt suggestiveness. The atmosphere of mystery and magic is suffused with music:

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again. . . .
(*"Tempest,"* III, 2.)

Light, whose source we cannot trace, is full of mystery: much more so music, since it not only suggests the supernatural, but speaks to the emotions as well. "Singing," "Soft and solemn music," are often indicated in the stage directions, and Ariel rides continually on the wings of song. Moreover, there is not a lyric in the whole play that is not an integral part of the action and atmosphere. Ariel, invisible, leading Ferdinand to the part of the island which Prospero has indicated, goes before him singing:

Come unto these yellow sands (I, 2),

and answering Ferdinand's mourning for his father, Ariel continues:

Full fathom five thy father lies (I, 2).

Later, Ariel warns Gonzalo of the plot against him, singing:

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake! (II, 1.)

Likewise, Caliban carries on the spirit of the scene and reveals his own nature in his drunken songs:

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.
No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—get a new man. (II, 2.)

VII

Aside from this growing sense of the unity of music with the drama, I cannot find that Shakespeare, as a musician, was influenced by the concerns of the professional musician of his time. As I indicated at the outset, his interest in music was that of an observant, retentive-minded Elizabethan gentleman. His knowledge of music, phenomenal as it may appear to us, was the popularly current knowledge of his society and time.

I suspect that Emerson's observation, that great men confide themselves with child-like trust to the genius of their own age, has been evoked by more than one student who has just looked up from an intensive study of his Shakespeare. Shakespeare belongs to the ages, because, for one reason, he was so thoroughly child of his own age. The minutiae of his age lie reflected in those of his works that seem most nearly ageless, and he has escaped the yoke of the temporal by a whole-hearted absorption in the temporary. This has all been pointed out voluminously. Shakespeare's plots, Shakespeare's craft, Shakespeare's theatre, Shakespeare's language, and a dozen other aspects of his art, have been shown to be superficially like that of his contemporaries. The essential Shakespeare lies, it seems, somewhere in the use he made of stuff, musical and other, his generation put into his hands.

MUSIC IN CHINESE FAIRYTALE AND LEGEND

By FREDERICK H. MARTENS

INTRODUCTION

THE fairytale of every land and race is a protest against the material, a denial of the commonplaces of existence. It expresses that yearning on the part of the human soul—whether imprisoned in a white, red, yellow or black bodily envelope—for the vistas of the fantastic and supernatural opening out from Keats' "magic casements." And musical allusions are of frequent occurrence in the fairytale, for music is the most imaginative, volatile and immaterial of the arts. The halls of the trolls, whose golden splendors are hidden within Norse mountains; the crystal-walled dragon-palaces beneath the China seas, all those spreading kingdoms of fairytale which escape the limitations of finite geography, have their music, a superlative of that of ordinary life. And, since all fairytales hark back to the primitive in mankind, as the phenomena of necromancy is their diurnal incident, incantation one of their most accepted forms of action, the unreal and the magical their familiar ambient, it would be strange were music—which is of magic origin—not often instanced in various connections in these stories man's imagination has devised to voice dreams and aspirations discounted by materialism.

In their love for music as well as in the richness of their literature of fairytale, myth and legend, the Chinese are surpassed by no other race. The magic fiddle of German and Scandinavian fairytale, is paralleled by the green jade flute which the Princess Toys-with-Jewels (in the Chinese story of "The Fluteplayer") plays in her lofty Phoenix tower. And the heroines who sing in the fairytales of China, have voices every whit as well trained—according to the traditions of Middle Kingdom *bel canto*—as any we may encounter in the fairytales of Ireland, Hungary, Italy or Spain.

The Jesuit missionary Père Amiot, who was a capable performer on the clavecin and the transverse flute, who studied Chinese music and talked with Chinese musicians during his long stay in the country, toward the second half of the eighteenth

century, tried to charm them by his performances of Rameau's *les Sauvages* and *les Cyclopes*, and the most melodious flute compositions from Blavet's collection, but all in vain. He was told that

The airs of our music pass from the ear to the heart, and from the heart to the soul. We feel and understand them: those which you have played for us do not produce this effect upon us. The airs of our ancient music were quite another matter; it was enough to hear them in order to be enraptured.

The degeneracy from ancient musical tradition to which allusion is made in this remark of an eighteenth-century Mongolian music-lover is not, perhaps, to be taken too seriously. We may consider it one of those truisms of all contemporaneous criticism, which regrets the glories of a distant golden age whose perfection seems the more perfect the farther it recedes into the mists of legend and myth. No doubt but what, even at the period of the great Hoang-ti, who is supposed to have reigned 2700 years B. C., learned musicologists of his time shook their heads over the decay of their art, and sighed for good old times even more ancient, before the modernisms of their own day had tampered with the heritage of their ancestors.

The standard of present-day Chinese popular music, the music of the streets, is musically as low as our own, and textually probably more objectionable in some respects, though it could not possibly be so in others. But there is temple music, there are occupational songs, and folk-songs in the truest sense, which—especially in such Indo-Chinese lands as Annam and Java—are melodically quite lovely, even to our ears, though a rhythmic rather than a tonal harmony, the peculiarities of oriental vocal tone-production, and the exotic character lent by the use of the five-tone scale and bizarre instrumental *timbres* foreign to our ears, may obscure their charm. Then, too, with regard to Chinese music as alluded to in the fairytale, we must remember that all fairytale employs the superlative degree. Its jewels are larger, more radiant, than those of actuality, they are endowed with mystic properties and magic powers; its gold is the gold of enchantment, its springs are the fountains of youth, its medicines are productive of miraculous cures, its birds are rocs, its fishes human beings who languish beneath a spell, its beasts are werewolves and dragons. It is peopled by magicians, king's sons, heroes who are changed from beggars to possessors of untold wealth in the twinkling of an eye, by princesses of devastating beauty, by ghouls,

vampires, ghosts, corpses that are quick, gods, fairies and phantasms. Hence the music spoken of in the Chinese fairytale is sweeter than that of ordinary life. Just as the fairytale in its most characteristic moments is raised to a plane of glamor and poesy far above earthly levels, so its music approaches the music of the spheres, has a subtler charm, a more eloquent loveliness than any springing from a purely mundane source.

There is a sad little Teuton fairytale by Grimm called "The Singing Bone." It is the tale of a younger brother slain by his senior, who buried the body beneath a bridge which led over a stream. Years afterward a shepherd who was driving his flock across the bridge, saw a snow-white bone lying on the sand below, and thought it would make a good mouthpiece for his horn. So he whittled it into shape, fitted it to his horn and began to blow the latter. No sooner had he done so than the bone itself began to sing, to the shepherd's great astonishment, and told in its song the cruel and traitorous details of the murder. And again and again, when the shepherd put his lips to his horn, there came forth the song which denounced the fratricide, until it reached the king's ears, and brought about the punishment of the wicked brother.

In essence there is only one *Wunderhorn*, one magic horn of fairytale, for all that its mouthpieces, which determine individual racial tone-color and quality, are many. Yet though it be by way of translation that we come to the Chinese mouthpiece which (as "The Singing Bone" is fitted to the shepherd's horn in Grimm's story) we here use for the purpose of giving an idea of the place occupied by music in the fairytales of the Middle Kingdom, its song is true to its own peculiar racial self, and its music not to be mistaken for any other.

MUSIC IN CHINESE MYTH

Music, like so many other developments of Chinese civilization, has always had something of the immutable about it. It was systematized, crystallized in traditional forms, and, once fixed has seemingly been established for all time. Chinese theorists still classify musical sound according as it is produced by means of skin, stone, metal, clay, wood, bamboo, silk or gourd; they still retain the picturesque ancient names of the five tones of the scale: "The Emperor," "The Prime Minister," "The Subject People," "State Affairs" and "The Picture of the Universe." And we find numerous references to the celestial origin of music and





The "Weaving Maiden," seventh daughter of the Jade King, who spins the cloud silk for the King and Queen of Heaven.—From *The Chinese Fairy Book*.

(Courtesy of the Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.)

descriptions of the music of the gods and immortals in Chinese fairytale and literature.

In the celestial realms of the Jade King, the Lord of Heaven, above the great four-square sea where fish with golden scales clove the green waves, and in which the Jade King's daughters (of whom the seventh is the Weaver Maiden, who weaves the cloud-silk of the skies) disported themselves, "countless magic birds flew up and down, singing." And we have singing maidens on the moon as well. An emperor of the Tang dynasty once sat at wine with two sorcerers, and when he expressed a wish to visit the abode of the Moon Fairy, one of them threw his bamboo wand into the air, where it straightway turned into a bridge, along which the emperor and the necromancers made their way to the palace of the Moon Fairy, with all its wonders of silver pagoda towers and crystal walls. And the Moon Fairy called upon her maidens, and they came riding up on white birds, and danced and sang beneath the magic cassia-tree. And the music of the heavens is described most poetically in the tale of "King Mu of Dschau." It seems that a magician came to the king from out of the West, one who could pass through fire and water, rise into the air without falling, and change himself into a thousand different shapes. The king, who had a deep respect for necromancy, treated him with great honor, built a lofty tower for him to dwell in, and sent him the loveliest of maidens he could find, clad in silks, adorned with jewels and scented with fragrant herbs, to fill the tower-palace and "sing the songs of the ancient kings" for the sorcerer's pleasure. And then, one day, the magician bade the king take hold of his sleeve, and they rose through the air to the magician's palace in the skies.

It was built of gold and silver, and ornamented with pearls and precious stones. It towered above rain and clouds, and none could say whereon it rested. To the eye it had the appearance of heaped-up clouds. And what the senses perceived was altogether different from the things of the human world. It seemed to the king that he was truly in the midst of the purple depths of the ethereal city, *the harmony of the heavenly spheres*, where Great God dwelt himself . . . the sounds which met the king's confused ears he was unable to grasp.

Later, on another magic journey, the divine Queen Mother of the West entertained King Mu at her castle by the jade fountains. She gave him rock marrow and the fruits of the jade-trees to eat, "then sang him a song and taught him a magic formula by means of which he could gain long life." Here we have, definitely, an allusion to the magic song, the song of incantation, which we find beneficently used on this occasion; but of

which so many maleficent examples occur in the literature of Greek and Roman antiquity, as well as in the modern tribal practice of peoples as remote from each other as are the negroes of the Congo and the North American Indians.

In the white-jade palaces and the peach-gardens of immortality of Chinese myth, there is as much music to be heard as in the golden streets and temples of the Christian New Jerusalem; the divine Nu Wa, who first instituted matrimony, and also established the laws of music (is she credited with both accomplishments because, theoretically at least, they represent systems of purest harmony?), is, from a Chinese standpoint, quite as musical as Saint Cecilia. And of the Eight Immortals who dwell in the Chinese heavens, at least two are singers. One is Dschang Go, reputed to have been a white bat before he turned into a human being, and acquired the hidden knowledge in primal times. When the Tang dynasty first came to the throne, Dschang Go appeared in various cities as a venerable white-bearded ancient, "with a bamboo drum on his back, riding on a black mule. He beat the drum and sang." Lan Tsai Ho, another of the Immortals, hung about the market-places in a torn blue gown and with but a single shoe, and sang a song of the nothingness of life. And in the story of the "Priest of Lauschan," in which a Taoist magician, at the request of his disciples, compels the Moon Fairy to appear, and dance and sing for them, "her voice was pure and clear as a flute." "Sky o' Dawn," a divine star-god who spent eighteen years on earth as the confidant of a Chinese emperor, "... could whistle admirably. Whenever he whistled with full tones, long drawn out, the sun-motes danced to his whistling." And there is a Chinese fairytale called "Help in Need," in which a semi-divine princess, the daughter of a Dragon-King, hard pressed by an unwelcome suitor of her own immaterial kind, appeals to a provincial governor for a loan of the souls of such of his soldiers who have fallen in battle, to aid her to withstand the hosts of her admirer. When they cannot make head against them under the ghostly leader who commands them, the governor burns incense before an altar, and lends her the soul of his best living general, whose spirit is thereupon translated to the city in which the princess dwells. The princess bids him to a banquet of honor: "She sat there erect, surrounded by painted maid-servants of incomparable beauty. They plucked the strings and blew flutes . . . wine was served, and the meal was brought in to the sound of music." After he had defeated her foes, the distinguished captain's soul returned to the body which had been lying inanimate during the period of its

absence on the couch in his tent in camp. In the tale of "The Outcast Princess," also of the race of dragon-beings, another admirer has an opportunity of enjoying music of celestial origin. At a festal banquet which is held beneath the surface of the Sea of Dunting, to celebrate the destruction of the villain (who in this case happens to be the lady's husband) Liu I, who eventually succeeds him, enjoys a feast for ears and eyes.

Music and the dance lent charm to the meal. A thousand warriors with banners and lances in their hands stepped forward. They carried out a war dance. *The music expressed how Tsian Tang had broken through the enemy ranks, and the hair of the guest, as he listened, rose in his head with terror!* Then, again, the sound of strings, flutes and little golden bells was heard. Clad in red and green silk, a thousand maidens danced around. The return of the Princess was expressed in tones. *They sounded like a song, like sobbing, like sadness and lament, and all who heard were moved to tears.*

There is indeed a sufficiency of music in the divine and semi-divine abodes of the gods of Cathay. Many, if they formulate thoughts anent the music of a biblical paradise, might be inclined to conceive it, vaguely, as a spiritualization of the Ambrosian or Gregorian chant (certainly not the type of religious music represented by the average sacred song of the day), sung by myriads of white-robed and white-winged angels, assisted by all the accompanying instruments which biblical statement, ecclesiastical tradition and the more profane imagination of the Renaissance painters have established as belonging to the scene: the harp, the trumpet, the sistrum, the organ, the flute, lute, violin, and even the bass viol. Orchestrally we would seem to have an advantage over the polytheistic Mongol, yet semi-celestial and celestial regions whose scheme admits of the introduction of the pantomime and ballet in connection with instrumental and vocal music, which allows the programmatic as well as the absolute in tone, which has the voice of the phoenix and the chime effect of golden bells to lend variety to its choruses, might to some seem preferable, musically, to those whose program is an eternity of choral laudation.

Unfortunately we have as yet no authentic musical exhibits from either source by means of which to establish a comparison; a musical ouija-board might suggest possibilities. Or, now that the radio has been enlisted in the service of spiritism, why should we not listen (after the ultimate perfection of electrical wireless transmission) to such music as the blessed spirits may make! A definite knowledge of what they might have to hear

through the ages of ages might easily offset earthly differences of race, color and creed in the case of true music-lovers, who might look on musical variety as the spice of eternal as well as mortal life. But thus far we are at a loss. That emperor of the Tang dynasty who visited the moon, and who there listened to the song of the moon maidens, ". . . had the songs which he had heard on the moon written down, and sung in his pear garden to the accompaniment of jasper flutes." But no echo of them has come down to us from the past.

TWO ODD CHINESE MUSICAL LEGENDS

Perhaps the most interesting proof of the rôle played by music in Chinese fairytale and legend, and, by induction, in Chinese life itself, is afforded by the two colorful stories of "The Fluteplayer" and "The Music of Destruction," which we give in full. In both *music* is the true motive, the pivotal point about which the narrative turns. In "The Fluteplayer" the tale and its characters move from terrestrial to celestial regions; in "The Music of Destruction," while spirits are involved, the earth remains the scene of action.

THE FLUTEPLAYER

It once happened, in days long since past, that a young daughter was born to a Prince of Tsin. And when she was born a rock was brought to the prince which, when it was split open, disclosed a lump of green jade-stone. When the little daughter's first birthday came around, a table laden with a great variety of gifts, including the precious jade-stone, had been prepared for the child; but the stone was the only thing which she would take from the table, and the only thing with which she would play. And, since she would not allow it to leave her hands, she was named "Toys-with-Jewels." As she grew up she became lovelier in face and in form than any other maiden, and proved to be greatly gifted. Since she played beautifully upon the syrinx, and understood how to compose melodies without ever having taken a lesson, the Prince of Tsin had the most skilled of all his artisans carve a syrinx out of the green jade-stone. When the maiden blew it, it sounded like the singing of the phoenix; and therefore the prince honored and loved the child, and had a palace many stories in height built, wherein to guard her. This palace was called the Phoenix Palace, and the high tower which rose before it was known as the Phoenix Tower. When Toys-with-Jewels was fifteen years of age, the Prince of Tsin thought of finding her a husband. But Toys-with-Jewels entreated him and said: "Let it be no other man but one who knows how to blow the syrinx sweetly, so that his playing and mine may sound together. Such an one I would take, but another I should not care to have." The prince had his people seek everywhere for a player on the syrinx, but without success.

Now one day it chanced that Toys-with-Jewels was in her palace. She rolled back her curtains and saw the heavens were clear and cloudless, and the moonlight as radiant as a mirror. She commanded her maids to light the incense, took up her green jade syrinx, and seated at the window, commenced to play. The tones of her melody were so clear and high that it seemed as though they must have been heard in the very heavens. A faint breeze stirred continuously, and suddenly it seemed as though someone without were accompanying her melodies; now near, now far it sounded, and secretly aroused Toys-with-Jewels's astonishment. When she ceased blowing, the music of her unknown partner stopped as well; only its overtones trembled for a moment in soft echoes on the air. Toys-with-Jewels stood for a moment at the window: and a sadness as though she mourned for something she had lost overcame her. Thus she stared out of the window until midnight, when the moon had gone down, and the incense had burned out. Then she laid the syrinx in her bed and reluctantly went to sleep.

And while she slept she dreamed that the gate of the South-Western Heavens opened wide, and that a cloud-radiance of five colors, glowing and shining like the day, streamed forth from it. And a handsome youth, with a headdress of stork feathers, came riding down from the heavens on a phoenix, stood before the Phoenix Tower and said to her: "I am the spirit of the Taihua Mountains, and am your destined husband. On the Day of Mid-Autumn we shall meet again." Then he said not another word; but drawing a flute of some red precious stone from the girdle about his hips, leaned against the balcony and began to play. Then the bright-colored phoenix beat his wings and danced, and the singing of the phoenix and the tones of the flute sounded together in harmony through all the heights and depths; sweetly their sound fell upon the ear, and filled it with an entrancing echo. The soul and the thoughts of Toys-with-Jewels became confused. "What is this melody called?" she asked. "It is the first movement of the melody of the Taihu Mountains," replied the handsome youth. "Is it possible to learn it?" again asked Toys-with-Jewels. "Are you not already my promised wife? Why should I not be able to teach it to you?" said the youth. He went toward her and took her hand. This so terrified the maiden that she awoke, her eyes still filled with her dream.

When the day had dawned, she told her dream to the prince, and the prince repeated it to his minister Meng Ming, and sent the latter out to the Taihua Mountains to investigate the matter. There a village elder told Meng Ming what follows: "Since the middle of July a strange person has appeared in this neighborhood. He has woven a hut of reeds for himself on the sparkling hill of stars, and lives there quite alone. Every day he is accustomed to descend in order to buy wine which he drinks in solitude. And he plays his flute without interruption until evening. Its tones can be heard throughout the whole region. Whoever hears them forgets all weariness. Whence the stranger comes none of us know."

Then Meng Ming began to climb the mountains, but when he had reached the sparkling hill of stars, he really saw a man who wore a headdress of stork's feathers. His face appeared to be carved from a precious stone, his lips were red, and the expression of his countenance so free and

so celestially happy that he seemed to be living in a world beyond that of man. Meng Ming at once suspected that this was anything but an ordinary human being. He bowed and asked his name. "My father's name is Schao," replied the youth, "and my given name is Sche. Who are you? And why do you come here?" "I am the minister of this land," replied Meng Ming. "My lord and master is about to seek a husband for his daughter. Since she blows the syrinx with great art, he will take none other for son-in-law but one who is able to play together with her. Now the prince had heard that you were deeply versed in music, and has been thirsting to look upon you. Hence he sent me out to take you to him." Said the youth, "I hardly know anything about the various tonalities, and aside from this negligible flute-playing I have no art. I do not dare to follow your command." "Let us seek my master together," replied Meng Ming, "and then all will be made clear."

So Meng Ming took him back with him in his carriage, first made his report, and then led Schao Sche before the prince that he might pay homage to him. The prince sat in the Phoenix Tower, and Schao Sche cast himself down before him and said: "I am a subject from the countryside and from the hills, and an altogether ignorant man. I know nothing of court ceremonies, and beg that you will treat me mercifully and forgive me." The Prince of Tsin studied Schao Sche, and noticed the free and happy expression of his countenance, which seemed truly celestial. And he took a lively pleasure in the arrival of the stranger, had him seat himself beside him and asked: "I hear that you know how to play the flute admirably. Can you also blow the syrinx?" "I can play the flute, but not the syrinx," replied Schao Sche. "I had been looking for a man who could play the syrinx, but the flute is not the same thing." Turning to Meng Ming he added, "He is no partner for my daughter," and commanded that he be led away. Then Toys-with-Jewels sent a serving maid to the prince with the message: "Flute and syrinx—both obey the same law of music. If your guest can play the flute so admirably, why not let him show his art?"

The Prince of Tsin took her advice, and ordered Schao Sche to play. Schao Sche took up his flute, made of a crimson precious stone: the jewel was radiant and oily, its crimson gleam was mirrored in the eyes of those present. It was truly a rare treasure. Schao Sche played the first movement: slowly a clear wind arose. At the second movement colored clouds came flying from all four points of the heavens; and when he played the third, white storks could be seen dancing opposite each other in the skies. Peacocks sat in pairs in the trees, hundreds of birds of different kinds accompanied his music with the harmony of their songs, until, after a time, they dispersed.

The Prince of Tsin was highly delighted. In the meantime Toys-with-Jewels had witnessed the whole miracle from behind a curtain and said: "In truth, this is he who ought to play with me." The Prince asked Schao Sche: "What is the origin and the difference between flute and syrinx?" "In the beginning," replied Schao Sche, "the syrinx was invented. But then men found that greater simplicity was possible, and out of the pipe of four reeds they made the pipe of one reed, the flute." "And how is it," again asked the Prince of Tsin, "that you are able to lure the birds to you by means of your playing?" "The tones of the flute

resemble the song of the phoenix," returned Schao Sche. "The phoenix is the king of all the hundreds of species of birds. Hence they all believe that the phoenix is singing and hasten up. Once, when the Emperor Sun discovered the mode Schao Schao, the phoenix himself appeared. And if it is possible to lure the phoenix by means of music, why not the other birds?" The Prince of Tsin noticed that the speaker's voice was full and sonorous, grew more and more content, and said: "I have a favorite daughter whose name is Toys-with-Jewels. She has so great an understanding of music that I would not willingly give her to a deaf man. Hence she shall be your wife." Schao Sche's face grew sober, he bowed a number of times and said: "I am a peasant from the mountains. How might I venture to enter into a union with the noble princess?" "When my daughter was but a child," answered the prince, "she swore that none other than a blower on the syrinx should be her husband. Your flute, however, penetrates heaven and earth and conquers every living creature: it is better than the syrinx. Then, too, my daughter once dreamed a dream. This is the Day of Mid-Autumn, and the will of heaven is plain. Hence, do not refuse!" Then Schao Sche cast himself on the ground and spoke his thanks.

Now the prince wished his soothsayer to select an auspicious day for the nuptials. But the soothsayer said: "This is the Mid-Autumn Day, no time is more propitious. The moon shines full in the heavens, and all men on earth breathe joyfully." So the prince at once had a bath prepared, and had Schao Sche led to it, that he might cleanse himself. And when he had changed his garments he was taken to the Phoenix Castle, where he was united with Toys-with-Jewels. The following day the Prince appointed Schao Sche a mandarin; but he paid no attention to his duties, for all his official rank, and spent all his time in the Phoenix Castle. He ate no cooked food and only, from time to time, drank a few goblets of wine. Toys-with-Jewels learned from him his secret of breathing, so that in the end she too was able to live without food. In addition he taught her a melody by means of which one could lure the phoenix.

Half a year had gone by when, one night, the pair were playing together in the moonlight. Suddenly there appeared a violet-colored phoenix, who stationed himself to the left of the Phoenix Tower, and a crimson dragon, who uncoiled himself at its right. Then Schao-Sche said: "In the upper world I was a spirit. Then the Ruler of the Heavens sent me down, when the books of history had become disordered, so that I might order them. Thus, in the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Djou Schuan-Wang on earth, I was born as a son into the family Schao. Up to the death of Schuan-Wang, the historiographers were incapable. But I arranged the books of history from the beginning to the end of the period and ordered them, so that they might be continued. And because of my labors with the history books the people called me Schao Sche. But all this happened more than a hundred years ago. The Ruler of the Heavens commanded me to rule in the Hua Hills as a mountain spirit. Yet, since this marriage with you was already predestined, he brought us together by means of the tones of the flute. Now, however, we may no longer remain here on earth, for dragon and phoenix have come to bear us away. We must depart.

Toys-with-Jewels first wished to bid her father farewell; but Schao Sche said: "No, those who wish to become spirits must turn away their thoughts from all that is earthly. How could you then still cling to a relative?" So Schao Sche mounted the crimson dragon and Toys-with-Jewels the violet phoenix, and they rode away from the Phoenix Tower through the clouds. And that same night the phoenix was heard to sing in the mountains of Taihua.

When the maid of the princess reported what had happened to the Prince of Tsin the following morning, he first lost all power of speech. And at last he wailed: "So it is true that such happenings as this, with spirits and genies, really take place? If a dragon or phoenix were to come this moment to carry me off, I would leave my land with as little regret as I would fling away an old shoe." He sent out many men into the Taihua Mountains to look for the two musicians. But they had disappeared for good and all, and were never seen or heard of again.

In essence the story of "The Fluteplayer" is a prose hymn in praise of music: in the guise of a fairy tale or legend, it emphasizes the truth of the divinity of music, its powers to raise the soul from mundane levels to celestial altitudes of bliss. Is there, in any fairytale literature, a more lovely development of the thought in story-form? If "The Fluteplayer," however, dwells on the magic power of harmonious sound, its ability to transfigure man and control the winds and birds, in "The Music of Destruction" another phase of its compelling influence is described, one more sinister, evoking tempests in place of rose-colored clouds.

THE MUSIC OF DESTRUCTION

In the days when Ling Kung had but just been crowned Prince of We, he undertook a journey to pay his neighbor, Prince Ping Kung of Djin a visit. For the latter had caused to be erected so magnificent a palace that the princes of every land visited him to wish him joy. The name of the palace was Se Ki. Now when Ling Kung in the course of his journey reached the Pu river, he took quarters for the night in an inn. Yet he was unable to sleep, although it was in the middle of the night, for it seemed to him that he could hear the tones of a zither. He flung a mantle about him, sat up in bed, and leaning against his pillows, listened intently. The sounds were very faint, and yet clearly to be distinguished. Never had he heard the like: it was a mode to which mortal ears had never before listened. He questioned his suite, but one and all declared that they had heard nothing.

Ling Kung was used to music and loved it. It chanced that he had a court musician, Kuan by name, who was gifted in the finding of new modes and tonalities, and who knew how to compose the melody of the four seasons, so that it really seemed to be spring, summer, fall and winter, according as he played. Therefore Ling Kung was very fond of him, and took him along with him wherever he went, and wherever he stayed. And now he sent his retinue to call Kuan: Kuan came. The song that

the Prince had heard had not as yet ended. "Do you hear it?" asked Ling Kung, "it sounds like the music of the evil spirits!" Kuan listened intently, and after a time the sounds ceased. "I have noted it in my memory in a general way," said Kuan, "but it will take another night before I can write it down." So Ling Kung remained another night in the same spot. At midnight the song of the zither once more arose. Then the court musician took his own zither and practiced, until at last he had absorbed all the beauties of the song he had heard.

Now when they arrived in Djin, had paid their homage and respects, and the ceremonies were over, Ping Kung had a festival banquet prepared on the Se-Ti terrace. Wine had already flowed freely when Ping Kung said: "Long ago I was told that you had a musician in We, by the name of Kuan, who was gifted in the discovery of new modes and tonalities. Is he not here to-day?" "He is in the cellar-room beneath the terrace," replied Ling Kung. "Then I beg that you will have him called for my sake," answered Ping Kung. Ling Kung called and Kuan came up on the terrace. At the same time Ping Kung had his own court musician, Kuang, sent for, and since he was blind he was led up the terrace steps. The two flung themselves down at the head of the staircase and greeted the two princes. Then Ping Kung asked: "Tell me, Kuan, what new modes are current nowadays?" Kuan replied: "On the way hither I heard something altogether new. I should be glad to have a zither in order to play it for you."

At once Ping Kung commanded his retinue to set up a table, and to bring the old zither made of the wood of the Indian gum-tree, and lay it down before Kuan. First Kuan tuned the seven strings, and then began to move his fingers and play. And after he had heard no more than a few tones, Ping Kung began to praise the melody. Yet Kuan had not even finished the first half before the blind musician Kuang laid his hand on the zither, and said: "This melody of the downfall and destruction of the empire is one you should not play! Stop playing it!" "What do you mean by this saying?" inquired Ping Kung. And Kuang answered: "When the cycle of the preceding dynasty was nearing its close, a musician by the name of Yiang invented a mode which bears the name of *meme*. This is that mode. The Emperor Djou heard it, and it made him forget all his weariness. Yet soon after he was dethroned by the Prince Wu Wang, whereupon the musician Yiang fled with his zither to the East, and leaped into the Pu river. Now when it chances that one who loves music passes the spot, this melody sounds up from the water. If Kuan has heard it on his way, it could only have been by the Pu river."

Ling Kung was secretly surprised at the truth of this speech. Ping Kung, however, asked: "What harm is there if this song of a dethroned dynasty be played?" "Djou lost his empire through sensual music. This is a melody of misfortune, and should not be played." "But I am fond of new music," cried Ping Kung. "Kuan shall play the song for me to its end!" So Kuan once more tuned the strings, and in his play he pictured all the conditions of the soul between immobility and movement. It sounded like talking and weeping. Ping Kung, in glad excitement, asked Kuang: "What is this mode called?" "It is called *Tsing Schang*," replied Kuang. "*Tsing Schang* is probably the saddest mode of them all," said Ping Kung. "*Tsing Schang* is sad, indeed," replied Kuang,

"yet still more sad is the mode *Tsing Tse*." Then Ping Kung asked: "Can I not hear *Tsing Tse*?" "Impossible," Kuang at once answered. "If former rulers heard it, it was because they were virtuous and upright men. In these days rulers have but little virtue, and they may not hear this tonality." "But I am passionately fond of new music," cried Ping Kung. "Do not dare to refuse me this!"

So Kuang had no choice but to take up the zither and play. No sooner had he finished the first movement, than a swarm of black storks came flying from the South, and gathered upon the gates and beams of the palace. They could be counted—eight pair. Kuang went on playing. Then all the storks flapped their wings and sang. They settled down in rows on the steps of the terrace, and stood eight on either side. Kuang played the third movement: the storks stretched their necks, flapped their wings, sang and danced. The melody resounded to to the very heavens, and to the Silver River (Milky Way). Ping Kung clapped his hands in the excess of his delight, all the crowded festival tables swelled with pleasure, and above and below the terrace all the spectators leaped about admiring the marvel. Ping Kung with his own princely hand seized a beaker of white jade-stone, filled with the costliest wine and handed it to Kuang, who emptied it. Then Ping Kung sighed and said: "We can go as far as *Tsing Tse*, but there is nothing higher." "There is something higher," answered Kuang, "and it is the tonality of *Tsing Kiao*." A profound terror passed through Ping Kung. "If there be aught higher than *Tsing Tse*, then why do you not let me hear it?" "*Tsing Kiao*," said Kuang, "cannot be compared with *Tsing Tse*. I dare not play it. Once, in the grey primal days, the Emperor Huang To gathered together the demons and spirits on the Taishan Mountain. He drove there in his elephant-wagon, to which crocodiles and dragons were harnessed. The paladin Pi-Fang sat by his side, the paladin Tse-Yu went before him. The Prince of the Winds swept the dust from his way, the Rainman moistened the roads for him, tigers and wolves preceded him and demons and spirits followed after. Monstrous serpents lay in the path, and phoenixes covered the skies. And there a great gathering of the demons and spirits invented the *Tsing Kiao* mode. Since that time the virtue of princes has decreased. They are no longer able to hold the spirits and demons in subjection, and the empire of mortals is entirely cut off from that of the spirits. Now, when this tonality is played, the demons and spirits gather once more, evil and misfortune comes of it, and good fortune disappears." But Ping Kung cried: "Since I am as old as I am, I will, for once, hear the *Tsing Kiao* mode! And if it were my death, still I should not regret it!" Kuang obstinately refused to play, but Ping Kung leaped up and forced him to do his will.

So Kuang was no longer able to withstand him, and again took up the zither and played. At the first movement, black clouds came up out of the western skies, at the second a sudden tempest arose, tore down the curtains and swept the goblets and dishes from the tables. Roof-tiles flew through the air, the pillars on the terrace burst asunder. Then there resounded a swift thunderbolt and a crash. A tremendous rain poured down and flooded the terrace beneath several feet of water. The inundation spread to the interior of the terrace, and the retinue of

the princes fled in terror. Ping Kung and Ling Kung timidly hid themselves behind the door of a near-by room. Finally the tempest and rain stopped, the retinues once more reassembled and supported the two princes when they stepped out on the terrace. That very same night, however, Ping Kung was overtaken by a great fear, his heart began to beat violently, he became ill, his thoughts grew confused, his will-power paralyzed, and not long after death overwhelmed him.

The antiquity of these tales is more or less proven by the instruments used in them. The fact that the flute played by the princess's lover in "The Fluteplayer" is made of a "red precious stone," shows that the instrument is a *Hsiao* made in the olden days, when flutes were carved from copper, marble and semi-precious stones in the belief that they were less liable to be affected by changes of temperature than the wood, bamboo, of which they are now made. The same applies to the syrinx of the princess, which must have been one of the instruments said to have been invented by the Emperor Shun—the *P'ai-hsiao*, a collection of Pandean pipes, ten tubes gradually decreasing in length and roughly tied together with silk cord. In view of the details of this story, and that of "The Fluteplayer," it is worthy of note that this *P'ai-hsiao* is peculiarly associated with that legendary bird the *Feng-huang* or Phoenix, the sounds emitted by it being supposed to represent his voice, and, as the instrument now appears, in a carved and ornamented frame, its original ten tubes increased to sixteen in number, its frame is shaped to typify the mythical bird with wings outspread. The "old zither made of the wood of the Indian gum-tree" in the tale of "The Music of Destruction," is probably the *Ch-in*, one of the most ancient of Chinese stringed instruments, and one which has been called "the most poetic of all." This tale, like its companion, is supposed to hark back to the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and the fact that the musician "tuned the seven strings," shows that innovation had already played its part in changing his instrument; for when Fu Hsi first invented the *Ch-in* in the dim past, in order that its music might "check the evil passions, rectify the heart and guide the actions of the body" (quite a program for a zither!), it could boast of no more than five strings. Most interesting, in connection with these ancient instrumental forms, is the support lent by the story of "The Music of Destruction" to Combarieu's theory of the magic associations of all early music, and music's supposed power to call up demons and bring about convulsions of nature. This again, however, is simply an obverse expression of the Chinese belief that music is the "expression of the perfect harmony existing between heaven, and

earth and man"; that is, of course, music in its purest and divinest sense. As the greater includes the less, this presupposes, as the story shows, a music of evil, which if played, evokes malignant demoniac forces, and lays a curse upon those who hear it.

FURTHER MUSICAL ECHOES FROM THE PAGES OF CHINESE FAIRYTALE

If we take up a rather unique volume of Chinese fairytales, "The Chinese Fairy Book,"¹ one to which we have already had recourse in our considerations, and whose fascinating diversity of content and quaint poetic flavor will come as a surprise to many an American reader, and turn its pages, music echoes and re-echoes in the text as we progress. In the story of "Old Dschang," in which a disembodied spirit weds the daughter of a mortal, and bears her away with him to a secret vale where their days pass in blessed content and happiness, we find musical allusions which fall gratefully on the ear, and unite with vivid bits of scenic description in creating a picture of colorful charm. It is the brother of Old Dschang's wife who has come to visit her and catches his first glimpse of his brother-in-law's home.

Before the village there flowed a deep brook of clear, blue water. With his guide he crossed a bridge of stone which led them to the gate. Here trees and flowers were mingled in colorful profusion. Peacocks and cranes flew about, and from the distance sounded the music of flute and strings. Pure tones rose to the skies. A messenger in a purple gown received the guest at the gate, and led him into a hall, magnificent beyond measure. Exotic perfumes filled the air, and little bells of pearl were chiming . . .

Later, when the spirit brother-in-law, his wife and mother take a little outing, riding through the air on phoenixes and cranes, "colored clouds rose in the courtyard and a delightful music sounded forth." And even Du Dsi Tschun, a profligate who proceeds to run through one fortune after another, as soon as his magician benefactor bestows it upon him, in the tale of "The Kindly Magician," at least shows musical good taste, since "he always surrounded himself with singing-girls," though the statement must be qualified by the fact that in China the singing-girl does not invariably rely upon her *voix de tête* alone to charm the susceptible heart.

To turn to worthier music-lovers, we have the "art" fairy-tale of "The Flower-Elves," one of the most exquisitely poetic of

¹Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

all Chinese nature fairytales. In it the twelve lovely maidens who are the incorporations of the peach, the flowering prune, and other young trees of the lonely scholar's garden, and who are hospitably entreated by him at a little nocturnal banquet, mingle the fragrance of the blossoms they symbolize with music.

The moon shone brightly, and the flowers exhaled intoxicating odors. After they had partaken of food and drink the maids rose, danced and sang. Sweetly the sound of their singing echoed through the falling gloam, and their dance was like that of the butterflies fluttering about the flowers. The scholar was so overpowered with delight that he no longer knew whether he were in heaven or on earth.

In the tale of "The King of the Ants," a charming Lilliputian fancy, in which a host of little ant-men in every respect minuscules of human kind, invade a scholar's study with all the pomp and circumstance of a king with court and retinue, music is not forgotten, for all that its strain is an attenuate one. Tents are put up on the edge of the saucer which holds the scholar's purple writing-ink, and a banquet is prepared.

A great number of guests sat down to table. Musicians and dancers stood ready [in ancient Chinese music, as in that of the Greeks, sweet sound played a prime part as a regulator of the movements of the dance]. There was a bright confusion of mingled garments of purple and scarlet, crimson and green. Pipes and flutes, fiddles and cymbals sounded, and the dancers moved in the dance. The music was very faint, yet its melodies could be clearly distinguished.

Here the "pipes" and "flutes" mentioned are probably the *P'ai-hsiao* and *Hsiao* already described. The "fiddle" is the Chinese violin, the *Hu-ch'in*, with a hollow cyndrical body whose upper end is covered with a snake skin while the lower remains open. It has four silk strings, and the bow passes between the strings in playing, which calls for quite a special technique. There is also a two-stringed Chinese violin, the *Erh-hsien*, but this is principally affected by the lower classes, and it is only fair to suppose that royalty—which in every age and clime has favored the best in its court music—would do the same in the ant kingdoms of fairytale, and that hence the *Hu-ch'in* was the instrument used. The cymbals, or *Po*, supposed to be of Indian origin, are made on the principle of cymbals the world over.

In the tale of the wise man Dschang Liang, who ate no food, concentrated in spirit, and frequented the society of the four whitebeards of the Shang mountain until, at will, he loosed his soul from his body and became one of the immortals, we hear of a

Chinese equivalent of the angelic cherub. Dschang Liang once met two boys who were singing and dancing:

Green the garments you should wear,
If to heaven's gate you'd fare,
There the Golden Mother meet,
Bow before the Wood Lord's feet!

When Dschang Liang heard this he bowed before the youths and said to his friends: "Those are angel children of the King Father of the East. The Golden Mother is the Queen of the West. The Lord of Wood is the King Father of the East. They are the two primal powers, the parents of all that is male and female, the root and fountain of heaven and earth, to whom all that has life is indebted for its creation and nourishment. The Lord of Wood is the master of all male saints; the Golden Mother is the mistress of all female saints. Whoever would gain immortality must first greet the Golden Mother, and then bow before the King Father. Then he may rise to the three Pure Ones and stand in the presence of the Highest. The *song* of the angel children shows the manner in which hidden knowledge may be acquired.

Here we have another instance of the intimate association of music with the Chinese spiritual world, either for good or for bad, in this case the former.

The fairytale of "Old Dragonbeard" introduces another instance of banquet music, for a festival, a banquet without music, seems an unheard-of thing in Chinese actual life as well as in its fairytale.

Flagons and dishes and all the utensils were made of gold and jade, and ornamented with pearls and precious stones. Two companies of girl musicians blew alternately upon flutes and chalumeaus [the Chinese shepherd pipe, *Ch'iang-ti*]. They sang and danced, and it seemed to the visitors that they had been transported to the palace of the Lady of the Moon. The rainbow garments fluttered, and the dancing girls were beautiful beyond all the beauty of earth.

In the tale of "The Golden Canister," we find a musical allusion of some subtlety. It is a tale of the feudal age in China, of a certain Count of Ludschou who

had a slave-girl who could play the lute admirably . . . Once there was a great feast held in the camp. Said the slave-girl: "The large kettledrum sounds so sad to-day; some misfortune must surely have happened to the kettledrummer!" The count sent for the kettledrummer and questioned him. "My wife has died," he replied, "yet I did not venture to ask for leave of absence. That is why, in spite of me, my kettledrum sounded so sad." The count allowed him to go home.

The esteem in which the lute-player and lute-music were held is shown by the poem by Po-Chu-I (A.D. 772-846), which Herbert A. Giles has Englished in prose. It is not a fairytale, but is so essentially musical and charming that we cannot forbear presenting it.

By night, at the riverside, adieus were spoken: beneath the maple's flowerlike leaves, blooming amid autumnal decay. Host had dismounted to speed the parting guest, already aboard his boat. Then a stirrup-cup went round, but no flute, no guitar was heard. And so, ere the heart was warmed with wine, came words of cold farewell beneath the bright moon, glittering over the bosom of the broad stream . . . when suddenly across the water a lute broke forth into sound. Host forgot to go, guest lingered on, wondering whence the music, and asking who the performer might be. At this all was hushed, but no answer given. A boat approached, and the musician was invited to join the party. Cups were refilled, lamps trimmed again, and preparations for festivity renewed. At length, after much pressing, she came forth, hiding her face behind her lute; and twice or thrice sweeping the strings, betrayed emotion ere her song was sung. Then every note she struck swelled with pathos deep and strong, as though telling the tale of a wrecked and hopeless life, while with bent head and rapid finger she poured forth her soul in melody. Now softly, now slowly, her plectrum sped to and fro; now this air now that; loudly, with the crash of falling rain; softly, as the murmur of whispered words; now loud and soft together, like the patter of pearls and pearllets dropping upon a marble dish. Or liquid, like the warbling of the mango-bird in the bush; trickling, like the streamlet on its downward course. And then, like the torrent, stilled by the grip of frost, so for a moment was the music lulled, in a passion too deep for sound. Then, as bursts the water from the broken vase, as clash the arms upon the mailed horseman, so fell the plectrum once more upon the strings with a slash like the rent of silk.

Silence on all sides: not a sound stirred the air. The autumn moon shone silver athwart the tide, as with a sigh the musician thrust her plectrum beneath the strings and quietly prepared to leave. "My childhood," said she, "was spent at the capital, in my home near the hills. At thirteen, I learnt the guitar, and my name was enrolled among the *primas* of the day. The *maestro* himself acknowledged my skill: the most beautiful women envied my lovely face. The youths of the neighborhood vied with each other to do me honor: a single song brought me I know not how many costly bales. Golden ornaments and silver pins were smashed, blood-red skirts of silk were stained with wine, in oft-times echoing applause. And so I laughed on from year to year, while the spring breeze and autumn moon swept over my careless head.

"Then my brother went away to the wars: my mother died. Nights passed and mornings came; and with them my beauty began to fade. My doors no longer thronged; but few cavaliers remained. So I took a husband and became a trader's wife. He was all for gain, and little recked of separation from me. Last month he went off to buy tea, and I remained behind, to wander in my lonely boat on moon-lit nights over

the cold wave, thinking of the happy days gone by, my reddened eyes telling of tearful dreams."

The sweet melody of the lute had already moved my soul to pity, and now these words pierced me to the heart again. "O lady," I cried, "we are companions in misfortune, and need no ceremony to be friends. Last year I quitted the Imperial city, and fever-stricken reached this spot, where in its desolation, from year's end to year's end, no flute or guitar is heard. I live by the marshy river-bank, surrounded by yellow reeds and stunted bamboos. Day and night no sounds reach my ears save the blood-stained note of the nightjar, the gibbon's mournful wail. Hill songs I have, and village pipes with their harsh discordant twang. But now that I listen to thy lute's discourse, methinks 'tis the music of the gods. Prithee sit down awhile and sing to us yet again, while I commit thy story to writing."

Grateful to me (for she had been standing long), the lute-girl sat down and quickly broke forth into another song, sad and soft, unlike the song of just now. Then all her hearers melted into tears unrestrained; and none flowed more freely than mine, until my bosom was wet with weeping.

"The Monk of the Yangtsee-Kiang," who became a great Buddhist teacher and saint, in one part of his life-tale is endeavoring to apprise his imprisoned mother that he stands without her door. "The woman was sitting at home, and when she heard the 'wooden fish' beaten so insistently before the door, and heard the words of deliverance, the voice of her heart cried out in her." This *Mu-yu*, or "wooden fish," is a hollow block of wood shaped somewhat like a skull or a fish, and said to have been invented during the eighth century, in the reign of the Tang dynasty. It is painted red, is of all sizes, from a foot up, and is beaten by means of a drumstick. The Buddhist priests use it to mark the rhythm in the recitation of prayers, or to call attention to themselves when begging from door to door.

In the art-fairytale of "The Heartless Husband" we have as heroine a beggar-king's "Little Golden Daughter," who is "... a skilled dancer and singer and can play upon the flute and zither." This, in addition to numerous other accomplishments, is to show that no expense had been spared in her bringing-up. In the tale of "Giauna the Beautiful," dealing with the advantages of a human youth with a family of "talking foxes" (spirit beings generally inimical to man, but in this case friendly), Kung, the young scholar, has been correcting the essays of the youthful "talking fox" who has become his pupil, in the latter's home. The pupil's father has retired "after a few beakers of wine," and the fox youth turned to a small boy and said: "See whether the old gentleman has already fallen asleep. If he has you may quietly bring in little Hiang-Nu."

A "little Hiang-Hu" might, perhaps, suggest quite other connotations were the fox youth an American college student, intent on relaxation after serious study. But the Chinese aspirant to the rewards of learning is eager for—music!

The boy went off and the youth took a lute from an embroidered case. At once a serving-maid entered, dressed in red, and surpassingly beautiful. The youth bade her sing "The Lament of the Beloved," and her melting tones moved the heart. The third watch of the night had passed before they retired to sleep.

We might close our considerations anent music in the Chinese fairytale with some citations from "Rose of Evening," surely one of the most poetic, most delicate and tender that the imagination has devised among any of the nations. It is a tale of one of the youths who, at the Dragon Junk Festival, are trained to sit on a board floating in the water, attached to the tailend of the festival junk, and there turn somersaults, stand on their heads, and perform all sorts of tricks. Often these hapless youngsters are drowned, and it is the custom to give the parents of those boys who are hired for the purpose the money in advance, before they are trained. Then their subsequent death is on no one's conscience. Aduan, the hero of the tale, falls into the water and is drowned. "Yet Aduan did not know he had been drowned," and makes his way to the court of the Prince of the Dragon's Cave, beneath the Yellow River. There he finds music, enough and to spare. The description of the tones and rhythms of this subsequent world seem to beg the composer to write their music for all to hear. "Mother Hia" teaches the drowned urchins of the Yellow River, assembled beneath its waters, the dances which make the delight of the river-prince's court, and Aduan, in his turn, learns them from her. "She taught him the dance of the flying thunders of Tsian-Tang River, and the music that calms the winds on the Sea of Dung-Ting. When the cymbals and kettledrums reëchoed through all the courts, they stunned the ear. Then, again, all the courts would fall silent." We are given an account of the dances at the court of the Prince of the Dragon's Cave:

When all the dancers had assembled, the dance of the Ogres was danced first. Those who performed it wore devil-masks and garments of scales. They beat upon enormous cymbals and their kettledrums were so large that four men could just about span them. Their sound was like the sound of a mighty thunder, and the noise was so great that nothing else could be heard. When the dance began, tremendous waves spouted up to the very skies, and then fell down again like star-glimmer which scatters in the air.

The Prince of the Dragon's Cave hastily bade the dance cease, and had the dancers of the nightingale step forth. These were all lovely girls of sixteen. They made delicate music with flutes, so that the breeze blew and the roaring of the waves was stilled in a moment. The water gradually became as quiet as a crystal world, transparent to its lowest depths. When the nightingale dancers had finished, they withdrew and posted themselves in the Western courtyard.

Then came the turn of the swallow dancers. These were all little girls. With the one among them who "danced the dance of the giving of flowers with flying sleeves and waving locks," Aduan falls deeply in love: her name is "Rose of Evening," Aduan, too, plays a solo rôle in this ballet under the water.

. . . Aduan danced alone, and he danced with joy or defiance according to the music. When he looked up and when he looked down, his glances held the beat of the measure. The Dragon Prince, enchanted with his skill, presented him with a garment of five colors, and gave him a carbuncle set in golden threads of fish-beard for a hair-jewel.

We cannot follow further the various adventures of these Chinese fairytale lovers, save to remark that they have a happy ending, and to point out that—after Aduan has once more reached the land of mortals, and to all appearances is a mortal himself—the fact that he casts no shadow betrays that he is a departed spirit, an idea which has analogies in Norse and other European fairytales, and an offshoot of which is embodied in Richard Strauss's opera, *Die Frau ohne Schatten*. But who can deny the color, the poetic charm of these and other musical allusions, the scope they afford for vivid and lovely tonal painting, their rich possibilities of harmonic development?

THE CHINESE FAIRYTALE MOTIVE IN MODERN OCCIDENTAL MUSIC

While the Chinese motive in general has been largely exploited in modern music—for musical Orientalists have been keen to take advantage of the exotic possibilities of the pentatone scale, and the inspirational possibilities of Chinese poetry, as it is known to us through Cramner Byng's beautiful English versions of many of the older Chinese poets—the Chinese fairytale, specifically, has not furnished as great an incentive to the tone-poet. The most outstanding examples of the use of a Chinese fairytale motive in modern music, perhaps, are Gozzi's "Turandot" and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," both tales from the "Thousand and One Nights," Chinese in their milieu, in other words, introducing the Chinese motive as an exotic in a Saracenic ambient; and Hans

Andersen, the Dane's, fairy story of "The Nightingale," also localized in the Flowery Kingdom. In a more recent development of a Chinese subject in opera-form, Clemens von Frankenstein's *Des Kaisers Dichter* ("The Emperor's Poet"), produced in Hamburg, November, 1920, the composer's text-book, by Rudolf Lothar, deliberately ignored the poetic fairytale which the Chinese have woven about the death of the poet in question, Li-Tai-Pe, to present more prosaically human details of his life-story. Li-Tai-Pe, the Omar Khayyam of the Celestial Empire, according to history, fell overboard one day when intoxicated and, to put it plainly, drowned while drunk. His admiring compatriots, however, embellished this tale and the legend runs that Li-Tai-Pe deliberately cast himself into the flood and was borne away into the beyond, not on an alcoholic tide, but on the backs of dolphins, who introduced him to the wonders of the dragon-king's palace beneath the waves.

Gozzi's Arabian-derived fairytale play *Re Turandot* attracted the attention of Carl Maria von Weber, in Schiller's translation and adaptation, however, who, in 1809, wrote the seven incidental numbers of which one—a march, the overture, founded on a genuine Chinese theme which the composer discovered in Rousseau's *Dictionnaire de musique*—is still played. Ferruccio Busoni, a modern of moderns, has also strongly reacted to this Chinese story, in the dramatization which Karl Vollmoeller dedicated to him, and which its author describes as "a modest attempt to cast good metal anew, closely following the Italian of the sardonic nobleman (Gozzi) whose bones have been mouldering by the blue lagoons for over a hundred years." His reaction took the form, first, of a suite of eight orchestral numbers illustrating the play for the original Reinhardt production, and more recently (and utilizing some of the thematic pieces of his symphonic suite) of an opera, *Turandot*. As Busoni himself has said: "The continual colorful alternation of passion and playfulness, of the real and unreal, of the diurnal and the exotically fantastic, was what most tempted me in Gozzi's Chinese fairytale for the theatre." Yet Busoni has not attempted to gain his exotic effects by too close an adherence to original scales or themes. His aim has been to secure the feeling, the illusion of a Chinese music, and this atmosphere he has succeeded in obtaining. His orchestration, in many cases, has been sufficient to establish the Chinese color, as for instance in the grotesque "Truffaldino's March," by the employ of wood-wind, brasses and percussives, and an entire elision of the strings. Vollmoeller's own indications for the music—"From the

right the sounds of a march with kettledrums and tambourines . . . a troop of female slaves beating tambourines"—eliminate strings.

In Hans Andersen's "The Nightingale" we have an art-fairytale of a peculiarly moving and human sort, one which, though due to the invention of a Scandinavian and only placed in a Chinese setting, is above all human in a broad and eclectic fashion. That by reason of its delightful opportunities for the development of exotic effect it should have appealed to Stravinsky for operatic treatment is not surprising, and it is worth any serious student's while to see how brilliantly the latter has exploited the strange colors and bizarre modal capabilities of the Chinese five-tone scale. (In this connection, C. Stanley Wise's "Impressions of Igor Stravinsky," in "The Musical Quarterly," April, 1916, may be consulted to advantage.)

Among Chinese fairytale subjects which have appealed to the modern composer for musical treatment, that of "Aladdin" is popular. Admitting that it is Chinese by way of Arabia, it is the supposed Chinese element and not the Saracenic one which the composer has invariably stressed. There can be no other real reason than the one that of the two exotic color schemes the Chinese promises the most, for there are plentiful vestiges of Mohammedan song and instrumental music in those lands which once made up the empire of Haroun al Raschid—Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Tunis, Algiers.

A particularly fine development of the "Aladdin" story in music is Edgar Stillman Kelley's Chinese orchestral suite "Aladdin" (the writer still recalls with pleasure the impression it made upon him many years ago, when it was first performed in New York at a concert of the Manuscript Society), in which the pentatone scale and such elementary harmonic combination as genuine Chinese music is capable of, serve as a nucleus for the building-up of an imaginative structure of lofty beauty. The first movement of this suite, "The Wedding of the Princess and Aladdin," is based on actual Chinese themes (Kelley obtained them from native players in the old Chinese quarter of San Francisco, long before the great earthquake and fire swept it out of existence) and is, to quote Rupert Hughes, "a sort of sublimated 'shivaree,' in which oboes (probably taking the place of the *Khan-tzu*, the small oboe-like instrument which is a favorite at Chinese weddings), muted trumpets, and mandolins (to approximate the Chinese *P'i-p'a*, the popular Chinese 'balloon guitar') join in producing the merry and colorful uproar that is characteristic of Chinese wedding-music."

The second movement, "A Serenade in the Royal Pear Garden," is more purely lyric. As Hughes puts it, it "begins with a luxurious tone-poem of moonlight and shadow, out of which, after a preliminary tuning of the Chinese lute" (or, rather, the *Sansien*, the three-stringed Chinese guitar, a favorite instrument of the street ballad singers) "wails a lyric caterwaul, alternately in 2-4 and 3-4 tempo, which the Chinese translate as a love-song. Its amorous grotesqueness at length subsides into the majestic night." The third movement, depicting in tone "The Flight of the Genie with the Palace," the plucking of Aladdin's wonderful castle from its proper place, and its majestic projection through the nocturnal air to the bleak desert surroundings where the magician awaits it, is handled with dramatic skill and high imaginative power. Kelley's orchestral device to picture the sweep of the genie's pinions as they cleave the skies—liquid *glissandi* on the upper harp-strings, the violins, *divisi*, and prolific of chromatic runs which afterward subside into sustained harmonics of the most delicately flute-like quality—has been compared to Wagner's inspiration which dictated the use of clear bell-notes to typify the leaping flames of his "Feuerzauber." In the last movement, "The Return and Feast of the Lanterns," the composer obtains a bravura *finale* for his suite by using his original Chinese thematic material in contrapuntal and fugal development, in an elaboration of technical device and richness of instrumental interweaving justified by the character both of his subject and the exoticism which he endeavors to evoke. The gong *Lo*, which, though Kelley uses it to typify the opening of temple gates, is an instrument "popular merely, and not required for imperial worship," might perhaps have been more accurately represented by the *T'e-ch'ing*, or "single sonorous stone," a stone cut in the shape of a carpenter's square, and suspended from a frame, employed "only at religious and court ceremonies." There can be no question that Kelley's "Aladdin" Suite is one of the finest imaginative musical reactions to the Chinese fairytale motive.

Another recent American musical development of the same theme for the operatic stage, of which the writer has been privileged to see some highly interesting orchestral and lyric pages, is that of the young American composer Bernard Rogers, one of Bloch's most talented pupils, whose symphonic dirge "To the Fallen" (Pulitzer Travelling Scholarship) was given in November, 1920, by the Philharmonic. His idea of presenting "Aladdin" musically in the form of an opera, one which, like Kelley's symphonic suite, avails itself in part of Chinese folk-themes, and

develops them with imaginative freedom and in rich and colorful orchestral garb, is one which may well appeal. That the story is one that might lend itself to operatic treatment will hardly be denied. While it is, of course, too early to say much of a score which at present is known only to a few of the composer's friends, those who have seen portions of it agree that the work is one which does credit to his power of invention and technical equipment.

Of the collectively numerous songs in which the Chinese motive, either in poem or in musical treatment, or in both, occurs, there is in the majority of cases no fairytale subject involved. In some instances, as in that of Edgar Stillman Kelley's perennially popular "Lady Picking Mulberries," we have a purely humorous song written in the five-tone scale. Bainbridge Crist has developed Chinese nursery song in his "Chinese Mother Goose" ditties. In settings by Huë, Bantock, our own regretted Charles T. Griffes, and numerous others, in which the ancient poets of China have been drawn upon, we have poetic motives which, save for exoticisms of phrase or expression, or the occasional reflection of amatory or other moods more subtly Oriental than those of our own philosophy of life, are not so very different from our own song poems.

In a recent group of six particularly lovely melodies by Julius Röntgen, *Chinesische Lieder*—of which three are settings of poems by the Li-Tai-Pe who is the subject of von Frankenstein's opera—we have reactions to amatory poems, and not a single fairytale subject. That the Chinese fairytale subject is not altogether without representation in the field of the solo song, however, is evinced by occasional examples. There is, for instance, a very original, expressive and atmospheric song-setting by Richard Hammond, recently published, a little four-page melody, "The Moonbirds' Song" which, in its minuscule way, is a perfect exemplar of how a fairytale poem may be treated musically. It is a tale of a Chinese emperor who climbs to the moon "on a sorcerer's bamboo wand," and to whom, in a world of silver spells, the Moon Fairy appears and bids the white moonbirds dance and sing for him beneath the cassia-tree. In vain the emperor, returned to his pear-tree orchards, searches his memory in order to play the moon-music on his ebony lute. Its charm is lost, he can no longer recall the celestial sweetness of its accents, for "... the string of dreams is mute, that gave their song its soul." This poetic fancy Mr. Hammond has handled with a very real charm of imagination, has lent it that quality of the mystic and magical which breathes in the verse. While using the pentatone

scale he has infused a simple and plaintively tender melody with delightful *reflets* of harmonic color, supplying a gracefully nuanced and atmospheric drapery of accompaniment, in which there is a suggestion of the Chinese flute, a background for his melody. A group of piano pieces by the same composer avail themselves of poetic motives drawn from "The Chinese Fairy Book" already adduced in preceding pages, with an originality of invention that proves their value of musical suggestion. One, "The Stone God," tells a legend of G'uan Di, the Chinese god of war.

In Ju Dschou there dwelt a man who was a drunkard and a gambler, and who continually abused and beat his mother. He had a little son, no more than a year old, whose grandmother once took him out for a walk in her arms. Suddenly she made an awkward movement and the child fell on the ground. It became ill in consequence of the fright it had. The grandmother feared her son's wrath and fled from the house. When her son came home and saw that his boy was ill, he asked his wife how it had happened. And when she had told him he fell into a fury and hunted for his mother. He caught sight of her just as she was about to take refuge in the temple of the god of war, and tore her from the threshold of the sanctuary by her hair.

Then the stone statue of the god of war rose without warning from his sitting posture, took the knife from the hand of the figure of Dschou Dsang [his trusty captain, whose statue is placed behind his own in the temples] stepped forth from the door of the temple and hewed the man's head from his shoulders. The priest of the temple, who saw what had taken place, hastily rang bell and beat gong, and read from the holy books. In the streets and in the marketplace the people heard of what had happened and crowded about the temple in astonishment. There they saw the god of war, the knife in his right hand, the severed head in his left. With one foot beyond the threshold, the other within it, the statue stood, immovable as a rock. And ever since that time the statue of the god of war stands thus on the threshold of his temple in Ju Dschou, in token of his power.

Mr. Hammond has turned this fantastic tale of just retribution into a little keyboard drama of tense effect, the massive chord progressions which typify the movements of the stone image climaxing in the stroke of justice, lending an added picturesqueness of the bizarre and barbaric by reason of the exotic harmonies, a sound-evocation that establishes the exotic *locale*, which places the entire concept without the occidental pale.

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So practical a being as a French Inspector-General of Instruction (Émile Hovelaque, in *La Chine*) declares

... it seems as though all China were nothing but an immensely extended chamber of hallucinations, a vast magic space enclosed on all sides, illumined only by the fairyland lamps and lanterns of flowerboats and opium pavilions and where a single dream runs its unbroken course.

And it is just the vagueness, the richness, the exotically colorful and fantastic quality in the Chinese fairytale which offers the occidental composer so rich a field for poetic musical exploitation. Nor need he approach this fallow land of the exotic by the route of the "Thousand and One Nights," when volumes like "The Chinese Fairy Book" lead him at once within its confines. The Bagdad of the caliphs is no more; but the "Thousand and One Nights" are imperishable, and music still draws beauty from their font of inspiration.

The Porcelain Pagoda of Nankin lies in ruins, the famous pagoda covered from top to bottom with its precious tiles of green and of striped porcelain, whose one hundred and fifty bells chimed above the teeming city, and whose one hundred and forty lamps, to quote a Chinese writer, "when lighted illumined the three and thirty skies, laying bare the good and evil of mankind, and never withholding their light from man's distress." Yet its memory, which inspired Longfellow, has not departed. It is, now that it lies in dust, a more glorious tower of fairytale than in the days of its actual existence; its lamps more radiant, its

... porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with a soft melodious chime

sing but the more sweetly now that we hear them only with the ear of fancy. May they, spirit of an exotic fairy realm, lead the occidental composer whose fancy is tempted by fresh fields and pastures new, to investigate possibilities which are lavish in musical suggestion—the Chinese fairytale.

SOME CONVERSATIONS

By SYDNEY GREW

I WAS once in conversation with a man of vigorous mind and energetic speech, who had heard me utter a eulogy of music. I had explained Shakespeare's "the man that hath no music in himself," and had established the common factor between this and various statements concerning music made by Browning, Whitman, and Coleridge, arriving at the conclusion that music was either as the origin or as the end of all things of thought and feeling. The occasion was a public lecture; I had taken care, as I believed, to make quite clear what I meant by the word music, which was something more than "the science of harmonical sounds" of the dictionary, or the substance it is held to be by thinkers of the type of Dr. Roget, who, in his "Thesaurus" allocates its terms thus:

Class.....	<i>Matter</i>
Section.....	<i>Organic</i>
Subsection.....	<i>Sensation (as against Vitality)</i>
Department.....	<i>Special</i>
Subdepartment.....	<i>Sound (as against Touch, Heat, Taste, Odour and Light)</i>
Group.....	<i>Musical Sounds (as against Sound in General, Specific Sounds, and Perception of Sound)</i>

But this man, who came to me after the meeting in a mood of admirable directness and candour, had not thoroughly understood me. The main points of his remarks and questions were:

"But why music at all? Where does it come from, and what does it signify? If it is so universal an activity, why was it so late in appearing in the world; why has nine-tenths of the world still no interest in it; and how does it come about that nearly every man in history of first-class mind was unmusical? And why are you musicians (apparently) so incomplete as men—excuse my saying this! You are ignorant of many other matters, quite as completely as we are ignorant of music, and you are so complacent regarding your ignorance."

"A modern musician," I said, "is not so ignorant of things outside music as you imagine. And even in the older times a musician knew probably all that was of permanent value and universal character of things in general. Men like Palestrina, Bach,

and Beethoven, were quite as wise as men like Pius IV, Luther, and Pitt. A great man is great in all directions where greatness is possible or desirable. If he ignores a certain matter, it is because that matter has been proved to him to be of no special importance, or to be a part only of something else which, you will find, he entirely understands. In the case of Bach, for example, who lived at the end of a period of acute religious controversy, music was made to contain the essence of religion, for the reason that Bach, as musician, was interested only in essentials. The accidentals and superficialities of religion are in the books of controversialists and expounders. Bach's music lives, and with it religion lives; but those books are dead with the men who wrote them. Yet Bach arrived by study and thought at these essentials, not solely by some process of immediate inspiration; there were over seventy big theological works in his library, and he had read them all—Calovius, Luther, Müller, Scheubler, Geyer and a host of others. And Bach was a master of current religious practices; we can reconstruct the beliefs and ideals of seventeenth and eighteenth century Lutheranism from a study merely of how Bach uses congregational music in his cantatas. More than this, we can trace in one of his works, the B minor Mass, a power of thought and apprehension greater than that of any one short of Luther himself;—the Mass is a living monument to universal religion, a demonstration of the fundamental and eternal unity of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. You know from the newspapers to-day that a composer and professional concert-pianist has become the elected head of his nation."

"But you musicians are not fully sincere," the man said. "You all seem to regard your art chiefly as a means of livelihood. That is natural enough, because a man can't live without a business. But notice that I say *chiefly*; I mean it actually is a practical and business matter with you. And you are greedy when you have the chance. Look at the enormous fees of your popular performers. You are notoriously small-minded as a body—opinionated, and terribly jealous. Even when you appear sincere, you are so only in the way ordinary people are straightforward and honest, say, for their own ends and credit, not for love of abstract goodness and justice. You yourself said this afternoon that music is a spiritual art, that its substance is the essence of the collective human soul (I think that was your phrase), and that it is the one art which knows no racial barriers, the uniter of all things. And you quoted some fine phrases from the poets, whom, I may tell you, I believe in and love, except that when they

speak of music I can't help putting what they say down to ordinary poetic ardour. Read this, and tell me how it is to be explained away."

He handed me a slip of paper, on which was copied a sentence from Dr. Burney, an eighteenth century historian and critic of music, the friend of Dr. Johnson. The sentence was a typical "elegant" statement of the cause and purpose of music: "Music is an innocent luxury, unnecessary, indeed, to our existence, but a great improvement and gratification of the sense of hearing."

The man did not wait for me to speak, going on at once:—"Evidently your Burney thought music, which you say is vital, essential and spiritual, is but a matter of the senses, or at least that some musicians think so. Now I am a plain, average man, quite well read, interested in a good many things, and not at all wrapped up in my business. I have a gramophone and a player, and I go to concerts. I am here this afternoon, you see; and if I could find well-written books on music, I would read them. I would far rather believe you than Burney. I have definite tastes in music for all that I have no idea of its whence, whither, and wherefore. I like Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, the fifth and seventh symphonies of Beethoven, and Wagner's overtures, and sometimes I almost cry when I hear the violin well played. But I can't bring my musical experiences into line with the rest of my life, and I constantly come up against the limits of my understanding and capacity to appreciate. This isn't so in other matters. I can take Francis Thompson as well as Browning, and I can read Strindberg or Nietzsche as well as Thackeray or Meredith. What's the matter with music—or with me, to be modest!"

I answered, "Ignorance, I suppose, on your part, and lack of opportunity to remove your ignorance. You began to read when about ten years old, and you have always read, or thought, or talked on an average, I expect, three or four hours a day. You were probably turned twenty before you began to go to concerts, and altogether you don't hear more than fifty pieces of music a year, apart from your player and gramophone, and with those instruments you do not have more than some ten to twenty hours a week, if that. For another thing, knowledge is systematised in all departments of thought except music. Most subjects have their facts and significances set out for general observation in non-technical terms; but music is still, so far as literary discussion goes, mixed up with technicalities. Some good people have written about music; but music is still not correlated to life.

Altogether, every person interested in music, remains a separate individuality, and the only help he can have is from himself. This must always be the case with music, from one standpoint, because one has to find it in the same sort of way one has to find love and religion; but since music is the great art of the unity of things, it is not right from this other standpoint, and the conditions ought to be reversed."

"My trouble is," he said, "that music reminds me constantly that I am, so far as music is concerned, a plain man, and all the time I want to be a man of discernment. I am not, as you can see, exactly a plain man in other things. How ought I to develop my musicianship? By scientific study, or intellectual observation?"

"You may not," I told him, "respond to music intellectually, any more than to poetry. It has intellectual pleasures, no less than poetry, history, language, or science, and these have to be known by you if your musicianship is to expand continuously. But if these are the limits of your response, you are not responding to music as a musician. Call to mind your experiences with poetry. You know of the pleasure that comes constantly from the colour and firmness and softness of words, the delight of rhythm and rhyme, and the happiness of meeting fine expressions of fine thoughts—these are your sensuous and intellectual experiences of poetry. Now what lies beyond these? Something you can't put into words, and I can't phrase for anyone else. But we all know that what lies beyond these is the sudden and indubitable sense of absolute truth, a consciousness of contact with goodness and nobility, sometimes as manifested in the poet himself, and sometimes as manifested to exist in humanity generally. You may respond to music only by that power in you which realises the loveliness of loveliness and the goodness of goodness. This is what I said this afternoon, and so if I continue I shall merely repeat myself. If you have ever responded fully to poetry, you have a soul, and your soul has been moved, and you are potentially a musician. The difference between poetry and music is that music is all the time what poetry is occasionally. As to music being 'unnecessary'—Burney might as well have said that thought was unnecessary, to our existence. And as to musicians lacking generosity, kindness, and large-heartedness—well, musicians are but human beings. They live for the most part an intense life, and sometimes an emotional one, which may foster egoism. And many people who make music their profession are not musicians. The strictest disciplinarian is not necessarily

the best soldier. General Wolfe was a superb fighter and a military genius; but he was a man first, and on the night he went to take Quebec said he would rather have written the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' than have won that campaign. If you read the lives and letters of the true musicians, you will find that they lacked nothing of perfect humanity. Often, of course, a great musician will dislike the music of another great musician, and that without any personal consideration to influence him; but there are general reasons for such dislike."

"Then I suppose," said the man, "Shakespeare and Whitman and Browning are not speaking just out of poetic warmth when they speak about music. So I must believe them in this as I do in other matters. But tell me, am I a musical man?"

"You are," I said, "not only a musical man, but you are representative of the type that makes art-music possible in a town. You are the sort of man professional musicians ought to work for, because you are their permanent market as distinguished from the 'chance' market which you as a business man know to be useful, and in a measure certain, but not reliable, or capable of expansion. If they educated you as you want educating, they would put an end to their troubles, and no longer be worried for an audience."

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On another occasion I had a lengthy talk with a man of different type. This was a middle-aged man, a bachelor, slightly independent of the need to work for a living, but occupying a salaried curator-like post in a more or less private establishment for the development of pictorial, musical, and dramatic art. He was a wide reader, but would speak little of what he read beyond a general statement that his pleasure lay chiefly in classical and modern drama, poetry, and the modern psycho-analytical fiction. I did not, indeed, perceive in him a capacity for enthusiasm on any of the occasions we were together. The cause was perhaps some lack of sympathetic agreement between my nature and his. Yet I imagine that even with men of similar turn of mind, though he might speak more freely, he would never speak energetically, with the enthusiasm of whole-hearted surrender to mental, spiritual, or sensuous impressions, or in any way to the end of self-revelation. I consider that, in the main, his individuality was colourless, with little of the qualities that make for expansion.

This man said he was entirely unmusical. He said music either bored him or seemed foolish. "But when I was a young man, I tried to be interested in it. I went to Ralph Saxon's orchestral concerts for two or three seasons, and listened very closely to the Beethoven symphonies. I went twice to performances of Elgar's 'Gerontius,' and for a long while I attended opera. The only works that interested me in those years were 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin' and some eighteenth century Italian operas. In the Wagner operas the music was often a nuisance to me; and I never had interest in any orchestral works. 'Siegfried' struck me as an absurd creation, and I did not stay to the end. I do not listen to the musical performances given in our Academy here. When I tried to follow the performance of the Bach Mass in B minor given two years ago by the Musical Union, I found it the most meaningless work I had ever been brought into contact with. I am content to call myself unmusical."

"I believe," I said, "that no man is 'unmusical.' If the man has intellectual interests of any sort, he can find points of agreement and sympathy between music and whatever may be his particular source of pleasure—that is, if he knows how to look for these." I spoke of this at length, but without my acquaintance giving the ideas a general acceptance. And then I said: "You have been unfortunate. What prevented your enjoyment of music twenty-five years ago was the unsatisfactory (especially for *you*) character of the performances at Saxon's concerts. Saxon was not a good conductor, especially of Beethoven. He had no fine æsthetic sense, no depth of feeling, or fine understanding, and he had no rhythmical reliability. He was deficient even in ordinary practical musicianship, and would be too quick in rapid movements and too slow in *adagios*. I myself, though only an elementary student then, knew that Saxon looked on music from the scientific point of view. And so he did not put Beethoven to you either in the pure way of music, or in the personal, intimate way of poetry. You would feel that the symphonies were arbitrary things, going this way or that just as the composer fancied, and not in obedience to a compelling *raison d'être*. Saxon had a public, and kept it, for the simple reason that a music-lover must have music of sorts, and is roughly satisfied however it is given him. But just as Saxon did not satisfy the cultured musician, so he could not satisfy you, who were neither musician nor music-lover; and he did not develop his public. He could not educate people like you, and help them to find their latent musicianship. That is why after ten or fifteen years

his concerts declined, and why, when Dr. Carter came along with his energy and fine Catholic tastes, and especially his modernism, Saxon's career came to an end. If Carter had been Saxon, and your two or three years attempting to find yourself in music had been guided by him, I am sure enough the results of your experience would have been different. Music depends on how it is performed to us, as well as on what we take to it."

"I don't think that Carter could have done differently with me," he said, "because even Richter did not. Richter was, I understand, a great man. I went to one of his concerts in 1906, chiefly because I saw that one of the pieces was written to a story out of Washington Irving's 'Tales of the Alhambra.' (The piece was the 'Zorahayda' of the Scandinavian composer Svendsen.) I was then making a chronological reading of Irving, and thought I might see some meaning in the music. But I was just as disappointed as with the symphonies. What you call programme music is more meaningless to me than the other sort. I tested Granville Bantock's choral setting of 'Omar Khayyám' in the same way—this was during the same year, and I thought it a criminal maltreatment of Fitzgerald, from the way it pulled the text about. It annoyed me as much as Strauss's 'Don Quixote' had at a Saxon concert. The only work I liked at the Richter concert was the 'Flying Dutchman' overture. I liked, in a way, a piece by a Russian composer named Glinka, for it was written on two Russian folk-songs. And I was a little moved for a moment at the end of the Choral Symphony, where the choir sang 'Sing then, of the heaven-descended daughter of the starry realm.' I had just finished a period of Schiller reading, and felt Beethoven had caught the spirit of the poem. But I know I would rather have heard the Russian tunes played simply on a piano, and I remember thinking that the Schiller poem ought to have been arranged for plain singing by a large chorus, and not mixed up with a mass of other music. But I liked Beethoven's tune. I often hum it." He did so now, producing a compound of "God save the King" and the "Marseillaise" in a minor key.

I said, "The fact that you have any ideas at all about music, and that you have ever been moved by it, however slightly and questioningly, proves that you have some musicianship. But, all through, you have been unfortunate; and because it did not win you, music also has been unfortunate—there are thousands like you living in this town. You had no guidance, and were allowed to wander into places and circumstances that, for you, were

barren. You should have been taught how to associate music with other things. . . ."

"What psychologists call the apperceptive process," he interrupted.

"Yes; the process that helps you to identify an unfamiliar phenomenon with others already familiar."

"But," he said, "how does this fit in with my dissatisfaction when I tried to like music written to a literary subject? Surely I had then a familiar subject with which to collate the unfamiliar one? Programme music annoyed me, whereas pure music only bored me."

"Your objection goes to the very root of the greatest problem of musical æsthetics and philosophy of art in general," I said, "and we can't talk about it now. But I can give you a hint. You remember how displeased you may have been with some particular actor's Hamlet, or some English poet's translation of Goethe and Homer. Can you see that Bantock's translation of Omar into music, or Svendsen's translation of Washington Irving, is just as likely not to please you? Programme music is a personal reading of a subject on the part of the composer, and may be wrong interpretation according to another individual's personal reading. Programme music is one of the most ambiguous things a composer can touch, or an inexperienced music-lover come into contact with, because it is a concorporation of the definite and the indefinite, or at least of the individual and the general. Take religious emotion, for example. Bach effected a perfect expression of religious emotion, but Handel failed when he touched the Passion, and Beethoven produced only an absurdity in his 'Mount of Olives.' But this is too big a subject. Even with good luck and proper guidance you yourself might not have become a complete musician, but you might have been made into a useful member of musical society, and music, understood in part by you, might have created a new energy in your own studies and interests. Did you try reading about music?"

He answered, "I did; but when the books or essays were not scientific, they were so poor in the way of art, or they revealed such ignorance of thought and philosophy in the authors, that I could not read them. It seemed to me that an art which could not produce personality in its critics and expounders of the order of Coleridge and Renan and Walter Pater, or even Matthew Arnold, Hazlitt, or Walter Bagehot, could not itself be an art of vitality and importance; and so I absolutely abandoned reading about music."

"And after all," I said, "you do not find your life empty. But it would have been far more full if your tale of music were different. Your generalisation concerning musical literature is over-sweeping, yet unfortunately more true than not."

In a later conversation, the talk returned to Elgar's "Geron-tius." My acquaintance was not a Roman Catholic; indeed, Christianity was for him, as for many independent readers of history and philosophy, no more than a phase in the continuous growth of religion. He said that what repelled him in the oratorio was the emphatic dogma, the incorporated ritual, the crude notions of hell and devils, and the prevailing egoistic position of the composer. "I could not forget my own beliefs and ideas while listening to the work," he said, "as I can when such matters happen to appear, say, in Elizabethan drama. The music tried to dominate my own personality, and that I object to. I want to be able to observe a subject in detachment."

"You respond to a dramatic presentation of idea and character when set out in terms of the intellect," I said, "but not when set out in terms of the emotions. You can't therefore yield yourself to pure impression, or dramatise your personality into the character of what is set before you, unless that character has affinities with your personality. Many musicians are the same as you, and even in music. Tchaikovski, for instance, disliked Bach, and Mendelssohn had a small opinion of Schumann."

The man thought for a moment, and then said, "I don't understand you."

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One Good Friday evening a man spoke to me. I was carrying a copy of the St. John Passion, and the man said, "You've evidently been to the concert to-night. Excuse my troubling you, but I have been as well, and have been bored into irritation. The music struck me as the last thing! I like a good song and lively instrumental music, but not such a mixture as this Bach Passion;—the concert was half Mission Service and half the 'Messiah,' with the best bits left out. What was the matter? I have liked Bach once or twice on other occasions."

I answered that everything had been wrong with the concert, and that the occasion was one of those that do great harm to music—not harm to music itself, I modified, but to music as a force working for good in average men, by repelling such men when they have gone to satisfy a growing curiosity. I said: "Your

position to-night has been like that of a man who, interested for the moment in Shakespeare, has gone to a performance of 'Julius Cæsar' given by an Amateur Dramatic Union. The performers to-night were incompetent. The conductor is an elderly organist, who—so far as I have noticed in twenty years—never has any deep emotional thrill from music. He can't feel the power even of the chorales, which is why they sounded to you like mission hymns. He has not told his choir and orchestra, who are all amateurs, the difference in style between the dramatic choruses like 'Crucify' and the other sort of chorus like 'Rest here in peace,' which is the sort we call madrigal. When the choir happened to sing well for a few minutes, it was in the way of simple music, not Bach, and still less the Passion. You have been to a concert where music of character was done in a style without character. The solo singers were as incompetent as the rest."

"And so," said the man, "actually I've been let in? The Society offered shoddy goods?"

I answered, "But did you yourself do your share? Did you prepare for the concert by looking up what a Passion is, how it became a particularly advanced form of music, and what are its values and significances to-day, when religion and thought are so different from two hundred years ago? I see you did not. Therefore a good performance would have been almost wasted on you—good seed cast on unprepared ground. The Society sold you bad goods, but you went and bought what you could not use in any case."

This concert-goer, I heard later, developed into a reader of musical history and biography, and became a cultured student of non-scientific tastes and interests.

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Many men of a good order of mind, and perhaps of first-class mind, are unmusical, and conscious of their state. But such men have always a capacity to respond to beauty, both intellectual and sensuous; and their musical defects are due to some aural deficiency or peculiarity of mind or soul. There is a tone-deafness as well as a colour-blindness. The tone-deaf man cannot become musical. The mentally deaf—if there are any such by inner constitution—may or may not become musical; the matter rests on opportunity and training. Their position without aid or education is as that of the illiterate man reading Spencer's "Psychology."

I was for a time acquainted with an elderly man who was physically tone-deaf, and as near to being mentally and spiritually deaf as I believe it possible to be. He had no interest in poetry, pictures, architecture, religion, ethics, sociology, or serious thought of any kind; but was a good photographer, a keen business man, a linguist, and a student of history in the way of the ordinary man who considers it well to read the "great" historians and scientists, as Gibbon, Buckle, and Darwin, Havelock Ellis, and Froude. He had passed his young manhood during the 'nineties, was one of the original worshippers of Rudyard Kipling, and remained convinced that Kipling was a true poet, the prime representative of the English mind. He was an easy-going materialist. His mood was apparently continuously one of alertness and brightness, but he would not inconvenience himself for a companion, in mind or body. If conversation took a course without interest to him, he would either ignore, interrupt, or deflect it. "I see nothing in music," he would say, "it doesn't touch me, and never has. What is it worth, anyhow? Define your music." His world of belief and acceptance was encircled by those last three words, for which reason he approached, as I have said, as nearly as is possible to the fundamentally and essentially unmusical. I once quoted some lines to him from the "Alastor" of Shelley, and said these expressed, as well as might be, what music was to the musician. The lines were:

He dreamed a veiled maid
Sat near him, talking in low solemn tones.
Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
Heard in the calm of thought; its music long,
Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held
His inmost sense suspended in its web
Of many-coloured woof and shifting hues.
Knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme,
And lofty hopes of divine liberty,
Thoughts the most dear to him, and poesy,
Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood
Of her pure mind kindled through all his frame
A permeating fire. . . .

But my friend merely smiled at the idea, and began to talk intelligently of Grimm's Law.

MOZART'S ORGAN SONATAS

By ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD

TO many of our readers it may be somewhat of a surprise to find the name of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart associated with that of the king of instruments. Much of Mozart's orchestral and chamber music is as familiar to us as that of Beethoven. With Mozart's writings for the pianoforte we are well acquainted. Probably we are not altogether ignorant of his compositions—solo or concerted—for most of the important orchestral instruments of his day. But even to the fairly well read musician, Mozart's organ works imply nothing beyond the two fine Fantasias written for an organ actuated by clockwork, an instrument which was a prominent feature in a Viennese exhibition during 1790 and 1791, the last two years of the composer's life. Of these two Fantasias the greater is the second, that in F minor, composed on the 3rd of March, 1791. Its first movement and Finale reveal a mastery over the sonata and fugal forms which rivals any similar production of Beethoven or Bach, respectively; while the Andante is one of the most exquisitely beautiful examples of the combination of the variation and rondo forms to which the classics can claim possession. But neither this work nor its fellow Fantasia were written for the modern organ. They serve to show what Mozart could have done in this direction had he possessed the opportunity, or allowed himself the chance. To be available for present-day performance these works need special arrangement. For pianoforte duet this has been accomplished by the composer himself; and for the modern organ, by the masterly hand of W. T. Best, the great organ virtuoso of the last century, and by Dr. E. H. Turpin, the late Secretary of the Royal College of Organists. There also exist one or two Continental arrangements not comparable to the foregoing.

This paper, however, is not intended to deal with music written by Mozart for mechanical organs. Nor is its object the discussion of any Mozartean compositions which may have been arranged for the modern organ or may be deemed suitable for such arrangement. Neither is it our intention to mention, except *en passant*, the organ parts contributed by Mozart to many of his choral works. These parts were never written out in full, but indicated either by a figured bass or by the direction *col organo*, with the insertion of *senza organo* when the use of the

instrument was to be discontinued. Indeed, it was not until the production of Beethoven's Mass in D, which occupied the attention of its composer from 1818 to 1823, that we have a choral composition with an organ part fully written out on two staves.

But if Mozart left no separate organ part to any of his choral works, and no organ compositions directly suitable for the modern instrument, he wrote a number of movements—seventeen, to be exact—for organ and strings, or for organ and small orchestra. These he called organ sonatas. Fifteen of them have been published by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, in the complete edition of Mozart's works. Two sonatas remain in manuscript—one in E, written in 1776, and another, in C, for organ, strings and trumpets.

The purpose for which these works were written is not difficult to ascertain. Mozart, in a letter to the celebrated Italian theorist, Padre Martini (1706–1784), under date of September 4, 1776, when describing the music in Salzburg Cathedral, speaks of "the Sonata at the Epistle." These sonatas were, therefore, a kind of middle voluntary, rendered between the reading or intoning of the Epistle and the Gospel; or, according to Köchel, "between the Gloria and the Credo." The Martini letter above referred to was written just before Mozart's appointment, in 1777, as organist of Salzburg Cathedral, the church in which his father, Leopold Mozart, was chapelmaster. When, in 1781, Mozart resigned this poorly paid and badly conditioned position, these sonatas, or instrumental movements, were gradually abandoned. At last, in 1783, the Archbishop, a petty potentate of the meanest possible type, requested his then musical director, Michael Haydn, to insert a choral work in their place. From this circumstance arose the composition of about 114 motets, or graduals, for which the brother of the immortal Joseph is chiefly famous. Also to this cause is due the oblivion in which these organ sonatas of Mozart lay for more than a century; and, as a natural consequence of this neglect, the posthumous publication of the works, and their unfamiliarity to the majority of ordinary musicians. The earlier numbers of these movements were probably written by Mozart to assist his father and to please, or propitiate, the meanspirited Archbishop; while the later numbers were produced as some portion of Mozart's duties as official organist of the Cathedral.

Before we can justly estimate the value of these compositions we ought to know something about the instrument for which they were written, and the service for which they were designed,

as well as the style and standard of the performance probably contributed by their composer at the first production of these interesting movements.

Taking the organ first, we note that—as described by Marpurg, the eminent musical writer and theorist—the principal organ in Salzburg Cathedral was “a large organ at the back of the entrance,” a position probably corresponding to that atrocious location known as the “west gallery” in churches of later construction. This instrument was used only “on grand occasions and for preludes.” Besides this organ there were “four side organs in front of the choir, and a little choir organ below the choir.” During the choral portions of the service one of the little organs was played. These smaller organs evidently had no pedals, or at best only a few pedal pipes. The larger instrument must have had a very imperfect pedal clavier, evidently with a short octave, i.e., the lower octave containing only the most important keys, the others being omitted to save cost or space, or both. This we infer from Mozart’s description of his own playing—at Augsburg, in 1777—on an instrument erected by J. A. Stein, the celebrated organ builder and early pianoforte maker. “At first,” says Mozart, “I did not quite understand the pedal, *because it was not divided*. With us D and E are *above*, where E flat and F sharp are here. But I soon got accustomed to it.” That Mozart’s largest organ had the lowest D and E on the pedal clavier constructed as “short” keys—“above,” he terms it—is conclusive evidence of the poverty of this department of this instrument and the incompleteness of its lower pedal octave. It seems probable that the organ parts of the sonatas were played on one of the smaller organs, since the one “on the right hand side of the altar” had the stringed instruments placed close to it, the wind, brass, and percussion, when introduced, being placed on the opposite side of the sanctuary.

From these facts we may safely infer that the Salzburg and Viennese organs of that day had no adequate pedal-board. They were hopelessly behind the organs of Northern Germany, which, for more than a century, had responded to the execution of men such as Reinken, Buxtehude, and Bach. In many respects these southern German organs resembled the English organs of that period, in which the manuals were carried down an octave lower than at present, and an octave or so of pedal pipes was supplied, to be operated upon by pedal keys, and only of service when a holding note was required, such as the dominant or tonic pedal during the final section or the closing measures of a voluntary or a fugue.

In this style played most of the English organists of the later 17th and earlier 18th centuries. Thus W. T. Best, satirically describing the organ playing of Thomas Adams (1785-1858), a London organist justly celebrated in his day for his skill in extemporization, declared that "with his enormous contrapuntal talent," Adams "regaled himself by serving up one or two of Bach's '48', adding a droning pedal when his bunions were propitious." That both Mozart and Beethoven were accustomed to organs with inadequate pedal claviers is clearly demonstrated by the fact that no independent pedal treatment is continuously employed in any of their organ parts, such pedal notes as are required or indicated being generally of a sustained character, the whole organ part, when written out at all, being either expressed upon two staves, indicated by a figured bass, or even denoted by the expressions *col organo* and *senza organo* over the part for the 'celli and *contra-bassi*.

Concerning the type of service permitted by the Archbishop—who is famous or, rather, infamous for his disgraceful treatment of both Leopold Mozart and his gifted son, but especially of the latter—the Martini letter already quoted represents Mozart as saying that the service (?) "must not last longer than three-quarters of an hour, even in festivals, when the Archbishop himself officiates." From which it would appear that in those "good old times" men were not only regulated as to the nature of their beliefs, but also concerning the times and seasons (as well as the length) of their devotions. The very obvious inference from these facts is that in matters moral, mental, or musical, priestcraft and sacerdotalism always have been and ever will be, as regards progress, the drag upon the wheel, and as regards purity the dead fly in the apothecary's "pot of ointment." In such a service as Mozart describes little attention was paid to "the rule of right" or to "the eternal fitness of things." Indeed, nothing seemed to matter provided the Archbishop was pleased, which he seems to have been only when there was plenty of brightness and vivacity about the proceedings. This type of person would probably have been interested in an American jazz orchestra. The programmes and performances of the latter would have been admirably suited to his musical calibre. As Mozart's organ works were written for the Salzburg organ, and under the conditions we have just been describing, it is not to be wondered at that, as we shall see presently, apart from the individuality of their composer, which is stamped upon almost every page of these works, there is almost nothing to distinguish these productions from their author's avowedly secular clavier or orchestral compositions.

Directly we begin to search into such meagre records as remain to us of Mozart's organ playing, we find immediate confirmation of our views as to the inadequate character of the pedal organ in all the instruments with which he was acquainted during his childhood and youth. For instance, in 1763, when only seven years of age, the little lad and his sister were taken by their father (himself a good organ executant on the limited organs of his acquaintance) on the second tour in which they were to appear as infant prodigies. At Wasserburg, in Bavaria, their carriage broke down; and Leopold Mozart relates that to fill up their time they made their way to the organ in the cathedral, where he "*explained the pedals to Wolfgang.*" The child set to work on the spot, "pushed the stool back and preluded, standing and treading the bass, and really as if he had practiced many months." Now, as the little Mozart had constant access to his father's church at Salzburg, had the organ there been provided with proper pedals he would not have needed to have their use "*explained*" to him. On this journey there were many opportunities for organ playing. For instance, at Heidelberg, he played so admirably in the church of the Holy Spirit that the dean of the city caused the child's name to be inscribed on the organ—an instrument which disappeared some years after this event, having been sold to some country church.

Eventually the party reached England and, on the 27th of April and the 19th of May, 1764, Mozart played before George III and Queen Caroline on the king's private organ. This, of course, was one of the old English organs already described as wanting an adequate pedal-board. Further organ performances took place on the return journey—at Lille, on the great new organ belonging to the Bernardine fathers, and at Antwerp, on the organ in the cathedral. Of the specifications of these instruments no particulars seem to be available. Five years later, in 1769, Mozart played the organ a good deal while on a tour through Italy. At that time, however, very few if any Italian organs possessed pedal claviers worthy of the name. We have already alluded to Mozart's playing at Augsburg, in 1777. In November of the same year he was at Mannheim, and in one of his letters to his father speaks humorously of his "playing and extemporizing during service," but from the tone of his remarks it is pretty clear that only manual effects were aimed at.

After Mozart's rupture with the despicable Archbishop of Salzburg, in 1781, and his settlement in Vienna, he does not

appear to have made any further use of his organ playing professionally. Indeed, there is but one important event of his life after that time in which organ playing figures at all prominently. This was in 1789, when he visited Leipsic, and, on April 22, played on the organ of Bach, in St. Thomas's Church; Doles, the Cantor, himself a pupil of Bach, drawing the stops for him. Here his performance created a great impression, Doles declaring his method and style to be such as to suggest to him the reincarnation of Bach himself. How this was accomplished, on an organ with a complete pedal clavier and stops acting thereon, it is difficult to say, unless we believe that Mozart must have mastered the pedals almost instinctively, with that well-nigh supernatural facility with which he was undoubtedly gifted, and by means of which he was able to overcome every obstacle to his merely musical progress. The effect of his performance on this occasion was the more remarkable because at this time Mozart "had long omitted organ practice," yet, according to Mr. Edward Holmes—"the school-fellow and friend of Keats," who died in America in 1859, and whose biography of Mozart has been characterized by Otto Jahn as "the most useful, complete, and trustworthy" then in existence—"the excellent organists of Lutheran Germany, men 'well up' in Bach's fugues and trios with *obbligato* pedal, came about Mozart with the humble submission of their mechanical skill to the might of his science and invention." Here, perhaps, is the secret of the whole thing. Mozart, even if his pedal technique was imperfect, won through sheer force of artistic power and facility as exhibited in his wonderful extemporizations. The North German organists had information. Mozart alone possessed the necessary inspiration. The former were clever artisans, the latter a finished artist. Dr. F. J. Sawyer, of Brighton, England, to whose interesting paper on Mozart's organ sonatas, read before the Royal College of Organists in 1882, we ungrudgingly acknowledge our indebtedness, opines that Mozart's playing at Leipsic must have been very different from the organ parts of his sonatas. Which is very probable. Mozart knew his audience and, having the requisite ability, altered his style accordingly.

Although we have a good deal to say concerning Mozart's organ playing, and the probable condition of the instrument upon which he primarily and principally performed, we have not commented upon his organ training. Of this it is probable that the quantity was almost negligible. Mozart was more or less an organist "by the grace of God." His ability was innate rather

than acquired. What teaching he had came almost entirely from his father's "explanations." What tutors or text-books he used we cannot tell. As Dr. Sawyer remarks, when Mozart was a child of seven, Bach had been dead about 12 years; and there would be little possibility, in those days of heavy locomotion, of the great Leipsic Cantor's works being widely dispersed, especially as they were the production of a member of another communion, and designed for a service of a totally different character, in which formal organ solos in the course of the proceedings were practically unknown. Dr. Sawyer suggests that perhaps Mozart may have studied from works "then to hand of which we at present know nothing." Very probably. A vast amount of organ music, good, bad, and indifferent, has passed into what Thomas Carlyle once called "the oblivion of small potatoes"; while clavier music of the same period, possibly inferior, is preserved and, to a certain extent, cultivated. But, as we shall see upon examination of the organ sonatas, "the music Mozart studied had, comparatively speaking, no influence on his organ compositions . . . for in them we find no trace of anyone save Mozart himself, pure and simple." Indeed, the fact that these organ works are so highly original, and so remarkably Mozartean, is our principal reason for making them the subject of this paper, and our prime justification for occupying the time of our readers with their examination and analysis.

Amongst various features common to almost all these sonatas we first note that, strictly speaking, none of them are organ solos, all of them having accompaniments or *obbligato* parts for orchestral instruments. Secondly, we observe that the organ part to some of the sonatas is not written out at all, but merely indicated by a bass, figured or otherwise; and, further, that when written out only two staves are employed for the organ part. Then, with reference to the pedal, such meagre indications of that department as exist, consist entirely of holding notes in the lowest octave of the pedal clavier. Thus the general treatment is essentially *manualiter*; and, apart from occasional holding notes, could have been just as efficiently performed upon the harpsichord or piano. But Mozart was evidently aiming at a particular tone-quality, and while his notes might be expressed just as easily through another medium, his effects of tone-colour, miniature though they may be, would then be missing or obscured. As regards notation, and general laying out for the instrument, these works more closely resemble the organ concertos of Handel than the works of any other great master—with whose organ parts

we are familiar—who was contemporary with, or preceded, Mozart. Immediately after these sonatas came the organ parts of Beethoven who, in his written-out parts for the king of instruments, shows a great similarity of style to that of his predecessor, probably because having in mind an organ of somewhat similar construction and limitations.

From what we have already said concerning the Salzburg service we shall not be surprised to find that Mozart's organ sonatas were—for the most part—as Otto Jahn, Mozart's great biographer, represents them, namely, "without a trace of ecclesiastical severity either in the technical construction, which is very light, or in the style, which is brilliant and cheerful." Continuing, this authority says:

They are all inscribed as sonatas, and all consist of a lively movement [to this, however, there is one exception, as we shall see presently—O. A. M.] of moderate length, in two parts, and in regulation sonata form. . . . The style has nothing that suggests a sacred performance. The tone is neither solemn nor devotional, nor the style severe. The tone and treatment of the commencement remind us of the smaller sonatas and quartets; the subjects are, sometimes, very pretty; the treatment is free and skilful, and, in the later pieces, not without touches of Mozart's originality. They are usually written for two violins and violoncello, to which the organ part was always added but never [?] *obbligato*, nor with any regard to executive display; it has often only its customary office of accompaniment to the 'cello, in which case a figured bass part is written. Even when the organ part is independent, it is for the most part limited to what the skilful organist can make out of the *continuo*; its independence is very modest, and it never aspires to a solo or any passages.

As we shall see later, serious exception must be taken to one or two of Jahn's statements. The organ part was sometimes *obbligato*, it *did* occasionally aspire to a solo, and it *had* a few separate pedal passages. In the later sonatas violoncellos and basses were expressly denoted, hence it is more than probable that both instruments were implied by the term "Bassi" affixed to the lower staff in the earlier compositions. It is, however, much to be regretted that these sonatas contain practically no slow movements. What Mozart could do in this direction we have already indicated in our reference to the Andante from his Fantasia in F minor for the mechanical organ.

As to the comparative insignificance of the organ part, Otto Jahn is correct as regards the majority of these works; only five—out of fifteen published—containing a fully written out organ part, the first sonata to be so treated being the ninth of the series.

In the case of the first five sonatas the dates of composition are doubtful. Most probably, however, they were written about 1774, or during the years 1773 to 1776, most of which were spent at Salzburg, varied by journeys to Munich and Vienna, Mozart, when at home, studying under his father's direction and writing assiduously. Like most of the other sonatas, the first five are scored for the usual first and second violins, with a third part marked *Bassi ed Organo*. Indeed, it is remarkable that all the organ sonatas, like some of the masses which Mozart wrote at Salzburg, have no indication whatever of a viola part. In the first three sonatas the bass is not figured. From this we are inclined to infer that Mozart, like Handel, filled in an organ part from memory, or extemporized the former as occasion arose. Very possibly, we venture to think, the extemporized part contained the material which would have been assigned to woodwind or brass had a fuller orchestra been available. Reference to some of these sonatas, particularly Nos. 9 and 10, in which the organ part is fully written out, lends confirmation to this view—a very reasonable hypothesis which Jahn appears to have unaccountably overlooked. Dr. Sawyer, on the contrary, says, "It is evident that the organ part, when performed, was far more full than the scanty organ parts of some of these movements would lead one to suppose." Perhaps it was more in the style of Mozart's Leipsic performances. At any rate, as every historian knows, the greatest extempore players often failed to commit their best thoughts to paper. The unpremeditated performances of such organists as Dr. E. J. Hopkins and Henry Smart were much finer than their published works, as we can testify from personal hearing in the former case, and this although the quality of some of Smart's organ compositions has, in their own particular province, never been surpassed. We are of opinion that, like Handel, Mozart did not take the trouble to write down in detail an organ part for a composition which he never imagined would receive anything more than a merely local performance, a part which he could easily remember, or, if forgotten, just as easily extemporize. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he ever gave these works the serious attention he bestowed upon his F minor Fantasia. Had he done so, he would probably have been reprimanded by the Archbishop for lengthening the service!

Proceeding from the general to the particular, we notice that the first sonata is, practically, the only slow movement of the series, probably an Andante (as suggested by the editor of the published edition), and a movement very closely resembling a

middle movement from an orthodox string trio. While one of the nine having no fully written out organ part, it shares with the first three sonatas the peculiarity of not having even a figured bass, the lower staff being marked "*Bassi ed Organo*" only. Of course, this might have meant that Mozart desired the bass part to be a *continuo*, not a figured bass, i.e., a part in which the organ was to play throughout, or continuously with the basses, and not to contribute a part independent of the latter. But to us this unfigured bass seems to afford almost proof positive that, in these first three sonatas at least, we have practically no indication at all of what Mozart's organ part was like. We venture to think that what he did at actual performance was to add to the score for two violins and the basses an organ part either previously thought out or instantaneously conceived. This is the more probable as we know he could do either with perfect ease, notwithstanding the fact that the string parts were wonderfully complete for a piece of three-part writing. To imagine that the organ merely acted as a *continuo* is to us almost unthinkable. There surely must have been an organ part supplied by the composer. This part very probably represented the missing wind and brass, and probably dialogued with the strings in much the same way as Mozart afterwards so cleverly illustrated in the additional accompaniments he wrote for Handel's *Messiah*, in March, 1789—accompaniments which have become well-nigh inseparable from any adequate performance of the great oratorio. The form of the first organ sonata is modern binary, shortened in this instance by the omission of the usual episode or bridge passage, also of the development. But, even in this apparently slender work, Mozart's contrapuntal gifts, for which he has never received full credit, come at once to the fore. In the little link, or "causeway," a section of two measures, which takes the place of the development, we have this simple but charming imitation:

Ex. 1

V. I.

V. II.

Bassi ed
Organo

The second of the undated sonatas, in B flat major, common time, an editorially suggested *Allegro*, is more extended in treatment, although still lacking a definite episode. It is also more active in character. In the second subject Mozart displays rhythmic and contrapuntal interest by this "point of imitation":

Ex. 2

Still, the organ is indicated *Bassi ed Organo*, and we have again to exercise our imagination as to the exact nature of the part. There are many passages, however, in which, against the two violins and basses, the organ could fill up with charming effect. It is hardly conceivable that Mozart would allow such opportunities to slip.

In the third sonata, in D major, common time, we have another suggested *Allegro*, in character somewhat resembling the previous movement, and exhibiting the same features of orchestration and organ writing. The bridge passage is now slightly more in evidence, but the development is nothing more than an extended phrase of six measures, obviously derived from the first subject, and overlapped by the recapitulation of the principal theme. The music is exceedingly simple—the first subject being almost entirely founded upon tonic and dominant harmonies, and the second subject absolutely so. Here, as in the preceding works, the marks of expression are remarkably few. Also, with the exception of a few indications in the more *cantabile* first violin part of the second subject, there are practically no indications of any bowing whatever.

With No. 4, also in D major, and in common time, we have the same scoring as before. But now the part for *Bassi ed Organo* is figured, another indication that Mozart's organ parts must have been quite different, as regards material, from what may be gathered from the simple score. Here it is curious to note that in the first sonata to have a figured bass, the work, in the published edition, is entitled "for 2 Violins and Organ or Bass"; while

the first sonata, in which no special part is indicated, is described as "for Organ with Accompaniment of 2 Violins and Bass"; and the second and third sonatas which, as already shown, are similarly scored, have the indication "for 2 Violins, Bass, and Organ." If these headings are original, and not editorial, they would seem to imply that the first sonata must have had an organ part of some importance, not shown in the score; that in the second and third sonatas the organ was optional; while in the fourth sonata the organ was *obligato* and the basses *ad libitum*. Be this as it may, the fourth sonata opens with "a vigorous *staccato* passage," in octaves, immediately repeated in a harmonized form, with the melody an octave higher. Although expression marks are scanty, and phrasing more or less conspicuous by its absence, the general effect is much fuller, and the form considerably less rigid. One interesting feature, common to the sonatas of Haydn and the earlier sonatas of Clementi, is that the second subject, at least in its initial phrase, is largely reminiscent of the first, as though the writers were scarcely emancipated from the thralldom of the simple binary form. We quote the opening measure of both subjects:

Ex. 3

Violini

Bassi ed Organo

f (a)

(b)

The development is also interesting, being chiefly a sequential reminiscence of the first subject, passing through A and E, and G and D minors. Upon its recapitulation the first subject is so much modified by imitative treatment as to demand quotation:

Ex. 4

Violini

Bassi ed Organo

f (a)

(b)

A glance at Exs. 3 and 4 will show the importance of the unwritten organ part, the figuring in two cases at least, at * and *, indicating harmonies not fully expressed by the string parts which, without some fairly substantial filling up, would be likely to produce a somewhat thin and unsatisfactory effect. The recapitulation of the second subject is also lengthened by what is practically the repetition of its first sentence at a lower octave. The coda is formed by a reference to the initial phrase of the first subject. Here, strange to say, after the unison passage, the figuring of the dominant 7th-chord which marks the resumption of the harmony is wanting in the *bassi ed organo* part.

In the fifth sonata the tempo indication is omitted, although the character of its contents would seem to imply an *Allegro moderato*. The key is F major, the time-signature simply triple, the form again modern binary, and the orchestration on the same lines as before. The bass is figured; and we have, as in No. 4, the inscription "for 2 Violins and Organ or Bass." One interesting feature is the melodious character of the second violin part, which, in the first subject, plays in 3rds or 6ths with the first violins, and, in the second subject, contributes an interesting melody of greater importance than that assigned to the upper part. The development is practically replaced by a short episode, modulating sequentially through G minor to F major. The movement ends *piano*, the only other sonatas resembling it in this respect being Nos. 1 and 9. But more interesting than these facts is the occurrence, for the first time, of the words "*Tasto solo*," this indication lasting through the second, and through part of the third phrase of the first subject. Here the basses have the repeated tonic for five measures, and most probably Mozart's idea was that the organ should merely sustain the keynote during this reiteration, and thus add a fresh rhythmic feature to the whole, as well as impart simultaneously a *sostenuto* effect. The same passage, with a similar direction, occurs at the recapitulation of the principal theme. The words "*tasto solo*" mean a single "touch," or key, the keys of the old harpsichords, as late as the 18th century, being always known as "touches."

With the entry of the sixth sonata, in B flat, *Allegro*, common time, we meet with the first dated movement, in this case July, 1775. Consequently, this composition was one of those described by Mr. E. Holmes as "Epistle Sonatas," an instrumental piece prepared for the Archbishop's service and delectation, and for which the parsimonious prelate carefully abstained from offering the gifted young composer even the most scanty remuneration.

The general characteristics of this movement are much the same as those common to its predecessors; but, as Dr. Sawyer remarks, there is "greater freedom and scope left for the organ in the accompanying passages to the violins." The *tasto solo* is again introduced, the bass is more fully figured, the form is more extended, the development is of greater length and superior consistency, while altogether we seem to breathe, in the words of Dean Stanley, "an ampler, purer air." We quote the opening measures of the second subject, really a canonical imitation, 3 in 1, at the octave:

Ex. 5



Two other organ sonatas were probably composed in 1775. The first of these, No. 7 of our series, is an *Allegro con spirito* in F major, common time, scored as before. Here the form departs considerably from orthodox procedure in that the first subject is really not recapitulated at all, the development being planned to lead directly into the modified recapitulation of the episode. Indeed, the only recapitulation of the principal theme with which we are favoured is found in the coda, which is, substantially, a repetition of the initial phrase of the first subject, with a *forte* instead of a *piano* conclusion, and with the organ part figured for the cadence chords instead of being, as before, *tasto solo* throughout. The episode and second subject, especially the latter, are of considerable length. This was probably the reason why Mozart omitted the recapitulation of the first subject lest, thereby, he might exceed the regulation 45 clock minutes prescribed by the Archbishop as the fit and proper length for the devotions of himself and his hirelings. The use of the organ, *tasto solo*, to

strengthen the basses, is remarkably frequent, occurring no less than nine times. The violin parts are more fully bowed, the figuring is more complete and detailed, and altogether the sonata is of a "larger growth" than any of its predecessors. The sequential treatment in the development, and in the modulations naturally effected thereby, is very interesting. We should like to quote, but must yield to the call of the second subject, which, in its recapitulatory section, opens thus, with imitation by direct and inverse movement:

Ex. 6



Passing on to the eighth sonata, in A, *Allegro*, simple triple time, the last of the supposed 1775 group, we note that while the form and instrumentation remain as before, we have an interesting feature in the organ part, the latter being *tasto solo* against the steadier moving basses of the second subject, but playing in harmony over broken-chord groups such as

Ex. 7



This, together with such figuring as

Ex. 8



would seem to still further confirm our views of an organ part contributed by the composer, of which the figured bass was more or

less of a mnemonic. The development is also remarkable, being founded upon the initial notes of the second subject, treated, by inverse movement, as a subject for imitation:

Ex. 9



After this, the upper parts are inverted at the octave, in the key of A minor, thus forming an interesting example of double counterpoint. We also note the greater length of the subjects, and the increased fullness of the harmony, the latter being largely due to the frequent employment of "double stopping" in the part for the second violins.

We now arrive at the ninth sonata, in F major, *Allegro*, simple triple time, the most interesting as yet examined, it being the first to have a detailed date and place of composition—in Salzburg, April, 1776—and the first to have an organ part written out on two staves and possessing an indication of registration. This latter is "Copula allein," a direction for the use of an 8' stop, a Hohl-Flöte of large scale, "filling up," says Dr. Sawyer, "much in the way that the wood wind in an orchestra would support the strings." Or, as Professor Prout says, "the organ seems to be used to supply the place of the missing wind instruments, for the part is just such as might have been written for two oboes with occasional notes for the horns." This confirms our previously stated supposition, namely, that if Mozart did not intend his organ part to be a solo, he probably designed it to take the place of the wind or brass instruments which, on the particular occasion of performance, his little orchestra might lack. We further note, that in the sonata now under discussion, it is only the upper staff of the organ part that is really independent, the lower staff being common to the basses and organ, and marked *Organo e Basso*. This part, with its detached and repeated notes, is altogether orchestral in character. Possibly the organ was intended to sustain during these repetitions. If so, it would be but a further confirmation of our previously stated opinion, that the organ part frequently fulfilled the functions of the

absent wind instruments. We quote from the two measures preceding the coda to the end of the movement:

Ex. 10

The musical score for Ex. 10 is written for Violin I (V. I.), Violin II (V. II.), and Organ and Bass. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The score consists of two measures preceding the coda. The Organ and Bass part is divided into three sections: (a) melodic use of the organ replacing the flute, (b) sustaining of the wood wind, and (c) repeated bass above mentioned.

as this extract illustrates, at (a), the melodic use of the organ replacing the flute; at (b), the sustaining of the wood wind, and the repeated bass above mentioned, for which latter the organ would probably substitute a holding tonic in the lower octave; and the concluding measures, in which, at (c), the organ approximates to the parts usually written for wind and horns. Further reproductions, in the organ part, of characteristic flute and horn passages, are to be found in the episode and second subject, but we cannot afford space for their quotation. All we can do just here is to urge our readers to purchase the score and study it for themselves. The form is finely laid out, especially the development, in which sequence and canonical imitation joined to beautiful part-writing exhibit an almost perfect combination:

Ex. 11

Ex. II

Violini
& II.

Organo
Basso

p

p

f

Although bearing similar indications as to the time and place of composition, Dr. Sawyer considers that "in many respects No. 10, in D, forms a contrast to its predecessor." In key—D major—tempo *Allegro*, time-signature common, and in general brightness of character, this work closely resembles Nos. 4 and 5, but with an enormous advance as regards manner and matter, to say nothing of length. The scoring is, as in No. 9, for two violins and basses, with an organ part having an independent upper staff but sharing its lower staff with the orchestral basses, the whole being marked, as before, *Organo e Basso*. The form is still modern binary, the first subject "opening with a bold unison phrase on the tonic chord." After this the music assigned to the upper staff of the organ part doubles the violin in the octave above, almost exactly after the manner of the more acute wind instruments of the modern orchestra. The bass consists mostly of repeated notes which the organ could sustain if desired. The second subject commences with what Dr. Sawyer characterizes as "one of the most charming effects to be found in the sonatas." "The organ," he says, "like a horn, holds on to the dominant, E, the violins, *staccato*, giving out the elegant little second subject with its strange accented note on the second beat of the third measure, the whole passage being repeated," e.g.,

Ex. 12

Ex. 12

Violini & II.

Organo Basso

The score for Ex. 12 consists of two staves. The top staff is for Violini & II. and the bottom staff is for Organo Basso. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The Violini & II. part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The Organo Basso part begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a dynamic marking *p* (piano). The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

The development is chiefly founded upon a fragment, or figure, taken from the episode, treated imitatively between the first violins and basses, the second violins supplying a syncopated accompaniment while the organ contributes sustained harmonies in its treble octave. Tonally we pass through A, E and D minors, and work our way to D major over a dominant pedal assigned to the bass part and distinctly marked *Ped.*, thus constituting the first use of the organ pedal we have as yet discovered. The pitch of this note, AAA (in writing which the composer probably indicated the real sounds rather than the key played, although some English organs of this date had this key and others several degrees lower), shows the existence, on Mozart's organ, of a few pedal keys of little practical value except as holding notes. Above this pedal part of the music the upper organ staff is a reiteration of the chord of the dominant 7th, after the manner of the wood wind or horns:

Ex. 13

Violini I. & II.

Organo e Basso

P. *simile*

Ped.

This musical score for Example 13 consists of two staves. The upper staff, labeled 'Violini I. & II.', is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a melodic line starting with a piano (*P.*) dynamic and marked *simile*. The lower staff, labeled 'Organo e Basso', is in bass clef with the same key signature and features a dominant pedal point (A) sustained throughout the passage, indicated by a long horizontal line with a 'Ped.' marking below it. The organ part also includes a treble staff with sustained chords.

In the recapitulation only one feature calls for notice. This is a remarkable use of the organ which, by holding a dominant A in the tenor octave, replaces the horns; and does duty for the wood wind by sustaining the same dominant note in the middle and treble octaves:

Ex. 14

Organo Solo

This musical score for Example 14 shows the organ part in solo. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in the same key signature as Ex. 13. The organ sustains the dominant A note in the tenor octave, with the bass staff showing the pedal point and the treble staff showing the upper harmonies.

This passage is, really, Ex. 12 transposed into the tonic, so we have not quoted it *in extenso*. Dr. Sawyer describes it as "an early use of an inverted pedal"; but the note, strictly speaking, is not a dominant pedal, since, exclusive of passing-notes, there are no harmonies above it to which it is altogether foreign. It is, however, another confirmation, if such were needed, of Mozart's evident idea of using the organ as a substitute for the orchestral wind and brass. As a whole this sonata is, musically, the finest of the series, and the most interesting we have as yet discussed.

An unpublished sonata in C major, common time, *Allegro*, is said to date from this period. The next published work, No. 11, in G major, another *Allegro* in common time, was written at Salzburg during 1777. Here we seem to have taken what an Irishman once described as "a progression backwards." The organ part "has only a figured bass line, although the figuring is copious." But the form is well developed, and, as Dr. Sawyer again remarks, "from the fullness of the figured bass line, it is evident that the organ part, when performed, was far more full than the scanty organ parts of Sonatas 9 and 10 would lead one to suppose." With the exception of occasional *tasto solo* passages and rests, the organ appears to have been intended to play pretty fully throughout. In one place, however, at the close of the development, we have another specified use of the organ pedal which sustains the bass D for two entire measures, the double bass ceasing on the first beat of these two measures, the 'cello reiterating the dominant in the middle octave:

Ex. 15

Violini
I. & II.

Organo
e Basso

Ped.

It only remains to add that the bass throughout is quite orchestral in character; and, as such, needs modification to be really effective on the organ manuals, such modification being, as already remarked, in the direction of the substitution of sustained for repeated notes.

Another sonata credited to 1777 is No. 12, in C major, *Allegro*, common time. This is very interesting to us as being the first we have observed to contain parts for wind instruments (two oboes), for brass (two trumpets), and for percussion (kettledrums in C and G). The violin parts are fuller, more frequent use being made of double stopping; the form, although still modern binary, is considerably modified; while the organ part, although only a figured bass, sharing in a line marked *Violoncello, Organo, e Bassi* (? *Basso*), is very fully and carefully figured; in fact, the whole movement is more symphonic in character than any of its predecessors. Taking the form first, we are struck by the fact that the first twelve measures of the first subject are not recapitulated at all, their place being taken by a three-measure sequential section, overlapping in every fourth measure, and forming, with its repetitions, a real sequence modulating from C through F and G majors and A and D minors. Considerable freedom is also exhibited in the recapitulation of the second subject, while the development portion is replaced by a very short episode consisting of the sequential repetition, in C minor and major, of a six-measure phrase in D minor and major. Very probably the curtailments noticed were made in order not to exceed the time prescribed by Archbishop Hieronymus or Von Colloredo as proper for prayers and other performances. The organ part, though fully figured and frequently employed *tasto solo*, demands no special notice or quotation. To students acquainted with the earlier symphonies of Mozart the orchestral scoring will sound familiar. As such it should need no comment except to direct attention to the "Scotch snap" which concludes the second subject:

Ex. 16

Oboe

Violini I. & II.

Organo e Bassi

tasto solo

Sonata 13, again in C, *Allegro*, common time, probably composed in 1779 or 1780, is one of the three—Nos. 13, 14 and 15—

which were described by Otto Jahn as being "without a trace of ecclesiastical severity either in the technical construction or in the style." Perhaps so, but they make very pretty music notwithstanding; although, as Professor Prout says, they are "anything but what we are accustomed to consider sacred music." No. 13 is scored for two violins with an organ part written out on two staves, now for the first time quite independent of the orchestral basses. These latter instruments have a staff of their own, marked *Bassi soliti*, a term which might not inaptly be translated "business (or basses) as usual," i.e., the 'cellos and basses playing from the staff. The form is the usual orthodox binary, and we are at a loss to understand why Dr. Sawyer declares this movement to be "perhaps the least clear" of all that we have hitherto examined. This remark should surely have been applied to the preceding sonata. Dr. Sawyer further regards the third phrase of the movement as belonging to the first subject, whereas the first subject concludes with a full close at the end of the second four-measure phrase, the music immediately following constituting the episode. This is shown by difference of treatment as well as by repetition of the third phrase by the 'cellos and basses in the lower octave. Indeed, the only departure from orthodox form is that the development portion is superseded by an episode, which latter, as we shall see presently, atones in instrumentation for what it lacks in form.

What strikes us particularly in the organ part is the employment, almost for the first time, of four-part instead of three-part harmony; e.g., quoting from the first episode or bridge passage connecting the two subjects, we have:

Ex. 17

The musical notation for Ex. 17 consists of two systems. The top system is for Violini I. & II., written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a quarter note. The bottom system is for the Organo, written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) in the same key signature. It features a four-part harmonic setting with sustained chords and moving lines in both hands, including a prominent bass line in the lower register.

We have omitted the *bassi soliti*, as this part is similar to the organ bass. At the close of this "causeway" we have the note DD, specially marked *Pedale*, in the organ part. During the

second subject the organ again contributes four-part harmony, and, at the close of the exposition, the pedal is again prescribed, this time on bass G.

In the episode which we have already alluded to as taking the place of the usual development, we have this singularly interesting passage, involving suspensions, and further exhibiting the organ as a substitute for the wood wind:

Ex. 18

The musical score for Ex. 18 is written for four parts: Violin I (V. I.), Violin II (V. II.), Organ, and Basses (Bassi soliti). The music is in 2/4 time. The first system shows the initial entry of the organ and basses. The second system shows a more complex passage with crescendos and fortissimo dynamics.

Violin I (V. I.): Treble clef, 2/4 time. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and ties.

Violin II (V. II.): Treble clef, 2/4 time. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and ties.

Organ: Grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The organ part features sustained chords and moving lines, with some slurs and ties. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *f*.

Bassi soliti: Bass clef, 2/4 time. The bass line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and ties. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *f*.

As Dr. Sawyer says, "The sustained organ part, blending with the short, light phrases of the strings, forms an exquisite piece

of tone-colour." Attention should be given to the absence of any expression marks in the organ part. That particularly English invention, the Swell organ, the idea of the old English organ builder Abraham Jordan, in 1712, was not known in Germany until about fifty years ago. Hence the point of W. T. Best's allusion to the German organs of the '60s as "lifeless stacks of pipes." In the phrase following our quotation the organ is used *quasi corni* in a passage we regret we cannot quote. But, in the coda, not only is the organ employed as a substitute for the horns, but a peculiar feature of the notation of these instruments—the simultaneous employment of two clefs on one staff—is actually introduced:

Ex. 19

Ex. 19 is a musical score for five staves. The staves are labeled V. I., V. II., Organo, Ped., and Bassi soliti. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The organ part is written on a grand staff with a soprano and bass clef. The bass part is written on a single staff with a bass clef. The organ part is marked 'p' and the bass part is marked 'fp'. The organ part is written in a style that suggests it is being played on a Swell organ, with a 'p' marking indicating a soft dynamic. The bass part is marked 'fp' (fortissimo) and has a 'Ped.' marking below it, indicating a pedal point. The organ part is written in a style that suggests it is being played on a Swell organ, with a 'p' marking indicating a soft dynamic.

On three staves this would be perfectly intelligible, which is more than can be said concerning the second note in the second measure, which is, really, middle G, but might easily be mistaken for bass B.

The 14th sonata of the series, in the same key, *tempo* and time-signature as the preceding, was probably written at Salzburg, in 1779, where Mozart had arrived after an extended visit to Paris, during which visit his mother, who had accompanied him, died from an epileptic attack. He was now formally installed as official organist of the Cathedral. Hence, perhaps, the more important character of the remaining sonatas, in the opinion of

Professor Prout "by far the most important of the series." The one now under discussion is, really, a miniature symphony, being scored for two oboes, two trumpets, drums, first and second violins, organ and basses. The organ part is written out on two staves, independently of the basses, and exhibits no small amount of effect and originality. The movement, which Professor Prout declares to be "charming throughout" and "well worth reviving," makes considerable use of a figure familiar to us from the initial notes of the Jupiter Symphony, and is, as Köchel remarks, "the longest and most developed of all the organ movements." Yet the usual development portion is practically omitted, or curtailed to a single phrase or link of a few measures leading from the enunciation of the second subject to the recapitulation of the first, and merely modulating from the dominant to the tonic key.

The first subject, to quote Dr. Sawyer once more, "is one of those bold yet simple strains that Mozart so often made out of the tonic chord." In the second subject the organ dialogues with the wind, has several interesting *fortissimo* entries, and some separate pedal passages of importance. Occasionally it has a simplification of the string parts, e.g., firm octaves instead of broken; but the bass often shows that the composer's intention was for it to be played upon the manuals and not upon the pedal clavier. Indeed, the latter would have been impossible on Mozart's defective and inadequate pedal-board. We have often spoken of the probable intention, on the part of the composer, that the organ, when playing from the orchestral bass part, should simplify the passage by employing sustained instead of repeated notes. Here is a full and complete vindication of our views, a passage quoted from the second subject, and showing the organ and basses only:

Ex. 20

The musical score for Ex. 20 consists of three staves. The top staff is labeled 'Organo' and contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a series of sustained chords (triads) connected by a long horizontal line. The middle staff is labeled 'Bassi' and contains a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a series of repeated eighth notes, also connected by a long horizontal line. The bottom staff is a continuation of the 'Bassi' part, showing a more complex rhythmic pattern of repeated eighth notes.

Regarding the general effect of the whole movement, we agree with Dr. Sawyer that "as written with brass, strings, and organ" it "must be undoubtedly grand." What a pity we have no organist of note willing to introduce this sonata into church or concert use!

Our efforts are now rapidly drawing to a close. We have arrived at the last of the published sonatas—No. 15 in C major, *Allegro, alla breve* time, and dated Salzburg, March, 1780. This was probably the last organ piece Mozart ever wrote, with the exception of the already mentioned Fantasias for the mechanical organ. Certainly it was the last organ piece written for the odious Archbishop, whose service he quitted forever in 1781. Dr. Sawyer describes this work as, "from the organ point of view, undoubtedly the most interesting of the whole series"; while Professor Prout considers that, "as music, the piece is very pretty, but not great, and distinctly secular in style." However this may be, the organ part is certainly important because, although only accompanied by violins and basses, it is written out in full on two staves and has occasional solo passages. Köchel suggests that "probably Mozart wrote this sonata for himself." We think not, as in this case a mere figured bass would have sufficed. We consider it more probable that the composer intended it to be played by some friend or deputy. Hence the care bestowed upon the notation of the part itself. This latter is more pianistic than organlike and is, in parts and when used independently, an almost exact reproduction of the style of so many of Mozart's smaller pianoforte works. In the general form we notice the substitution of a short episode for the development, as well as the freedom of the recapitulation. The announcement of the first subject—first by the strings, the organ playing *tasto solo* with the basses, and then by the organ, the strings accompanying—reminds us of the concerto style. The fact that the orchestral bass part is figured, suggested to Professor Prout the idea that, in the *tutti* passages, the organ was employed to fill up the harmony. To us it prompts the query as to whether there might not have been the employment of two organs (which we know Mozart's church to have contained), one for the *obbligato* or solo part, and the other for the *ripieno* or filling up. The theme of the first subject is one of those flowing melodies in the production of which Mozart was unrivalled. Again we regret the impossibility of quotation and our having to rely upon description or suggestion rather than upon exemplification. In the second subject the organ is treated *quasi flauto*, the violins "playing to it in 3rds below":

Ex. 21

Violini I. & II.

Organo

Bassi

simile

This flute-like treatment is also adopted in the middle episode. In the coda we have a pause over a 6-4 chord. This again suggests the clavier concerto; and here, we venture to think, Mozart introduced—or caused to be introduced, if he did not play the part himself—a more or less elaborate *cadenza*. Only occasionally is the organ employed in full harmony. We quote from the recapitulation:

Ex. 22

Violini I. & II.

Organo

In the foregoing the basses play *col organo*.

Thus then the only works Mozart ever wrote for the church organ, and the only purely instrumental works for which he wrote an organ part. For these reasons alone these sonatas should be of interest to every musician. But there are other features in these compositions which should commend them to our acceptance. The originality, spontaneity, and personality of the composer are stamped upon every page. Further, the beauty of their form, the elegance of their general construction, the tunefulness of their melodies, the simplicity of their harmonies, and the smoothness of their part-progressions, to say nothing of the charm of their

orchestration, should be more than sufficient to arouse our interest even if these sonatas were some of many, instead of being, as they are, solitary examples of Mozart's writing for the church organ in combination with other instruments. And if these works are worthy specimens of Mozart's younger efforts in a certain style, something ought to be done to increase the knowledge of them, and deepen appreciation where knowledge already exists. The former, of course, can be obtained only by possession and study of the score, which, fortunately, is now so easily procurable. Then some effort should be made to perform these works, by no means a difficult task in these days, when every organist worthy of the name should be able to play, or at least to write out, a part from the figured bass, and when there are so many amateur violinists capable of giving, and willing to donate, their services to a performance for organ and strings. On the other hand we should imagine that there are many organists who, as Dr. Sawyer would say, "for a relief against the pure organ music, are glad for variety to combine other instruments with it." And failing the procuring of capable stringed instrumentalists, let the organist whose modesty permits him to imagine himself competent for such a task, himself arrange some of the sonatas for organ alone, as that prince of organ transcribers, the late Mr. W. T. Best, has done in the case of the Handelian concertos. The writer has been waiting for some such arrangement for years, and has delayed the production of this paper in the hope that such a volume would appear. Should it not do so shortly he will have to cast aside that distressing reticence from which he has so long and manifestly suffered and spring upon a long-suffering public an arrangement of his own. If any of our readers appreciate the magnitude of this misfortune we shall look to them to avert the catastrophe by forthwith committing to paper, and embalming in printers' ink, their own ideas of how Mozart's sonatas for organ and orchestra should be rendered available for a solo performance. There will be no more interested purchaser and peruser of the publication than the writer of this paper. Only we warn any one contemplating such a serious step that "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

But, seriously, the music of Mozart deserves more hearing in these days. It is essentially, and for the most part, the music of cheerfulness. We live in troubled times. To many life is dull, drab, and depressing. Like that of Biron, in Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost," the discourse of Mozart is "sweet and

voluble." There may be a doubt about its ecclesiastical fitness, but never a one concerning its beauty. Wherefore we can never play Mozart too much, because, as Algernon Sidney said exactly two centuries ago, "That is truly excellent which God has caused to shine with the glory of His own rays; wheresoever there is beauty I can never doubt of goodness."

THE SMALL COLLEGE AS A FACTOR IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF A MUSICAL NATION

By ARTHUR L. MANCHESTER

I

FALLOW GROUND

It has been said that we are in the midst of a period of musical reconstruction. The use of music during the war demonstrated its popular qualities and strengthened convictions regarding its social, spiritual and physical values. But opinions differ as to the definite musical influence of the outburst of song which marked the musical activities of the war period. Whatever views one may entertain regarding this point, it must be conceded that some degree of progress was certainly made; for the spontaneous mass-singing incited by this movement involved many groups of people who had never sung before, awakening in them a love for music-making whose influence as a factor in musical development cannot be otherwise than stimulating. However small the direct musical results accruing from this mass-singing may have been, this indirect benefit is significant, constituting an entering wedge for further advance and attracting attention to music as a forceful element in our national life.

The incitement to extraordinary effort, engendered by wartime activities, has now lost its initiatory power. We are settling back into former paths of routine. In this resumption of former habits of activity and thought there is great danger that the musical impetus gained be lost and the beginning so well made end in a return to earlier apathetic indifference. It is obvious that, if we would build upon the foundation of enthusiasm generated by these wartime activities, the spirit so aroused must be intensified and given a trend that will lead to a permanent musical uplift. There are at work agencies designed to accomplish these results. Music is receiving a measure of publicity that is astonishing to older members of the musical profession. The voluminous programs of community bureaus and women's clubs are stimulating the physical, mental and social reactions aroused

by the war. These things have a popular appeal and cultivate a field which no other agency can touch so well. They enlist entire communities in definite musical activities and keep alive, and increase, a love for actual music-making. But their power to develop the musical knowledge and deeper musical appreciation on which a music-loving nation must be founded is distinctly limited. Such knowledge and appreciation is the product of sound music education which can be attained only by means of processes of musical training similar to those employed in producing an intelligent citizenship. Just as the embryo citizen is taken in hand by the public schools and encouraged to continue his studies through the high school and college, securing a systematic and broadly conceived knowledge of history, mathematics, literature, science and other subjects which discipline his mind, broaden his outlook, and touch, as far as possible, every phase of his later life, so, also, should he be taught music. To become a music-loving and musically appreciative nation our people must know more of music than can be learned from the singing of popular songs and the comparatively superficial performances of bands and orchestras in the way possible in ordinary community activities. As a point of departure these things are commendable, but unless they are an incitation to a desire for a larger and more thorough acquaintance with the nature and possibilities of music they fall far short of the goal in developing a musical nation.

To give permanence to the interest they awake and to insure further progress they must be supplemented by such educational facilities as will afford widest opportunity for the acquirement of the necessary knowledge of music as a science and an art. Every possible medium should be organized and made readily available for the accomplishment of this purpose. There already exist in organized form facilities for developing a comprehensive system of popular music education which can utilize the greatest publicity music has ever known and crystallize the enthusiasm fostered by community bureaus and the activities of women's clubs. Among the most potential of these agencies are the many colleges, ideally located in every section of the country, if their relationship to the work of music education can be made so clear and their responsibility for its successful accomplishment be so strongly impressed upon them that they will make a conscientious effort to meet the obligation. Their effective participation in such a scheme of nation-wide music education, however, must be preceded by a pronounced change in

viewpoint and a more liberal conception of their functions as instruments for the dissemination of a comprehensive and practical knowledge of music. College authorities must come to a realization of the true educational and spiritual values of music as vital elements of a cultured and intelligently appreciative citizenship. This realization must be so emphatic that they will be eager to devise and promote methods by means of which these values will be made available for the people generally.

The time is ripe for an aggressive attempt to open the eyes of college authorities to a recognition of their opportunity and responsibility. Two pernicious beliefs, one held by educators, the other by musicians, which have been obstacles in the way of securing unprejudiced consideration for music as an element of popular education, have been shattered. No college man, who really seeks to know the truth, can continue to believe that the practice of music does not demand the exercise of brain power. Nor can the observant musician still claim that music conveys its message only to the limited number who possess exceptional musical talent. The developments of recent years have laid bare the utter falsity of these misconceptions of music.

II

THE COLLEGE AND MUSIC EDUCATION

The place in our educational system occupied by what is denominated the small college is well known. So fully recognized is it that its usefulness has been seriously impaired by a multiplication of institutions calling themselves colleges but inadequate in equipment and financial resources, and woefully deficient in ideals. More than a half-million young people enter these institutions each year. This half-million students live in an environment of miniature world activities and intense community interests. They become permeated by the college ideals. Their modes of thought are so colored by the college atmosphere that their outlook on life is materially changed. After one to six years of such experience they return to their respective communities carrying with them the viewpoint and methods of their alma mater. These they infuse into the life of their communities, touching many times their own number and extending the influence of the college far beyond its own narrow limits. The power of such an agency cannot be other than tremendous.

Practically all these colleges maintain departments which profess to give a complete education in music. Not more than twenty per cent. of this half-million student body are enrolled in the music departments of these institutions. The courses offered are prepared with the production of performers in view. They deal largely with the technical side of the work, leading to solo performance. A varying amount of instruction in theoretical subjects is included, but, in the majority of instances, nothing is offered that has for its purpose the education of the non-specializing music-lover. Thus the eighty per cent. of the half-million student body is untouched by the work of these departments. Beyond the giving of a few concerts, which the majority of them are unprepared to understand, much less appreciate, little or nothing is done to develop in them powers of true appreciation similar to those developed in literature. The educational value of the work done by the small percentage of college students who come under the direct influence of these music departments is questionable, for it is notorious that standards in these departments vary to such a degree that, as educational factors, they frequently are not only inefficient, but even positively harmful. Undoubtedly these institutions have exerted considerable influence on the music life of the country, but too often it has been baneful. As media for developing a truly musical nation they have signally failed. Here we have one of the most influential of all our educational agencies not only failing to measure up to its opportunities for promoting one of the most valuable of our civic assets, but, too generally, interposing itself as an obstacle in the way of true progress. Were the true functions of music education understood and emphasized in these institutions and the work in music so organized and directed as to present to the entire student body the essentials of music understanding and appreciation, this half-million students, thoroughly imbued with a love for music and well-trained in its practical expression, would return to their respective communities and, coming into intimate contact with many times their number, would spread a gospel of music appreciation that would leaven the whole national lump.

There is a reason for the failure of the small college to do for music what it is so effectively accomplishing in other educational fields. In view of the admitted value of music as a national asset and the earnest efforts now being made to extend its beneficent influence, it is important that the cause for this failure be discovered. The onus for it has been pretty generally laid upon the

musician. He has been accused of being egotistic, narrow-minded, lacking in breadth of culture and too indifferent to subjects and conditions outside his specialty. He has been condemned as having misconceived the purposes and processes of music education and for entering too soon upon specialization in his overweening desire to produce performers and professional musicians. He has been criticized for limiting the operations and possibilities of music education to the comparatively small number who display exceptional musical gifts. In fact, the indictment against him covers every count of the failure of the small colleges to meet their responsibilities as disseminators of music education. That there is truth in these criticisms may be admitted, but if the characteristics and attitude of college authorities and the members of the liberal arts faculties be subjected to a similar scrutiny, would they, who dominate college attitudes and methods, escape unscathed? Let us attempt such a scrutiny, not with a spirit of captious criticism, but in an effort to learn the truth concerning the conditions which control the work in music in by far the greater number of small colleges.

III

THE COLLEGE ATTITUDE TOWARD MUSIC

The attitude of college authorities toward the music department practically determines, at the outset, its educational policy. In the majority of such institutions the music department is considered to be the money-making branch of the college business economy and is organized and managed with that purpose in view. Its courses are arranged to attract students who will pay substantial fees, bringing in immediate financial returns. The members of the music faculty are engaged with this thought in mind and their box-office value is a predominant consideration governing their engagement. Anything in their professional equipment that lends itself to attractive advertising, not excluding any personal idiosyncrasies that may serve to increase the "pull" of this publicity, is an important item in their favor. Their ability to turn out performers, their own degree of specialization and their promise of attracting pupils who will increase the revenues of the department, to the enrichment of the college treasury, are more seriously estimated, and more publicly exploited, than is their possible possession of progressive educational ideals and their ability to put these ideals into practical application with

the student body as a whole. So pronounced is this commercial attitude that it is not unheard of for a conscientious and forward-looking instructor in the music department who strives to broaden the musical policy of his college at the risk of possible loss of immediate revenue to be rebuked by the college head, courteously, of course, but none the less decisively. This commercial attitude dictates the amount of work assigned to each instructor. Thirty to forty hours of actual lesson-giving a week is not an exceptional assignment. Such a schedule leaves neither time nor energy for self-culture or for contributions to the broader educational development of the department.

This commercial attitude is in strong contrast to the policy which obtains in the academic department of the same institution. Here it is expected that in working out higher educational ideals deficits may occur. Academic instructors are not supposed to pay their own salaries and provide a sizable surplus as well. They are limited in the number of hours of class-room work, conserving some of their time and energy for self-improvement. They are expected to continue their studies and collateral reading. They are encouraged to devote time and thought to the general educational activities of the institution and to do their part in stimulating cultural aspirations among the students. The attitude of the authorities here is truly educational. It recognizes possibilities beyond the routine of teaching and gives opportunity for their realization. Endowments are earnestly sought to cover deficits and supply means for extra-educational effort. The department carries on its work in an atmosphere of collaboration and mutual respect. From the stimulus of this atmosphere the members of the music faculty are excluded. Their subject too frequently is denied respectful consideration. It is classed among the educational superfluities, tolerated because there is a demand for it by those who are willing to pay generously to secure it. Instructors in music are not admitted to the faculty circle on a basis of educational equality. They are, perforce, made into specialists. Their department is a special one; it is a commercial, not an educational, proposition.

Yet when specialization is mentioned, it does not require much more than a scratching of the surface to discover that much of the criticism directed against musicians in this particular applies with equal force to their academic confrères. One of their own number has rather forcefully drawn attention to this fact in a recent issue of a leading magazine. Discussing "What do Teachers Know," he cites the procedure of the would-be *Ph.*

D. While the candidate for this degree is "boring, face down, into his problem, the world floats by in the clouds, and he is about as aware of its floating as a lamprey is aware of logarithmic functions." And, continues the writer, after investiture with the degree, he continues to develop his specialty still indifferent to the general subjects the ordinary man must know. So, it will be found, are many, very many, of those who are filling chairs in literature, history, science and languages in our colleges. Their lack of sympathy with any movement which does not have its inception in their own department, their sometimes arrogant assumption that the sum of all intellectual endeavor is to be found in the subject in which they are interested, and their inclination to insist that a very large part of the college course be devoted to their subject, strongly inclines the criticized musician to wish for the use of the deadly parallel column, the actual characteristics, ideals and demands of critic and criticized being clearly set forth for comparison.

The musician who has been stigmatized as narrow and wanting breadth of culture and has repeatedly been assured of the versatility of his academic colleague, is somewhat puzzled when he hears that colleague openly boast of his ignorance of music. In view of the fact that music is practically omnipresent and has long been a part of the curriculum of the institution of which that colleague is a faculty member, he cannot quite understand the academic ignorance of the most fundamental of the mental and spiritual reactions of the average mind to music. As regards the nature of music itself, its scientific and artistic principles, and the mental processes by means of which music becomes a vital part of one's intellectual and emotional nature, his liberal arts colleague cannot seem even to comprehend that such processes are possible. He finds him apparently impervious to all attempts to demonstrate the exact nature and educational possibilities of music, and as he struggles on in his efforts to overcome the handicaps under which music teaching in the college has labored, he cannot avoid becoming impressed by a conviction that his liberal arts colleagues are dominated either by prejudice or by so intense an inclination to a specialization of their own that they in no wise differ from those whom they so freely condemn. The musician's efforts to utilize academic means for developing the cultural aspects of music will be met with an indifference and lack of coöperation that decidedly limit their success. He is expected to show interest in the lectures and similar cultural activities of the academic department, but similar activities

projected by him will emphasize the academic indifference. Catholicity of taste is demanded of the musician, but, so far as it is to include music, it evidently is not expected of members of the liberal arts faculty.

The commercial attitude of college authorities and the indifferent and not infrequent hostile attitude of the liberal arts faculty sufficiently explain the failure of the small college to perform its true functions as a developer of a musical nation. Were this attitude one of cordial interest and hearty support, and the determination of the college to make of music the educational force it should be, made clear by the authorities, the musician would be compelled to rise to the situation. Those already anxious to do such work would increase and perfect their efforts, while those who, as yet, do not realize their mission as educators would be compelled to do so. These conditions, however, do not include all that must be overcome. A third, fully as disturbing, confronts the head of a college music department. A pedantic adherence to certain pedagogic formulæ, revealing itself in the emphasis placed on the letter of scholastic law at the expense of the true spirit of education which deals with the formation of character and the sharpening of one's outlook on life, prevents a just estimation of music as an instrumentality in the development of the understanding and intelligent critical power and as an element in the adjustment of college students to the environment of later life. The craze for the cramming of facts, for exact information, for what is called scholarship, has loaded the curricula of our colleges with subjects which are a waste of time so far as any help they bring to the later problems of living is concerned. Even in so important a subject as literature long hours are spent on phases which no stretch of imagination can connect with the future welfare of the student. One is strongly tempted to believe that many of these courses are included in order to afford the *Ph.D.* an opportunity to lecture on his specialty rather than to contribute to the humanistic development of the student. This pedantic tyranny is responsible for the action of a certain university in asking for the resignation of some of its instructors because they are not *Ph.D.'s*. Their work is satisfactory, their methods of teaching are not condemned, but they are to be discharged and *Ph.D.'s* employed in their stead, because of the pedantic worship of a degree that is a badge of extreme specialization. When such a policy dictates the action of college authorities and exact information is valued much more than intelligence and a humanistic attitude toward life

and its problems, the introduction into college methods of an educational use of music which emphasizes and practically applies its cultural values is a remote possibility.

IV

ADJUSTMENT NECESSARY

Surely, here is a situation calling for correction. If music be possessed of power to elevate society, to assist the people to adjust themselves to their environment and to reduce friction in their contact with the experiences which grow out of conditions under which their lives are spent, it should be given the fullest opportunity to exert such power. And if, for the development of this power, a knowledge of music beyond the superficial singing of popular songs and the playing of jazz by bands and orchestras is necessary, so potential an agency as the college should do its part to make education in music possible to all who desire it. No single educational agency outside the public schools exerts so powerful an influence on a larger proportion of the population than does the small college. Its contact with its clientèle is made when they are at an age when maturity, beginning to assert itself, strongly reinforces the impressionability of youth. If the conditions here described exist to any degree, they should be removed and the small college made to function properly as a medium for bringing music education to the masses of the people. Improvement in isolated instances—and there are institutions fulfilling their musical mission—will not remedy the evil; readjustment must be inaugurated and carried forward as a definite and encompassing educational movement.

The policy which converts the music department of a college into a purely commercial organization, minimizing its educational possibilities by making impossible the offering of courses that appeal to those who would know enough music to understand and appreciate it as they do literature, must give way to the truly educational ideals of the academic department. Its instructors must be engaged because of their ability to develop music-lovers rather than half-baked virtuosos. Without lowering the standard of their especial musical equipment these instructors should be selected with reference to their grasp of educational processes and their sympathy with the extension of the musical message to the student body as a whole. Considered to be an integral part of the college's educational facilities, such

financial endowment of the music department should be sought as will render it more independent of tuition fees. The atmosphere surrounding it must be such as to animate it with the same educational inspiration as dominates the academic department. Both should be held in equal respect because of their equally important contributions to a well-rounded life. The instructors in the music department must be given the same consideration as is accorded to their academic colleagues. Pedantry must retire before larger and truer conceptions of educational efficiency.

BACK TO DELIBES

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

I

I AM tired of the "Six." I am weary of Erik Satie. I am fed up with Malipiero. The music of Zoltan Kodaly has begun to pall on me. I have consigned all my Arnold Schönberg scores to the flames and I have tossed Alfredo Casella into the dustbin. I have presented such examples of the genius of Goossens as I possessed to my grocer's daughter, and my erstwhile copy of Lord Berners's *Three Little Funeral Marches* is now the property of the corner policeman. I am gorged with Ornstein and Prokofieff. De Falla and Stravinsky are anathema to me. Béla Bartók is a neo-zany: I am sick of Greek tunics and bare legs, satiated with Oriental dancing, Persian, Javanese, Chinese, and Polovtsian, surfeited with turkey trots, bunny hugs and fox trots, bored with tangos and maxixes, boleros and seguidillas, Argentine and Spanish dances of whatever nature. I have had my fill of "ball-room dancing," cakewalks, pigeon-wings, clogs, jazz, and hoe-downs. Terpsichore has been such a favorite of late, literary, pictorial, musical, and even social, that the classic jade has become inflatedly self-conscious, afflicted with a bad case of megalomania. Personally, I wave her away. There is, of course, a reason for this reaction, a cause for this new litany: in cleaning out an old music cabinet to-day, I stumbled upon the score of *Coppélia*, the distinguished, spiritual, singing, luminous, lively melodies of Delibes rang again in my ears, the eyes of my memory focussed on the fluffed tarlatan skirt, the suggestive fleshings terminating in the pointed toe, and, quite suddenly, all "modern" music assumed the quality of fustian.

"Every dance recalls love. Every ballet leaves us sighing with regret," writes André Suarès. "The soul, ravished for an instant, is not satisfied: it falls back into the milieu whither the spectacle has borne it, whither the music has carried it, inviting it to follow, but where the dance has not permitted it to remain. This mad Mænad becomes intoxicated in her own fashion; she burns only with the wine she drinks; she does not aspire to an internal intoxication, that which the vine of the heart opens to the spirit. She has no subjectivity; she is not meditative; she is wholly carnal and voluptuous; she is not even melancholy; her nature is light. Thus having humbly grasped the hand of music,

held music in her arms, the dance betrays the music. She asks music for his great heart, passionate and tender, of which she makes nothing. She does not even offer music her own heart in return, because she has none to give. Like youth, she can only bestow élan and caprice. What is she then, for art and the supreme desire of man, but the most charming body, even if she is bereft of soul?"

The classic costume, the tutu, serves to accentuate this fantastic external quality of the ballet. What fascinations of the imagination it immediately evokes, metamorphosing the woman into a dragon-fly, a great moth, a dancing flower, suggestive of nymphs and banshees and far-away, faded, immortal things! The fluffy skirts and the tight bodice emphasize the wasp waist, the frailty of the arms and legs. Sex is both concealed and awakened. The pointed toe gives the illusion to this mythological creature of an airy defiance of the laws of gravitation. She becomes, indeed, a beautiful insect, poised between heaven and earth. "The ballet," wrote Théophile Gautier in a happy phrase, "is music that one can see." He should have added, see in a dream, for surely, there is a sense of unreality about this art, created artificially and consciously by its devotees, which makes it, even through its very conventions and limitations, something curious and strange.

Turning the leaves of this faded score, I recall the names of dancers, some of them born and dead before Delibes's day: Maria Taglioni, with her wondrous glamour, Fanny Elssler, more piquant, Fanny Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, beloved of Gautier, Rita Sangalli, and Rosita Mauri, who forswore caviar because the Czar, at one of her representations, turned his eyes from the stage to converse with his companions. What pictures of pleasant periods are brought before the eyes of the mind by the very names of these ladies! And the names of these ladies and other lulling reveries are brought back to me by a glimpse of a tattered score by Léo Delibes.

The importance of Delibes, albeit he himself assuredly owed something to Auber and Offenbach, in the history of French music is not, perhaps, generally recognized. More frequently, probably, it is entirely ignored. It was a happy experience, therefore, to run into a review by Émile Vuillermoz, *à propos* of a recent Parisian revival of *Le Roi l'a dit*, in which he says:

Such works as *Le Roi l'a dit* and *Lakmé* have a considerable importance in our musical history. Delibes is the great forerunner of the "artist-writer" from which our modern school has evolved. It is he who has given to our musicians the taste to dispose the notes of a chord,

the timbre of an orchestration, the voices of an ensemble, with an attentive ingenuity which multiplies discoveries with each measure. His influence, and that of Édouard Lalo, have been decisive on the musicians of our time.

The other debt which music owes to Delibes is not owed exclusively by France; it is an international obligation. Before he began to compose his ballets, music for dancing, for the most part, consisted of tinkle-tinkle melodies with marked rhythm. Dancing in France, and often elsewhere (I am speaking, of course, only of the ballet), was not deeply expressive in its nature. Its spectators were satisfied with technical feats of virtuosity. Dancers were compared on their respective abilities to execute the entrechat and pirouette. Taglioni and Elssler, to be sure, transcended the technical limitations of their art, and evolved an imaginative and spirituelle contribution to the dance, which has been fully recorded in early nineteenth-century literature. But they accomplished this through their own personalities, aided by the mystical traditional costume, the garb of this new priesthood, which surrounded their movements with an element of fantasy. They were not assisted by the music to which they danced. For these sublime rites the simplest and most banal tunes sufficed. Nay, more, music with any true verve or character was repudiated as actually likely to have a detrimental value on the effect produced. It was Delibes, who revolutionized this silly idea of ballet music, introducing in his scores a symphonic element, a wealth of graceful melody, and a richness of harmonic fibre, based, it is safe to hazard, on a healthy distaste for routine. *Coppélia* and *Sylvia*, then, are the forerunners of such elaborate contemporary scores as Tchernepnin's *Narcisse*, Debussy's *Jeux*, Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloë*, Strauss's *The Legend of Joseph*, and Stravinsky's *Petrushka*. Beyond any manner of doubt, Delibes is the father of the modern ballet.

II

Clément-Philibert-Léo Delibes was born on February 21, 1836, at Saint-Germain-du-Val, a village situated in the Sarthe, near La Flèche. The death of his father having left the family without resources, his mother took him to Paris in 1848. He was admitted to the Conservatory, and at his first contest he won the second prize for solfège; the following year (1850) he won the first prize. During this period he was a choir boy at the Madeleine. He studied pianoforte with Le Coupey, organ with Benoist, harmony with Bazin, and advanced composition with

Adolphe Adam. In 1853, the latter used his influence to secure for his pupil a position as répétiteur at the Théâtre-Lyrique. He also became organist at St.-Pierre de Chaillot and elsewhere before his appointment at St.-Jean et St.-François, where he was organist from 1862 to 1871. This seems to have been a traditional occupation with French composers. César Franck, Charles-Marie Widor, and Camille Saint-Saëns were all organists in Paris churches.

Very early in his career, Delibes began to write for the theatre, modestly at first, operettas and opéras-bouffes, which have been forgotten. His first effort appears to have been *Deux sous de charbon*, produced at the Folies-Nouvelles in 1855. He wrote his operettas for the Folies-Nouvelles, the Kursaal d'Ems, the Bouffes-Parisiens, the Variétés, the Athénée: *Les deux vieilles gardes* (1856); *l'Omelette à la Follembûche* (1858); *Le Serpent à plumes* (1864); *l'Écossais de Chatou* (1869), etc. Two of his one-act light operas, *Maitre Griffard* (1857) and *Le Jardinier et son seigneur* (1863), were written for and produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique. He also composed several choruses and a mass. In 1863, he became répétiteur at the Opéra and, in 1865, second chorus-master, under Victor Massé. In 1865, also, his cantata, *Alger*, was performed.

Having been commissioned to compose a ballet, *La Source* (performed for the first time, November 12, 1866), in collaboration¹ with Minkus, the Polish musician, his music proved so melodious and so much more distinguished and original than that of his confrère, that Minkus found himself completely eclipsed, while Delibes was asked to write a number, *Le pas de fleurs*, to be interpolated in the revival of Adolphe Adam's ballet, *Le Corsaire*, on October 21, 1867. His masterpiece, *Coppélia*, was produced May 5, 1870. His principal songs appeared in 1872, the year of his marriage to a daughter of Mme. Denain, an actress of the Comédie Française. These include the famous *Les filles de Cadix* and *Bonjour, Suzon* (on poems by Alfred de Musset), *Avril* (Rémy Belleau), and *Myrto* (Armand Silvestre). *Le Roi l'a dit* was produced at the Opéra-Comique, May 24, 1873, and *Sylvia* at the Opéra, June 14, 1876. *La Mort d'Orphée*, a "grand scena," was performed at the Trocadéro concerts in 1878; *Jean de Nivelle* at the Opéra-Comique, March 8, 1880, and *Lakmé* at the Opéra-Comique, April 14, 1883. He wrote incidental music for a revival of *Le Roi s'amuse* at the Comédie Française, November 22, 1882, and a five-act opera, *Kassya*, on which Massenet

¹The second and third scenes, in this ballet in four scenes, are the work of Delibes.

put the finishing touches, including the composition of the recitatives, after the composer's death, was performed at the Opéra-Comique, March 21, 1893. For a time, under the name of Eloi Delbès, he wrote musical criticism for the Gaulois.

In 1877, Delibes was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. In January, 1881, he succeeded Henri Reber, who had just died, as professor of advanced composition at the Conservatory. In December, 1884, he was elected a member of the Institute, succeeding Victor Massé, and in 1889 he was promoted to the grade of officer of the Legion of Honor. He died at Paris, January 16, 1891, and a memoir by E. Guiraud was published in 1892.

III

His operas, constructed according to a formula that was once fashionable, have faded a little. *Lakmé*, with its bizarrely confused memories of Marie Van Zandt, Bessie Abbott, Luisa Tetrizzini, and Maria Barrientos, retains some vitality and is still in the repertory of the Paris Opéra-Comique. Occasionally, this lyric perversion of *Le Mariage de Loti* is given elsewhere so that some florid soprano may warble *The Bell-Song*. Pauline l'Allemand was the first New York Lakmé; Adelina Patti, the second. Delibes's music has the monotony and clotting languor of the East. After the first act, all souls who are sensitive to suggestion are likely to fall asleep. *Le Roi l'a dit* has historical importance. I have already quoted M. Vuillermoz in this regard. I heard *Jean de Nivelle* at the Gaieté-Lyrique fourteen or fifteen years ago when Arlette was sung by Nicot-Bilbaut-Vauchelet, the daughter of the singer who created this florid rôle in 1880. This Louis XI lyric drama is Delibes's contribution to Tannhäuserism. Russia, Germany, and France, all suffered from this quaint disease.

Saint-Saëns once remarked with contemptuous bitterness: "French criticism has not reproached Delibes with not being a melodist; he has made some operettas." But the gift of melody is rare and it is a gift which the gods bestowed on Delibes to the partial exclusion of Saint-Saëns. It is not in his operas that this gift may be studied to the best advantage, although neither *The Bell-Song* nor the *Barcarolle* in *Lakmé* may be slighted. But the best pages in this opera are the ballet music, the exotic Terâna, the Rektah, and the Persian dance, and it is in his music for the ballet that Delibes excelled and in which, as has already been intimated, he made certain innovations. Ballet music, heretofore,

had been subservient to the dancers and it was believed, it would seem (we may take *Giselle* for a typical example), that banality was essential to its success. Delibes's ballet music is piquant and picturesque, nervous and brilliant, shot with color and curious harmonic effects, subtle in rhythm, and, above all, his melody has a highly distinguished line. There is a symphonic texture.

Sylvia, ou la Nymphe de Diane, created by Rita Sangalli (who ten years later became the baronne de St.-Pierre) at the Paris Opéra, June 14, 1876, is an evocation to-day (it has recently been revived) of a period; it is Second Empire Greek, if you like, but the music remains as pimpant, as fascinatingly fresh as ever. A happy fragrance, a delightfully artificial, if somewhat heartless, charm hovers over this music. *Les Chasseresses*, the *Valse Lente*, the *Cortège de Bacchus*, all retain their peculiar seductions, and the pizzicati divertissement of the slave has achieved a world-fame. Delibes, aware of his limitations, or governed purely by his taste, deliberately excludes the barbaric and the savage from his work; everything is gracious and refined.

Coppélia, ou la fille aux yeux d'émail, is certainly his masterpiece. From the *Prélude* and the *Valse Lente*, to which the adorable Swanilda enters almost as soon as the curtain rises, through the *Czardas*, the *Mazurka*, on to the end of the work, it is a model of conciseness, witty music, and spirited and refined melody. There are, to be sure, sentimental passages, but on the whole, Delibes is less sentimental than Gounod. His tunes usually move at a brisk pace. They have all the lustre of a polka by Offenbach and something more in the way of glamour. Perusing this old score, I dream again of the languorous delights of the ballet, the *real* ballet, and for a moment, I am no modern. It has even occurred to me to wonder if any composer really gifted with the power of creating melody has ever found it necessary to try to create anything else.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS

By CARL ENGEL

PLEBEIAN wisdom has it that you catch more flies with sugar than with vinegar. For once then a miracle has happened. The announcement that another surly critic was to mount the dangerously overrun reviewing stand, has been as honey in the mouths of many publishers. My desk and the chairs surrounding it are covered high with books and music marked "For Review." To some of these is attached a neatly printed slip reading: "Please send two copies of the notice." I foresee disappointment, anger even, if the notice is not forthcoming, or if my innate sweetness is not always sufficient to prevent its having a slightly sourish aftertaste. Are we not creatures of sundry juices, among which verjuice has its part? And yet, I am naïve enough to confess that nothing would give me greater happiness than if I could dispense to every comer critical drops of hydromel and nectar. Were I a soda fountain, there still would be the lemon extract.

The art of flinging custard pies into unsuspecting faces is as much the underpaid critic's who disports himself in the papers, as it is the overpaid "actor's" who performs before a camera. Contemporary pie-flinging of the critical variety has never had great appeal for me. But let it have taken place, say, thirty or fifty years ago (especially if it missed the mark!), and it begins to have absorbing fascination. There is a harmless satisfaction in discovering the errors of our fathers. Emboldened, we proceed in our mistaken ways and express opinions of which we are not at all certain. We are precipitated into a mood of hostile suspicion, ready to challenge any and all who expose themselves to our critical searchlight. Criticism, in some instances, is nothing but jewelled prose, or a form of auto-intoxication. In others, it is a thinly veiled brief "pro domu." Too often it is pretty *bon-bons* and colored *jujubes*, so that one is filled with grateful admiration for the few grand figures who retain their independence and remain masters of the vitriolic style. Unworthy imitators resort to rude invective, unnecessary and unjust. But the general tendency is to write more for the effect on the reader than on the criticized, knowing full well that the latter has use only for praise.

The critic, first of all, is expected to write copy for the press agent or the publicity department. He is under the eye of the advertising manager. Next comes the critic as entertainer; he must carefully avoid being "esoteric," he should be "popularly educational," strictly refrain from talking the jargon of the craft or business he is criticizing, and above all be reasonably "smart." The circulation manager keeps a close watch on him. Last, and least appreciated, the critic who thinks it his job soberly to analyze a work or its performance and pronounce judgment to the best of his belief, or give advice according to his lights. Who, I ask, wants advice—unless it be synonymous with approval? If the journals correctly state that "Mme. B.'s intonation is insecure," or "The playing of Mr. H. is lacking in restraint," can you see "The World's Greatest Contralto" or "The Supreme Pianist of the Age" meekly go into retirement and correct their faults? The case is even more hopeless when we take a composition or a book that is finished and printed. Supposing the critic made some really pertinent suggestions that would improve the work, how are they to be utilized?



Had I chanced to see the song "Philomel" by Mr. Eugene Goossens before it left the press of Messrs. J. & W. Chester, Ltd., I believe that not my great and sincere respect for the composer's accomplishments would have stopped me from telling him that I thought his song restless in design, unequal in merit. It might have been an excellent song. To my mind the treatment of the prosody is bad; there are places where the rhythm and outline of the voice-part do violence to the cadence and emphasis of the words. That is a regrettable feature in any song, especially nowadays, when we are supposed to be more careful in such matters. What distinguished the first songs of Mr. John Alden Carpenter was the admirable handling of the prosody. He never quite matched that standard. Mr. Goossens' song is interesting and typical inasmuch as it permits a guess at the way so many composers go about writing a song. In the beginning was the accompaniment—or at least one of those pianistic patterns and harmonic progressions which are born of the fingers, not of the ear. Having stumbled upon it, found it to his liking, the composer adopts it as prop for a vocal phrase. But that phrase does not grow out of the metre or sentiment of the text, it is screwed

down, rigidly, upon the harmony and rhythm of the pianistic device. Some such procedure would explain Mr. Goossens' wrong accentuations, which not even quaint insouciance can excuse. Yet the very end of the song is poetic, delicate, and would have been unimpeachable save for the final high note, that sop to the singer who isn't a musician. "Philomel" and "Melancholy," two songs written by Mr. Goossens in January, 1921, may also be had with an accompaniment of string quartet. It is a pity that Mr. Goossens did not find something better for the line "Nothing's so dainty sweet," at the end of "Melancholy," than those cloying ninth-chords. They are not dainty sweet, but sticky. All of which Mr. Goossens has a perfect right to deny. The reviewer and critic may be ten times right; the only person who is really concerned in the matter, the reviewed and criticized, is apt to be the last to believe him. And he is only one against a fairly large number of readers to whom this fault-finding can be of no consequence whatsoever. Then why waste their time? Criticism *in camera*, before publication, is the kind which composers so sorely need. It is the kind that only broad-minded and sharp-witted brother artists can give to, and will accept from, each other. It is this criticism that makes the correspondence of certain masters more valuable than textbooks and rules. Everywhere mutual admiration clubs are springing up which are doing their reckless advertising without ascertaining, as is insisted upon in food products or any honest merchandise, that the goods are one hundred—or, well, ninety per cent pure.

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The texts of the two songs which I have just touched on are by English poets of the sixteenth century. Have you noticed how the "modern" composer is fond of taking a long leap backward for his poem? From Delius, Goossens, Peter Warlock down the whole list of contemporary British composers, there is hardly one who does not seek refuge, occasionally, from his own advanced position in a sort of "compromise modernity," apparently vouchsafed by the text. The reason, perhaps, is that the material of music has made so much quicker strides than has the manner of employing it. We use the last perfected appliance to spin the finest, softest yarn; but for the weaving of it we have not gone beyond the hand-loom. Undo the silken strands of Debussy, and the web resembles the mercerised products of Massenet.

Scratch the mottled gaudiness from Strauss, and you find the red lacquer of Wagner. Blow off the star-dust from Scriabin's phantasmagoria, and behold Chopin. This is no disparagement. In music the modernity of means does not clash with the antiquity of style. There are railway stations for which no more appropriate façade was found than that of a Greek temple. When the Germans, some twenty years ago, were in the finest frenzy of their "Sezession," composers suddenly remembered and ruthlessly raided that collection of old German poems known as "Des Knaben Wunderhorn." It became an epidemic. Mahler, Thuille, Pfitzner, *e tutti quanti*, had a go at the enchanted horn, just as the British composers to-day are ransacking the attic of English literature for the minor poets of the past. The revolutionaries Peri and Caccini thought they had pulled the curtain from the classic drama. It was Monteverdi who proved that the opened door led into a new chamber of music.



But I must not postpone any longer doing my duty, at least in a general way, by the publishers who have kindly sent me some of their issues. The perfunctory and arbitrary way in which I am forced to deal with them should discourage further shipments. I am quite confident that I shall be able, without their assistance, to keep an eye on what they are doing. For the present I am likely to see a good deal more than they may want me to see. I shall try to be discreet.

We have made not a little progress, in America, since the year 1764, when no less distinguished a person than Paul Revere, in Boston, engraved the music for "A Collection of the Best Psalm Tunes." In the preface of it the compiler and publisher, Josiah Flagg, wrote: "It is hoped, it will not diminish the Value of this Book, in the Estimation of any, but may in some Degree recommend it even to those who have no particular Relish for the Musick, that however we are obliged to the other Side of the Atlantick chiefly, for our Tunes, the Paper on which they are printed is the Manufacture of our own Country." We still make excellent paper. The stacks of music round me are proof incontrovertible. (*En parenthèse*—unless you have felt S. D. Warren's Cameo stock lap up the soft lead of your pencil, you know not what height voluptuousness can reach!) We are a little less dependent on importations from "the other Side of the Atlantick" for our

tunes. In fact, our tunes are getting to be almost as good as our paper.

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It is most gratifying to see that several American firms are bringing out fine, musicianly material for which the present state of our musical life will hardly encourage them to expect returns approaching even distantly the outlay they incurred on the engraving and printing. There are Messrs. J. Fischer Bros., New York, with a life-size piano concerto by Mr. Arthur Hinton, which is dedicated to the composer's wife, that sterling player Katherine Goodson. The tribute is appropriate, inevitable. But such dedications are sometimes prejudicial. I should not be surprised if the dedicatee (perfectly good, but horrible word) were the only one who took the trouble to learn Mr. Hinton's piece. All the more praise for Messrs. Fischer, to whom more thanks are due for printing Mr. Pietro A. Yon's Concerto Gregoriano for Organ and Orchestra. Our organ music and organists are becoming increasingly ambitious. The presence of such foreign artists as *maestro* Yon, and the visiting Bonnet and Dupré, have been of stimulating influence. Not only in the church, but here and there in moving picture theatres do you hear astonishingly clever playing. Messrs. Carl Fischer have recently issued an analytical catalogue which prescribes for all the woes of the "movie" musician and lists a formidable array of compositions, all of them labelled for their uses in connection with specific "situations." Over the loaves and fishes the publishers have not forgotten the linen and the plate. They are rendering conspicuous services to art, even to that bugbear of "sound investment": advanced art. Fifty years have just elapsed since the first music appeared with the Carl Fischer imprint, fifty years which testify to the industry, vision and character of the founder. One can but honor the idealistic convictions which move ahead of the times and give us Mr. Leo Ornstein's remarkable Sonatas, Mr. O. G. Sonneck's fine songs. Of Messrs. G. Schirmer one has a right to expect big things. It is comforting to see that their rush for the musical Klondyke was only temporary and did not weaken the main current of their traditional activities. Once upon a time the virtual head of their house was a certain Gustave Schirmer Jr., a man to whom music was a religion, not only a trade, a man who combined dignity with shrewdness, who could exploit an Ethelbert Nevin and befriend a Martin Loeffler. His

premature death remains an incalculable loss. It is not generally known that it was Gustave Schirmer who enthusiastically seconded Oscar Hammerstein's opera venture and insisted on taking the impresario, in Paris, to hear "*Pelléas et Mélisande*." When, after the first act, Oscar announced that he had enough and preferred to take the air on the boulevard, convinced that the thing would bore the American public, Gustave Schirmer made him sit through the whole performance. You know the rest. Schirmer and Hammerstein are dead. Mary Garden is still very much alive. "*Pelléas*" will probably outlive the three. But let us not forget to whom we, in America, owe our acquaintance with Debussy's opera and our own Mary. Messrs. Schirmer continue to give us Mr. Ernest Bloch's ripening works. The splendid Suite for Viola and Orchestra has been followed by the Violin Sonata in which young sap is mounting to the topmost branches of the tree of music, in which the grafting of new freedom on old restraint has produced flowers that for form and perfume have no equal. The work is dedicated to Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, the silver-tongued prophet of Bloch who has so brilliantly and sweepingly extolled him. I should like to write a study on "*Bloch and Blueberries*" (the title smacks of Honeker), mindful of a memorable walking trip, up Mount Monadnock, on which I went with friend Ernest; and I have an idea that in retracing our steps and conversations I could find much that would serve as a comparatively simple and primeval glossary to what is at a first glance so involved and obscure a manner of musical thought and speech. Yes, it is all as natural as lying at high noon with your back on a sun-baked rock, staring into the blue sky and bluer distance, pressing warm blueberries between your tongue and palate, and mulling over ancient cases of crabbed "*blues*," in the happy consciousness of momentary expansion, while your fingertips almost touch the little blue flower. Of course, that would be telling tales, not writing "critical appreciations."

It is fitting that Charles T. Griffes' slender but significant heritage should now be given to the world. The Piano Sonata is bold in conception, singularly clear and frugal in execution. It sounds like a challenge to fate. I remember how animatedly he discussed it when he lunched with me on his last visit to Boston to hear the Symphony Orchestra play his "*Pleasure Dome of Khubla Khan*." It was a Saturday; the Friday afternoon performance had highly pleased him. But he was ailing then. Hoarseness and a constant cough made talk difficult. After lunch I took him to a drug store and got him some lozenges. Not

he nor I thought it was to be our last meeting. Fate too eagerly accepted the challenge. But the name of Griffes is securely inscribed on the tablets of American music.

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The Ricordis find time to forget La Scala. They have gone beyond the plains of Lombardy and brought home, to publish very handsomely, Mr. H. Waldo Warner's String Quartet, Op. 15, and his Folk-song Phantasy for Strings, Op. 18. They could do no other than take "*The Trio*" of Mr. Warner (as it is announced), for which Mrs. F. S. Coolidge gave the composer her check for a thousand dollars. Mr. Warner has come into deserved prominence by his fluent writing as well as by his part in the London String Quartet. Britain may well be proud of him, his music is so British, in the best sense. No wonder London town waxed irate over Bloch's extraordinary string quartet and called it "ugly music." Messrs. Ricordi have gone again to England for Mr. Jos. Holbrook's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 59. Or did Mr. Holbrook go to Milan? The whimsical composer has given his concerto a title, "*The Grasshopper*." Now, I am rather fond of the little beasties. Last year, in Marblehead, I had four of them living with me. Their names were Eugene, Minerva, Pelag and Philip. They made their home, supposedly, on a flower-pot. But they roamed the chamber over. I had opportunity to study their sprightly nature. And only on the basis of knowledge thus gained, not on the unwarranted assumption that I know more about violin concerti than does Mr. Holbrook, am I inclined to question his success in portraying through tones and the antics of a solo fiddler the deep, though often abrupt, ways of my erstwhile companions.

Perhaps the most deserving of admiration, among all the music publishers of Europe to-day, is the "Universal Edition" in Vienna. If we, with our wealth of resources, pat ourselves on the back for publishing, now and again, a work of chamber music or an oratorio (generally a "prize" winner) which will be heard at least once in public, what are we to say of people who in the face of inconceivable hardships and despite every possible obstacle calmly go on issuing huge scores of Schönberg, operas of Schreker, and pantomimes of Bartók—not to mention a "Quarter-tone Quartet" by Haba? They are either heroes or fools. Director Emil Hertzka, the head of the concern, is almost a fanatic in his devotion to the cause of ultra-modern music. His fanaticism is

heroic, not foolish. The first startling piano compositions of Bartók, published in Budapest some ten or twelve years ago, contained hair-raising audacities. They antedate and beat anything the "Six" have done. Bartók's latest pantomime, "Der holzgeschnitzte Prinz" (The prince carved of wood), is not less daring; yet there is a careful avoidance of freakishness for the sake of "originality." Whatever the piano score can tell us of this music, its "harshnesses" have a way of impressing one with the rigorous logic that evolved them. The orchestration will do much to soften them; perhaps too much. There are tunes in this music, indisputable, naked—not merely motives or scraps of tunes. The nakedness of their appearance, uncovered by meretricious garments of musical "batik," should not be interpreted as meaning that the action requires them to be so by its own dishabille. On the contrary, nothing could be more from-the-heels-up-to-the-neck proper—I almost wrote silly. It seems the two sometimes go together. This rather foolish story (devised by the composer) is the only serious drawback that I can see. A princess who at first prefers the manikin prince to the one of flesh and blood; the fairy who sets the forest and the brooklet dancing; the prince who finally embraces the rueful princess after she has thrown away her crown and pulled the wig from her head—all this may be as deeply symbolical as it is grotesque. It served the composer in writing music that is expressive and pictorial, but I am afraid that it will not be an easy undertaking to put on any stage except the cubist one, on which nothing is impossible, without being necessarily beautiful or convincing. Like the music of most pantomimes, we shall probably meet it again, and very shortly, in the form of a concert suite. That is not a bad test. Let us hope that Mr. Bartók's music will soon be put to it by the enterprising Mr. Monteux, who has a healthy fondness for the ballet music of all nations and is endowed with sufficient imagination to make it effective in the concert-hall. I should like to hear, for instance, the prelude: an organ-point C of 70 measures (*Molto moderato*, $\frac{3}{4}$); during the first thirteen the chord of C-major is slowly built up; with the fourteenth measure a retrospective F# is added to the harmony, while the triad mounts to higher ranges. This mixture, pianissimo and tentative, grows slightly in loudness and assurance. The F# ascends with the chord. At the thirty-sixth measure, a fatidical Bb enters in the middle register the otherwise unchanged harmony. Pulled tautly in both directions, by the F# and Bb, this triad over C is momentarily restored to purity and relaxation, only to snap back the next instant into

tantalizing ambiguity. That is the impression I get. Throughout the score, polytonality rather than atonality prevails. And in reading this music perhaps not the least enjoyment is that derived from tracing everywhere the experienced musician who stands with both feet firmly planted on the ground of technical skill and surety.

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Pluckier still is Mr. Hertzka's venture of publishing Mr. Alois Haba's String Quartet, Op. 7, based "on the quarter-tone system"! Haba was born in 1893 at Wisowitz in Moravia. Military service took him to Vienna in 1918. He studied in Prague with Vítězslav Novák. In Vienna he joined the musicological seminary of Dr. Paumgartner, and was known as a modest, industrious student. His meeting with Franz Schreker became decisive. He made a new start. What he had written so far counted no longer. Accepted by Schreker as a pupil, he began anew with Op. 1. When Schreker went as director to the Hochschule in Berlin, Haba followed him as stipendiary of the Mendelssohn State Prize. He has published a Piano Sonata, an Overture for Orchestra; his String Quartet Op. 4 was played last year at the chamber music festival in Donaueschingen. And what is one to say of this quarter-tone quartet without having heard it? Quarter-tones in themselves have nothing frightening for me. Years ago, thanks to the courtesy of the late Mr. Gertz, I was able to experiment at the Mason & Hamlin warerooms in Cambridge with two pianos carefully tuned one quarter of a tone apart. Thus, between the two instruments, I had twenty-four tones to the octave. Two things these experiments taught me: first, that ravishing beauty of a new order slumbers in the scale of more than twelve notes; second, that the way to awaken it lies not along the roads which we have learned to travel in school. Convinced as I am of the sonorous possibilities that lurk in the quarter-tone scale, I joyously welcome Mr. Haba's initiative. I make not the slightest pretension to "hearing" all that I see on the printed page of this quartet. For the time being, my inner ear is slave to the tempered scale. But I recognize with disappointment that Mr. Haba's procedure is nothing but the walk along the old school path. The melodic contours are not newer because they are more chromatic. Some chords, in their truer intonation, will perhaps sound purer; others may surprise us by their novelty and charm; many, I fear, will sound just out of tune, which is

precisely what they are. Rhythmically, without doubt . . . melodically, in all likelihood . . . harmonically, to a great extent, this quartet is going to sound plain old-fashioned and not a whit different from a hundred quartets made in Germany within the last twenty years. The "thematic development" is there in all its dry and formidable cleverness. Frequent changes of time do not conceal the square-cut phrases. And to these reflexions I might add one more which so much of modern music suggests: I know a number of people—I am among them—who have seen the dogma of a religion crumble to pieces under the impact with modern life and science, and have attempted to fashion from the ruins new and practical tenets, without being able to rid themselves wholly of the inherited superstitions that survived from the wreck. It is the same with modern music. Age-worn harmonic creeds have failed us in the present hour. We are destroying them right and left. But we have not succeeded in ridding ourselves of atavistic superstitions that cling to the dogmas of music as they do to those of religion. Open any modern score, and you will be astonished to see on almost every page musical superstitions obstinately implanted and grinning at you with a sardonic smile. Most of our musical atheists, when cheering the devil, make from an old habit the sign of the cross.

With the advent of quarter-tones (preferably produced on a new keyboard instrument) we shall have to drop our superstitions if we want to get anywhere. We shall have to invent a new vocabulary, not to mention a new notation (Mr. Haba's, by the way, is quite simple and clear). Modern counterpoint will be as insufficient as is the *faux-bourdon* now. What a pity that by the time all these wonderful things are going to happen here below, I shall probably have long been mustered into the second basses of the Angelic Oratorio Society.

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While we are about this thrilling subject, let me call to your attention a little book by Mr. Willi Möllendorff (published by F. E. C. Leuckart, Leipzig, 1917). Its title is "*Musik mit Vierteltönen*," and it contains the sum of the author's experiences with the "bichromatic harmonium" of his own construction. The keyboard is ingeniously devised so that the span of an octave is the same as on our present piano. But beside the white and black keys, there are, on a level halfway between these two, additional brown keys for the quarter-tones. The necessary

space for them has been "borrowed" from their white or black neighbors. The ascending scale reads as follows:

c, high c, c#, high c#, d, high d, d#, high d#, e, high e, f, etc.

In descending we have:

f, low f, e, low e, eb, low eb, d, low d, db, low db, c.

The enharmonic nature of our present scale remains, of course, unchanged. Mr. Möllendorff gives extensive illustrations how to modulate from the old keys to the new ones. There is, for instance, the modulation from c to high c, a quarter-tone upward; or that from c to low ab, two and a quarter-tone down. These modulations are systematically carried out from c to all the other keys, high and low. But all of these modulations move in staid four-part harmony; none of them introduces a chord for which the rules of the figured bass have not a cipher, though the number of scale-degrees has grown. Where no "common tone" exists between two chords, contrary motion puts things aright. The only new progression is the step of a quarter-tone, up or down; no other intervals or skips are used in quarter-tone modifications. Obviously, this is only a beginning, and perhaps a wrong one. It is barnacled with superstitions. Mr. Möllendorff has written "Five Little Pieces, Op. 26," for his bichromatic harmonium. I do not know them. If they are anything like his modulations, I suspect that they are eminently prim and grimly dull. But that matters little. We are in a transitory stage; new tools have to be fashioned. Andreas Werckmeister had to precede Johann Sebastian Bach, in order to make possible the 48 Preludes and Fugues. Ours is the Werckmeister period, and perhaps we are not even as far as that.

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The history of musical instruments, of their development and perfection, is graphically and instructively told in a beautiful volume recently published by Anton Schroll & Co., in Vienna. It is "Die Sammlung alter Musikinstrumente des kunsthistorischen Museums in Wien," with explanatory notes by Julius Schlosser. The illustrations are superb. Instrument-making would seem a lost art. Nothing could offer better proof than these treasures in the Viennese collection. Drab as our modern dress, so are the instruments of to-day compared with the artistry and craftsmanship displayed by the ancient and medieval masters of the

Orient and Occident. This book will set you dreaming. As you turn its pages, civilizations and dynasties pass your eye, from their dawning to their downing. How passionate the love for music must have been in those who so tenderly decorated the objects that produced it, until the outward appearance of the instruments was in keeping with the beauty they encompassed. Nor are freaks missing in this company. There are curious automata of the late sixteenth century; the glass harmonica of Archduke Ferdinand; the tortoise-shell violin of Empress Maria Theresa (the work of Kowansky, in 1749); a marble violin wrought by Cesarini of Carrara, in 1687; Tieffenbrucker's Lira da gamba of 1590; a Padovan cittern, ancestor of the mandolin and favorite instrument of amorous serenaders; the magnificent cither of Ferdinand of Tyrol, made in Brescia, ca. 1570. What would we not give for gramophone records of the music that once poured from these precious shapes, forever silenced!

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Let us not wax sentimental over immortal strains that are dead, when we may grow passionate over moribund composers who are proclaimed immortal. One of them, Mr. Erik Satie, has suddenly been hoisted to the eminence of a precursor. Having toiled long and patiently, and rather futilely withal, he has been posthumously discovered. I say posthumously, for that charming and indefatigable *farceur*, if not dead and buried, is leisurely dangling one foot in the grave. Let him continue in this position and go no farther; we all wish him many more years in which to enjoy what pleasures life may be able to afford so hardened a scoffer. His music, bare as a gnawed bone, seems to be picked from the excavation into which he is preparing definitely to retire, with the pretext that these fragments of worm-eaten cartilage are so many pieces of rare wrought ivory. This hoax is entertaining for a little while. Manufactured wholesale and without respite, it becomes tedious. It was all very well ten or fifteen years ago when each of us for himself discovered Satie. I remember what fun I had on seeing for the first time the "Véritables Préludes flasques pour un chien" or the "Embryons desséchés." They had at least the merit of being unlike anything else in music. That was before there began to be so many of them, all more or less alike, that the element of amusing surprise—which was their saving grace—existed no longer. Occasionally, as in the "Sonneries de la Rose+Croix," there were striking bits

of originality which made a noise like the famous blind hen under happy circumstances. Generally speaking, the music did not keep what the running comment and the often witty expression-marks promised. Still, it was all very interesting as—well, as a “human document,” although that is a weighty term to tag such slender stuff with. One spoke of Satie then as one does of certain naughty Japanese prints which are indispensable to the adornment of every well and stylishly equipped *garçonnière* in Paris. Now, when the painters tried to label some of Whistler’s antecessors, they had no difficulty in pasting the ticket on Hokusai, Hiroshige and the rest. It did not occur to them to hold up the lively caricatures which Japan provides so artistically for its *vieux marcheurs*. However, Satie’s musical caricatures are all of a sudden proclaimed the forerunners of Debussy and the (temporarily) *jeune école*! What nonsense. The fact that young Debussy once orchestrated two little piano pieces of Satie’s proves only how unlikely it was that anything odd could escape the scent of the future discoverer of Debussyism. We do not hear that he made it a practice to provide orchestral raiment for any of the later skeletons which Satie added to his gallery of grotesques. Some years ago at a concert in Boston, Mr. George Copeland played with exquisite perverseness a “Gnossienne” of Satie’s. The audience—at least the feminine part of it—uttered at the close of the piece one of those unanimous sobs of suppressed and wicked delight, while the masculine contingent clapped approval in a most unbecomingly aggressive fashion. Right they were: the piece was delightful, delightfully played. But they sobbed too deep and clapped too loud. Mr. Copeland, soft-hearted and misguided, repeated the number. The result was disaster. Never did anything sound so flat as this *jeu d’esprit* twice told. The audience felt it and was ashamed. Not more than the polite tapping of a few fingers. There was a lesson to be learned. You can repeat Debussy’s “La Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune”; you cannot do the same with Satie perpetrating what amounts to a graceful or biting joke, as the case may be. Music has no caricaturists in the Japanese manner; it has no jovial Cruikshank or grand and bestial Rops. The reason is probably that it never, or at least seldom, occurs to a musician to turn caricaturist unless every other mode of expression fails him and his craft is insufficient to attempt the serious. But those Nipponese who could be so charmingly profligate were consummate artists, first and last; Cruikshank was a master draughtsman, Rops a genius of the brush and burin. Satie knows a *métier*, but

his trade avails him little. Perhaps his philosophy scorns beauty, despises music. He dreams of an Aristophanic world, and finding his tools unequal to the task of perpetuating in classic satire the dream that obsesses him, he sticks out his musical tongue, thumbs his musical nose, and unwittingly sets a fashion for musical ill-breeding. All of it was of no account so long as Satie was left in the contemplation of his own umbilical centrality. But he has been rudely dragged from his joss-house, has been violently seized upon and set up in the rays of calcium which must do while his supporters are casting lots who shall be the messiah to follow the prophet and shed the rays of a new sun upon us all. Satie, the play-boy of the musical world, in his old age is crowned with a pseudo-academic halo. For the development of music it has about the same significance as had the canonization of Gauguin by the futurist painters. Both, Satie and Gauguin, were unearthed for the multitude long after "the few" had enjoyed them and laid them aside, *post festum* as it were, for genealogical reasons.

The satirist by profession flourishes most and is of greatest need in times of decadence. Greece and Rome knew him. The middle ages had their Brants and Aretinos. Why are they generally bearded? Their hirsute appendage may lend them dignity, but their pose of public castigator soon gets tiresome. Even Shaw, who stands high above Satie, makes you laugh until you yawn. Our musical Shawlets exert their soporific spell after brief acquaintance. To write little scraps of music in the manner of Henri Herz and Kalkbrenner is merely to remind us that anything which is device is fixed and stationary. Bungling and virtuosity are invariants. Only talent knows degrees. Mid-victorianism is another word for eternity. The "anti-macassar" and the fig-leaf, protective devices both, are cousins germane. In imitating a composer you may copy his devices and never catch his spirit. Yet, a caricature above all else must breathe the spirit, in emphasized characteristics, of the model. Where is the fun in "Les cinq folies de Bétové," which no one but Satie could have written? Or has someone begun to parody the parodies of Erik? To end a piece with the scale of C major and mark it "jouer bête" is not humorous for the simple reason that it is "bête" to begin with and could not possibly be played in any other way. The titles of these five "folies"—and you can blame them for this whole long tirade—are "Le canard aux navets," "Filles du Calvaire-les Ternes," "Poisson d'Avril," "L'Ascenseur," and "Lampion." None of them is longer than two pages.

The programmatic explanations explain only one thing, and that concerns the author, but it may not be polite to reflect on it. All five are dedicated to the late Henry Bataille. It is to be hoped that they cheered his last hour, unless it must be feared that they hastened his demise. Perhaps I am an incorrigible dullard, but I am ready to injure my digestive organs by inflicting on them my oldest headgear, if there is anything funny or improving in the folly of Monsieur Bétové. Hold on!—there is after all one note of humor, and that is provided by the publisher (Francis Salabert, Paris), who has taken good care to obtain copyright protection for the whole of our terrestrial and aqueous globe, "including Argentina and Uruguay." How it must vex the pirate publishers of Patagonia.

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Arthur Honegger, by implication or elimination, is regarded as the most talented of the quondam "Six." He is writing a good deal; more, in fact, than one can keep track of. He is not intoxicated with the fumes of cacophony unrelieved. Perhaps that has earned him the reputation of the greater gift. If he is the genius we want him to be, let us all pray that he may soon overcome his shyness and use his learning in the attempt of more daring feats. His "Pastorale d'été" (1921) for orchestra is lovely music, even too lovely in absorbed or inherited euphony. Such careful walking, such deliberate stepping is there in this atmospheric, lusciously tepid pastorale. Our old friend the *basso ostinato* (where would our radicals, liberals and conservatives be without it!), the patient organ-point, the sour-sweet progressions of fifths and fourths, a little counterpoint (for the looks of it rather than for the sound), and the irrepressible "thème populaire"—all are there, so many superstitions, so many stones on which to set a feeble foot.

At any rate, M. Darius Milhaud with his "Caramel mou, Shimmy pour Jazz-band (clarinette, trombone, trompette, jazz, chant ou saxophone ou violon à défaut, et piano)," is out for something new and vital, for folk-music in the making, not for museum pieces and ancient parlor tricks. A young Italian, Ezio Carabella, marks his "La morte profumata" for piano "Quasi fox-trot." Felix Petyrek's piano trio contains a "Rondo di Fox-trot." Mr. Casella has included a fox-trot movement in a string quartet, if I am not mistaken. I only know the first two of these four pieces *in modo Americano*, and I must confess that they do

not throw me into ecstasies. But it is good to see Jazz recognized in Europe as something more than the barbarisms committed in its name, while we who should be proud of having originated it, let misanthropic joy-killers spoil our party. "O Freunde, nicht diese Töne"—I am heartily in favor of abolishing the racket and din of the infuriated trap-man, the silly wriggling of neurotic simps. But save and cherish Jazz for what is best in it. I had a strenuous time defending good Jazz before the National Conference of Music Supervisors in Nashville, last March. What opprobrium was not heaped on me for my audacity by indignant upholders of Puritanic sanctimony. Yet I know better. I smoothed the wrinkles on some of the prettiest foreheads in the assembly, banished the fear of hell from out some of the best and gentlest hearts that I could almost hear beating with glad excitement as I followed my anathema of lewd and noisy revels with an impassioned, forensic plea for good Jazz. Go and hear the Victor record of "When Buddah smiles," and tell me where in the world to-day better dance music is written than right here in America. No official veto will keep the world from dancing. There have been edicts against terpsichorean indulgence at all times, in all places. Nor was the cause for them always so just as that which melomaniac King David would have offered.

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The music supervisors and teachers are all self-appointed apostles of musical righteousness. But do they all know a bad tune when they hear it? Their strong card is musical appreciation. Their intentions are admirable. That their methods are often questionable is due to lack of experience and good taste. They share those short-comings with other and equally doctrinal people. That they should proceed to teach musical appreciation, and prove so unappreciative of what is most directly affecting their pupils—popular music—is not so easily forgiven. Why not begin musical appreciation at the beginning? Why not show the children the difference between a good and a bad popular tune? The children have to live with popular music as they must live with magazine literature and chromo-lithographic calendars. But there are magazines and magazines, as there are calendars and calendars. Chances are that the better ones will give the children, for the time being, actually more than would "Paradise Lost" or the "Disputation." And so a good popular tune, full-blooded and immediate, must mean more to them than a bloodless and

dissected Song without Words of Mendelssohn or an Impromptu of Schubert preserved and presented in the medicated alcohol of magisterial distillation.

Speaking of "Musical Appreciation," there is Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason's recently published volume "Music as a Humanity, and Other Essays" (H. W. Gray Co., N. Y., 1921), which contains varied and readable material, reprinted from sundry periodicals "with but slight changes." It is commendable that among these changes there should be certain excisions from Mr. Mason's report on the Berkshire Music Festival of 1920, as originally printed in *The New Music Review*, where his incomprehension of Mr. Carlos Salzedo's art and aims was expressed in really too crude and vicious a manner. *Politesse avant tout.*

Messrs. Gray are the agents in America for Mr. Emile Jaques-Dalcroze's books on Eurhythmics. I well remember the short, jovial, agile man when I met him in my student days in Strasbourg. I tried to get a little orchestral routine by occasionally fiddling in the theatre pit. Thus I had the advantage of hearing Dalcroze's opera "Sancho Pansa," and the pleasure of counting rests in all sorts of metrical combinations. Perhaps I am rather grateful that my childhood fell into a time before eurhythmic evolutions, attended by callous feet, became compulsory. When Isadora Duncan, after one of her performances at Munich in 1904, bare-legged and red-toed, responded to the plaudits with a little speech and expressed the hope of seeing the day when we should all dance garbed as she was, I took a frightened look at that Bajuvarian audience and fervently prayed to Heaven never to let that day break while I lived. Heaven, so far, has been with me.

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I note the name of a new Japanese composer, Yoshii Tanimura, who is advertising his wares in French and English musical journals, informing prospective buyers that his music may be obtained from him directly at "Nakashinden, Koshikiwa, Taishamura, Mukogun, Hyogoken, Japan." Is it an address or an itinerary? While we are trying our utmost to add eastern clangor to our music, exotic color, these Orientals cast away their birth-right for a pot of diatonic porridge.—Among Malipiero's recent works are three pieces for the piano, entitled "Omaggi"—homages paid, respectively, to a parrot, an elephant, and an idiot. Are we returning to symbolism, and are these pieces inscribed to the performer, the audience, and the critic?—In Wiesbaden, last

year, the French High Commissariat organized a series of concerts, at one of which a "Sonata" for piano, flute, oboe and clarinet by Darius Milhaud received its first performance. The composer was "at the piano." The program of the only orchestral concert consisted of compositions by Ch. M. Widor. The composer was "at the bâton." Thus the victorious French are endeavoring to ingratiate themselves with the vanquished.—Egon Wellesz, pupil and biographer of Schoenberg, has written an opera to a text by Jacob Wassermann, author of many books, one of which, "Christian Wahnschaffe," has been translated into English under the title "The World's Illusion." Wassermann is among the strongest personalities in modern German literature. Wellesz belongs to the most talented of the young Viennese set. The name of the opera is "The Princess Ginnara." It is said to be a fantastic, mystical play, far removed from the common run of opera libretti. The first performance of it at Hanover, last year, was the occasion of heated controversies. The music, we are told, has returned to ideals which, in antiquity, it possessed to the highest degree, and which Gluck, Beethoven and Wagner, in turn, had to reconquer for it every time they were lost in the opera's attempt to be merely an entertainment. This leaves Debussy's kinship to Monteverdi out of the reckoning.—There are most laudable efforts made to acquaint us with curious innovators. "The International Composers' Guild" aims to keep us abreast with musical pioneers the world over. The three concerts of this association, last Spring, introduced to New York works by Edgar Varèse (the guiding spirit of the enterprise), Malipiero, Pizzetti, Louis Gruenberg, Carlos Salzedo, Honegger, Goossens, Emerson Whithorne, Kodaly, Kramer, Stravinsky, Satie, Poulenc, Acario Cotapos, Bernard van Dieren, Nicholas Myaskowsky . . . too many to name them all. "A good time was enjoyed by everybody."—Was it as a national protest against the international gentlemen that the "American Composers' Guild" was formed?¹ Its first program listed compositions by Miss Bauer, Messrs. Stoessel, Jacobi, Loeffler, Harmati, Gruenberg, Haubiel and Kramer. There were also, at the end, Messrs. Deems Taylor and Harold Morris. And one asks again "What's in a name?"—Josef Rosenstock and Ernst Kreneck are frequently mentioned in accounts from Vienna, always with significant praise. The music of the first is still unknown to me; of Kreneck

¹Hardly, inasmuch as several of the composer-members belong to both societies. Mr. Engel does not mention that his name appeared on the programs of the I. C. G.—Ed.

I have seen only one song, "Im Spiegel," written in 1921. I find it silly, drooling. The harmony of dissonance is an art, not a game of chance. Give me strident discord that hurts and bites; give me the caressing beat of a faint "rub" in over-close or over-distant registers. Irritate, startle or bewitch—but do not bore me. When the history of this transitional period is written, will the historian dwell on the rôle played by the *basso ostinato*? An effective device, at times, it begets laziness, or is the staff for groping, lame advance. Take almost any piece of doubtful merit, written within the last five years, and the repeated bass, or stenciled rhythm, invariably points to evidences of inventive poverty. It is not the kind of repetition that we meet with in the Meistersinger or in Tristan, in Debussy or Ravel. It is something either lifeless to begin with, or it is done to death. Do you find charm in the 5th Impromptu for the piano by Francis Poulenc? *Désinvolture*—easy and graceful manner, as the dictionary circumscribes it—was a quality in which French composers long surpassed all others. It still forms, perhaps, an important part in the making of music. But it is becoming rarer, or is wilfully ignored. Learned pens are lauding the rugged style, the uncompromising counterpoint that is taking its place. But some of these modern methods are as ancient as Jubal.



It is difficult, in a summary review, to do justice to a book which has been issued recently by Félix Alcan in Paris, publishers of many notable works on science in general, and on scientific aspects of music in particular. The title is "La Musique et la Vie Intérieure"; the sub-title explains that it is to be an attempt at a Psychological History of Musical Art. Lucien Bourguès and Alexandre Denéréaz are the authors. A short preface, laying down aim and method, informs us that the book is the result of experiment and interchange of views carried on by both gentlemen; but M. Denéréaz, alone, is responsible for all that pertains to musical harmony and harmonic analysis. The book was ready for the press in 1914 when the war intervened. There are 572 pages of text, in-quarto. The musical examples reach the number of 983. Charts and diagrams abound; not of the least interest are the various plans by which the authors try to demonstrate graphically the filiation of the leading composers within the span of the last three centuries, showing the convergent musical thought

crystallized in the style of each master, and the lineal descendants that have, in some measure, absorbed that peculiar crystallization.

The book is truly stupendous, as much for the learning that it reveals, as for the stimulating theories that it develops. It is a book for which we have been waiting. Things that we have felt, intuitively, are here expressed in a manner which must carry conviction or set us thinking. It is written lucidly, often attaining to a level of fine animation and noble expressiveness. At times—as in the closing pages—there is poetic fervor. While it is not overladen with technical cant, it is no book that will prove readable to him who has merely a smattering of the French language. The authors have much to say that is new and always say it eloquently. And how could it be otherwise; it is difficult to see how any one writing on a subject such as music, could succeed in being dull. Yet it has been done. Cheap “ravings” and sloppy effluence are equally fulsome. No one, taking up this stout volume, need have any fear of either; nor should the apparent profuseness scare him away. In reality, each subject is treated with utmost compression.

It is the first part of the book, dealing with the “psychological preliminaries,” that is most drastically novel in its conceptions. The authors base all their investigations on what they call Bain’s old law of diffusion: “Every time that any impression is accompanied by consciousness, the stimulated currents have a tendency to spread through the entire brain, and to communicate their movement to all the organs, including the viscera.” For such currents, or nervous impetus, the authors have adopted the term “*dynamogénie*,” which means, etymologically, the creation or acquisition of force. The whole organism is concerned in all emotional or intellectual experience. Within certain limits, “pleasure is nothing else than the consciousness of a dynamogenesis.” Every piece of music determines in the organism of the listener a compound dynamogenetic rhythm, each instant of which is the total of all dynamogenetic factors, such as tonal intensity, pitch, duration, mode of sounding, tonal color, simultaneously combined and reacting in their succession. The authors lay great stress on the fact that no human being can escape these “visceral effects” or reactions of music. To experience them one need not be musically endowed or intellectually cultured; it suffices to have entrails in our belly. The greatest composers are those who, by strong dynamogenetic contrasts, have been able to touch most deeply this “soul of our entrails.” And for example the authors boldly cite Ludwig van Beethoven. The

physical reactions to music are varied; we are just beginning to grasp their meaning. Many of us have learned to associate certain physical experiences with different types of music. There are chords that we feel and hear, not with our ears, but with our spine. Certain tone combinations make us close instinctively our eyes, their effect is so blinding. There are, in modern music, soft and subtle discords—not the laborious sprawling over the whole gamut—that produce a momentary, but sharply felt, pressure in the ear. This sensation of passing “stuffedness” is one of the pleasantest reactions I know. It is not proper only to music of our day. Wagner and Couperin have moments when they achieve as much. But I must tell you of the book in hand, not about personal idiosyncrasies.

What we have fondly believed and bravely maintained, the supremacy of music among the arts, is here again enunciated and proved by facts. Walter Pater vaguely sensed it. These Frenchmen definitely say: “Tones are irreducible to the qualities with which consciousness invests the perception of our other senses, such as colors, forms, odors, tastes.—Because of the fact that music addresses itself directly to the physical being, to our organism (without necessarily passing through, or appealing to, our intelligence) and because the psychological effects are nothing but reflections of physiological effects, music holds a profounder sway over us than any other art.—Music, without words, is absolutely unable (outside of musical signals or imitative noises) to express even the simplest event, for the very good reason that it is an event in itself, a motor-complex, consisting of undulatory movements of the atmosphere.—The listener may, in hearing a piece of music, ‘feel over again’ what the composer felt, but he cannot ‘think over again’ in any way the composer’s thoughts. A ‘program’ may at best lead the listener’s mind along a more or less parallel line, ‘canalized’ for his benefit.”

After going at some length into the matter of overtones, fusion (as first propounded by Stumpf), tetrachords, etc., the actual history of music begins, dealing first with the Orient, ancient Greece and Rome. A second division is devoted to “The Musical Spirit of the Middle Ages,” laying emphasis on the development of harmony, tonal sense, counterpoint and tonality. These chapters are obviously of a general character. With the third division, “Music during the Renaissance,” the art takes on more individualistic traits. Excellent are the paragraphs devoted to Monteverdi, to “dissonance,” and the tritone. This whole section is rich in sensitive analysis and intuition. “Music of the

Eighteenth Century" takes in Rameau, Handel, Bach, and Gluck. Incidentally, an important and helpful study is made of "the tempered scale" and of the beginnings in modern chromatic and enharmonic feeling. Through the remainder of the book, the leading figures of the classical period, of the nineteenth century, and such moderns as Richard Strauss and Debussy, are dealt with. Noteworthy are the remarks, interspersed in the chapters devoted to Weber, on "picturesqueness" in music; on "harmonic atmosphere" in Schubert; on the "geste romantique" in Berlioz. "Le luxe sonore," the craving of the ear for ever fresher excitation, receives a separate inquiry. With Liszt and Wagner the psychologists reach their most interesting "cases." Modern mentality, modern morbidness find their echoes in France, in Germany and in Russia. Franck yields searching observations on chromaticism and "seraphism." Brahms on "pesanteur" (heaviness), Tchaikowsky on "amertume" (bitterness), Grieg on hallucinations, Moussorgsky on Byzantinism, Strauss on "disharmony." In the pages devoted to Debussy, the salient features of his music are made to stand out vividly. Psychoanalysis here draws for us a gallery of inward profiles. Music becomes a betrayer of character, kinship, ailing and failing. With a touch at once sure and delicate, the authors pull back the curtains from the latest prospects of music, affording a view into the nearer and more distant future, such as could have been gained only by exactly the kind of procedure they followed, albeit they disclaim the gift of second sight. While the reader may feel, occasionally, that Messrs. Bourguès and Denéréaz, in order to score their point, to prove their thesis, are apt to strain a deduction, and while the musical historian may catch them now and then in some minor error, there can be, on the whole, no quarrel with their course. It is consistent, often original, and always gives evidence of keen instinct and clear reason. The purely musico-theoretic part of the book is eminently kindling. The development of music, in its relation to our inner life, is a thing that resolves apparent contradictions into concord, builds of vagaries a stable bridge and joins harmonious links unto an endless chain of tonal self-expression—beginning we know not where, with the frightened or jubilant cry of a cave-man; reaching, in untold ages, to the last of the human race. For another reviewer that stage.

